

## Heart on the Burning Sands

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/38820525) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/38820525>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream &amp; GeorgeNotFound &amp; Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Luke   Punz</a> , <a href="#">Patches the Cat (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream's Mother (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Mutual Pining</a> , <a href="#">Unresolved Sexual Tension</a> , <a href="#">Unresolved Romantic Tension</a> , <a href="#">Domestic Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Light Angst</a> , <a href="#">Other Additional Tags to Be Added</a> , <a href="#">Light Dom/sub</a> , <a href="#">Kink Exploration</a> , <a href="#">Brat GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">lack of boundaries</a> , <a href="#">Mutual Masturbation</a> , <a href="#">Rimming</a> , <a href="#">Size Kink</a> , <a href="#">Body Worship</a> , <a href="#">dogboy coded dream</a> , <a href="#">Oral Sex</a> , <a href="#">Relationship Study</a> , <a href="#">Clingy GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Dom Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Anal Sex</a> , <a href="#">Light BDSM</a> , <a href="#">Service Top Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Body Horror</a> , <a href="#">disney adults</a> , <a href="#">Cock Warming</a> , <a href="#">Subspace</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-05-06 Updated: 2022-09-17 Chapters: 17/? Words: 83314

## Heart on the Burning Sands

by [ovanil](#)

### Summary

Once George is finally in Florida, he and Dream can't seem to stay apart.

### Notes

this fic has a playlist!

<https://open.spotify.com/playlist/710zfsnRk8mmGFsc9vp9n8?si=ba386ed27a2c4b5f>

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

## Heel/Squire

Nothing gets done for the first two weeks. Their monitors sit collecting dust; they hardly check their phones except to summon each other from across the house. On the fifth day, Dream gets the notification that his screentime has gone down by 88%. By the seventh day, his work inbox is glutted with emails.

*Hi everyone,* he addresses his closest contacts en masse. *Sorry for going awol. Taking some time off from work right now. Should be back by next week. Thanks.*

To the DSMP Discord general chat, he writes: *sorry for disappearing! back next week. :)*

And then — before anyone can respond — he powers off his computer; George lets go of his leg, standing and stretching his back, and the pair of them amble down to the kitchen for a late lunch.

Dream is making grilled cheeses. He wouldn't normally — or he didn't use to before George arrived. But George likes grilled cheese. George likes to sit on a barstool next to Dream and watch the butter melt in the pan; he likes to lean in too close, sniffing, and retract like a skittish cat when it crackles and pops with heat.

"Stop," he'll shout, startled, like the butter can hear him.

"George!" Dream will snap, turning away from whatever was distracting him — because he'd never let George get so close to a hot pan, otherwise. "Be careful! You could go blind if it gets in your eye."

Sometimes Nick wanders in and sits at the breakfast nook, legs crossed lengthwise on the cushioned booth. He taps away at his phone or drinks Arizonas or banters with them.

"He's already blind," he'll snicker, and Dream will roll his eyes because it's a dumb joke.

Today, George is tasked with slicing cheese on a cutting board by the stove. His elbow keeps knocking against Dream's.

"Is this thin enough?" he inquires.

"Looks good," says Dream, smiling. "You've gotten better."

George preens.

"P.U.," Nick interrupts from the kitchen entrance, waving his hand around theatrically. "Who cut the cheese?"

Dream and George crack up.

"Oh my god," says Nick, looking scandalized. "*George*. It was *you*!"

George snuffles and pouts. "It was me. I admit it. I cut the cheese."

Dream clicks his tongue.

"Ew, it *stinks*!" Nick groans. "George, what the hell, dude?"

George plucks a wedge of cheese from the cutting board and walks up to wave it in Nick's face.

"*George!*" he cries, shrinking back. "Don't get near me with that thing!"

George huffs with laughter and pops it in his mouth, humming around it as he chews.

"Delicious," he says with his mouth full.

"You can add the cheese, now," Dream beckons him, watching his back.

Nick's eyes flicker to meet his, eyebrows raised. Dream looks away.

"Did I cut enough of it?" asks George, joining him again at the stove.

"Yeah, looks good," says Dream. He clears his throat. "Go ahead and just — like last time."

They make three sandwiches and slide each of them onto one of the good plates from the china cabinet. George always gets blue, if it's available. Dream chooses green, and Nick takes the orange.

"Ugh," George groans, cutting into his sandwich with a fork and knife, "it looks so good."

"It's so gooey," says Nick. He pulls his apart with his hands.

Nick is sitting next to George at the bar island; Dream comes up and sits at George's other side. George moans loudly as he chews his first bite.

"How is it always *so good*," he asks the room at large.

Dream blushes.

"Let me know if it needs salt or pepper," he says quietly, like always.

"Nope," George responds in kind, smacking his lips. "No seasoning necessary."

"Tastes like a million bucks," adds Nick.

George nudges Dream with his elbow. Dream hides his smile in his napkin. He cuts his sandwich into pieces and dips it bite-by-bite in a puddle of ketchup. Wordlessly, he pushes his plate a couple of inches in George's direction for him to share.

"Dream is gonna start a restaurant," says George, eagerly dipping a bite of sandwich into Dream's ketchup, "and Sapnap's face is gonna be on a big advertisement inside. And there's gonna be a speech bubble next to his head that just says that."

"I'll be the next Karl Jacobs," says Nick. "Gonna make Dream a whole lotta money with this face."

"A million bucks' worth," George concurs.

"And what are you gonna do, George?" asks Dream. "At this restaurant of mine."

"George is gonna stand outside and twirl a sign around," says Nick.

"I can see that," Dream laughs. "He could wear, like —"

"Don't," George warns, but he's smiling.

“I was gonna say a grilled cheese costume!”

Nick snorts with laughter. “What did you think he was gonna say, George?”

“Something ridiculous,” George scoffs.

“Like what?” Dream goads him.

“You don’t have to answer him, George,” says Nick. “You can just tell me. Whisper it in my ear.”

George huffs and swats him away.

Nick is the first to finish. Dream assures him that he’s got the washing up under control and shoos him away to go stream.

“George is gonna help me, anyway,” he mentions.

George scoffs at this. “I never said that.”

“But it’s true,” says Dream, shrugging.

And he’s right — George does help, because he always does, because he can’t stand being left to his own devices for more than a few minutes in this house. He starts out watching Dream, and then he huffs and stands beside him at the sink, gesturing wordlessly for Dream to pass him a sponge. It makes Dream smile.

The ritual of cleaning together is a little hypnotic. Somewhere in the soap bubbles, their faces swirl a million times, and light fractures strangely as in an oil spill. Dream’s hands are very big and red, and George’s are small and pink, and they brush arms and touch things with juxtaposing technique. Dream is firm and efficient; George is all gentle curiosity. They don’t say anything to each other for at least ten minutes, though Dream doesn’t realize this until they’re drying their hands on tea towels and turning off the overhead light. It’s even easier these days to understand one another without words. It’s something about being together — in person.

George hums a song to himself as they climb the stairs.

“What is that?” asks Dream. “I recognize it.”

“What?” George frowns, staring off at nothing. “Oh. I don’t know, actually.”

“Hm,” says Dream. “I swear I’ve heard it before.”

They cross the threshold to George’s bedroom and collapse gracelessly into the beanbag chairs on the floor. Dream drags over the third, empty beanbag with his foot and uses it to prop up his legs.

He sighs, comfortable.

“There should be an app for that,” says George, curled up like a cat on a cushion. He’s tucked his hands away in the sleeves of his sweatshirt and wedged his socked feet under the area rug, toying with it. “Like, you could sing into the microphone, and it would figure out what song you’re thinking of.”

Dream hums his agreement. “Someone’s gotta have made something like that.”

“There’s Shazam,” George says with little inflection, head lolling on the beanbag. “But it doesn’t work for something stuck in your head. It’s like —” He stops and yawns.

“Tired?”

“Mm,” says George. “Dunno why. We’ve only been awake for — Well, not very long, anyway.”

“Hm.”

“Do you wanna play chess?”

“Yeah.” Dream feels himself smile. “Yeah, I’ll make tea.”

This is something they do now: have tea together. Dream doesn’t know if he likes tea, yet — hasn’t had enough of it to form an opinion — but George is used to it from growing up in the U.K., and he asked for some the first time they played chess together in person. It was the first time he’d made a request in Florida that Dream couldn’t immediately fulfill. Dream had driven them both to the nearest Safeway and instructed George to get anything he wanted.

Now, Dream fills two mugs at George’s water dispenser and sets them, steaming, on the floor. George, meanwhile, chooses tea bags from the high shelf that is only accessible to him by standing on the bed and almost tumbling to his death.

“Careful,” says Dream, shooting a hand out to steady him by the waist.

“I’m being careful,” says George, and Dream lets go as he climbs down.

Dream pulls out the chess set from under the bed; George puts in the teabags.

“What kind is that?” asks Dream, peering curiously at their mugs.

“Mine is oolong,” says George. “Yours is green because you’re green.”

Dream hums. “Should we add milk?”

“Not unless you want to,” says George. “Most people don’t add milk to these. You can add sugar if you like.”

“Are you gonna?”

“No,” says George, so Dream doesn’t either.

George shakes the chess pieces out of their cloth bag, and the pair of them spend a few moments assembling the board.

“You take white,” says George.

Dream scoffs. “Don’t go easy on me.”

George smirks rakishly, eyes cast down at the board. His hair is sort of feathery and catches in his eyelashes; his socked toes are wiggling under his knees.

“Oh, I won’t.”

And he doesn’t. They use the chess timer that George brought with him to Florida and play for three minutes each. George wins.

“Ten minutes each,” Dream implores him. “Come on. I’ll beat you with more time.”

“Sure you will, Dream,” says George with that same cocky smile.

“I will,” Dream insists. “*And I’ll take black this time.*”

George wins again.

The thing is — and Dream will never admit this — probably — is that George has a huge advantage in real-life games of chess. Because now he can look at Dream — he can look Dream in the *eyes*.

It’s unnerving. Dream sort of misses having the upper hand in that way: saying dumb things just to watch George blush across the ocean. To watch him smile or squirm. And George could never return the favor.

“*You couldn’t see what Dream was doing,*” he’d said that time in a group call.

George sees everything, now. There is very little that he doesn’t see.

Except for this one thing — this weakness of Dream’s. His Achilles’ heel.

During their fourth round, Nick wanders into the room and deposits himself on George’s neatly-made bed.

“Get off, Sapnap,” George complains. “You’re going to get the sheets dirty.”

“Oh, I’ll get your sheets dirty, alright,” Nick leers at him, and George rolls his eyes.

“Seriously, I’m gonna have to wash those, now.”

“You don’t even use this bed,” Nick points out — and it’s true. “You always fall asleep in Dream’s room while we’re watching TV.”

“No, I don’t,” George scoffs.

“You literally do,” says Nick.

“Not always,” says George. He makes a particularly vicious move with his queen. “Check.”

“Shit,” Dream mutters, scanning the board.

Nick laughs. “Whatever, dude. Do you guys wanna eat out tonight?”

“Yeah, sure,” says Dream, because he knows it means a lot to Nick. “You guys pick the place. I’ll treat.”

“George, do you hear that? Dream’s gonna *treat* us.”

“Oooh,” sings George, “Dream’s on his sugar daddy arc.”

Dream snorts with laughter. “You’re so dumb.”

He moves his knight on the board; George castles.

“Let’s do Mexican tonight,” says Nick. “I’m in the mood for some salsa.”

“I could go for that,” George agrees, watching Dream stare down the board.

“Okay, nice,” says Nick. “You guys wanna head out in an hour?”

“Sure,” says Dream, punching the timer once he’s moved. He looks down at his drawstring shorts, his OU t-shirt. “Is the place fancy? Do we need to get changed?”

“I don’t know,” says Nick, shrugging. “Just put on some jeans or something. Doesn’t matter. If you wanna make me feel really special, though, you could put on that sweet button-down that the fans sent you.”

Dream huffs a laugh. “Which one?”

“The black one,” George speaks up, and Dream looks at him.

“There are a few of those,” he says.

“It’s, like — snug in the shoulders,” says George, and Dream understands.

“That’s the one!” says Nick, snapping his fingers. “Your slut shirt!”

“Yeah, wear that,” says George, smirking down at the board. He hits the timer. “Checkmate, by the way.”

“What?!” Dream squawks. He checks for himself: George has, in fact, won the game. “That is such bullshit. Nick was distracting me.”

George laughs. “And how does that explain the last three rounds, hmm?”

“Gogy is a chess genius,” says Nick. “Hey, let me play next.”

“You can play against Dream,” says George, struggling to his feet. “Maybe then he’ll have a chance at winning.”

“Oh, fuck off.”

While Nick and Dream play an untimed and altogether milder game of chess on the floor rug, George flips through his closet and lays out garments on the bed.

“I don’t have anything to wear,” he complains.

“Just wear what you have on,” says Dream.

“I look like I just rolled out of bed and put on whatever was lying around,” says George.

“Well, you kinda did,” says Dream, laughing when George kicks him.

“You can borrow some of my clothes, Gogy,” says Nick.

“Hmm.” George stands still for a moment, staring pensively at the door. “Okay,” he says at length.

“Just take anything you want from the closet,” says Nick.

Nick is looking at the chessboard; Dream is looking at George.

“You should comb your hair first, or something,” says Dream. “Put some — I don’t know. Put some product in it.”

“Hmm,” George says again, turning to face the room. “Maybe I will.”

He spends the remainder of Nick and Dream’s chess game messing with his hair in the dresser mirror. When he’s finished, it looks more or less the same.

“How do I look?” he asks the room at large, smiling goofily.

Nick feigns to swoon.

“Very handsome,” says Dream, because it’s true.

George scoffs and turns his face away, squinty-eyed with pleasure.

They migrate to Nick’s room as a herd; George leaves more easily this time. From his perch on the bed, Dream watches him rustle around in Nick’s closet and emerge with a pair of black shorts.

“That better be all you’re wearing,” Nick leers. He’s sitting in his desk chair, feet kicked up on the bed.

“You don’t have any good shirts,” George complains.

“You just have shitty taste,” says Nick. “Wear one of your own damn shirts, then.”

“All I have are t-shirts,” George groans. “I wanna wear something nice.”

He holds the shorts in front of himself in the mirror, frowning.

“You can try one of mine, George,” says Dream.

George hums with interest, and that settles it.

“You have so much,” says George, sifting through the hanging garments in Dream’s closet.

They don’t come in here — Dream’s room — very often in the daytime. It isn’t an easy, neutral space the way that George’s somehow is. Tonight all three of them will pile into Dream’s bed and watch TV together on the flatscreen, but this is a new tradition, and it will not take place before the sun has winked out of sight.

“It’s basically all from the P.O. Box,” says Dream. He’s looking for that black shirt that Nick mentioned earlier, already anticipating the way George will look at him in it. “I don’t even know what all is in here. Some of it was probably sent for you.”

George spends a long time looking at a flowery button-down.

“You can have that if you want,” says Dream. “You can have anything you want from here. I don’t



wear enough of it, anyway.”

George smiles. “All you wear is Sooners merch.”

“It’s comfy!”

George steps back and pulls his shirt over his head. In Dream’s peripheral vision, George reaches for the shirt on the hanger, his bare torso moving as a spectral blur.

“You don’t need to be so defensive about it,” says George, picking up the thread of conversation. *Sooners merch*, Dream remembers. “It’s not a bad thing.”

“True,” says Dream. He’s been staring at the same shirt for the last minute. He discards it, resuming his hunt for the elusive slut shirt.

“This is massive on me,” says George, and Dream turns to look without really thinking about it.

“Oh.” Dream snorts. “It really is massive on you, wow.”

George plucks at the sleeves, the collar. “What should I do?”

“You could roll up the sleeves,” says Dream, stepping closer. “Can I —?”

George extends his arm, blinking shily up at him. Dream gets to work, touching with more caution than he would normally exercise. When his knuckles brush up against George’s inner arm, Dream is startled by the skin there, its unbearable softness.

“There,” he says finally, when both sleeves are cuffed to the elbow. He straightens George’s collar, avoiding the sight of his long white throat. “Look in the mirror.”

George grins when he sees himself. Laughs. “I look like Karl!”

Dream snorts. “Nah. He’d, like, gape it open to the belly button.”

George waggles his eyebrows at his own reflection. “Maybe I should do that.”

Dream swallows. “Just pop open a few buttons, like two or three of them. That’s all you really need.”

George unbuttons four. “This is good, I think.”

“Mm,” says Dream. “Yeah, looks good.”

George winks at him in the mirror and laughs joyously at Dream’s reaction.

Dream finds the shirt he was looking for, in the end. He changes in the room with George, back turned so he won’t get nervous, and only knows George was looking because of a comment he makes at dinner.

“I think we all got a bit sunburnt the other day,” George muses, eyes flicking over the menu.

“When we went swimming?” asks Dream.

George nods, meeting his eyes briefly. “You got the worst of it.”

“Oh, on my back?”

“Yeah,” says George, “it’s all red.”

“Clay’s mom is gonna be pissed that he didn’t put on enough sunscreen,” says Nick, and he’s probably right.

Dream sighs. “Oh, well. We just won’t tell her.”

George is sipping, lips pursed around a straw, at some kind of fruity margarita. Dream’s eyes keep drifting back to him.

“We should get guacamole,” George says suddenly. “And also this thing — ceviche. Quackity was telling me about it.”

“You’d like that, George,” says Nick. “It’s got raw fish in it and stuff.”

“When were you talking to Quackity?” Dream wonders aloud.

“This was a while ago,” says George.

“Dude,” Nick laughs suddenly, “did you see what he said in the SMP Discord?”

“No?” Dream frowns. “What did he say?”

“No, it’s nothing. It’s just funny,” Nick giggles. “You really haven’t been checking your socials lately, huh?”

Dream shrugs. George is looking at him; it makes Dream nervous.

“I haven’t really, either,” says George. “Too busy touching grass.”

Dream snorts. They share a smile.

“That’s true,” Nick concedes. “We’ve just been so excited to have you here, Gogy. Together at last.”

George leans over the table, reaching a hand out to touch Nick’s. “I waited. So long.”

“Too long,” snuffles Nick.

“And now we’ll never have to be apart again.”

They order a few dishes to share, which is all the more reason for George to get all up in Dream’s personal space and steal snatches of food off his plate.

“Use your own damn plate,” Dream complains half-heartedly when it happens for the fifth time.

“It tastes better this way,” says George, shrugging as he shovels rice into his mouth.

Nick snorts, glancing at them.

“What, *stolen*?” Dream scoffs.

George hums and plucks the uneaten half of Dream’s huitlacoche taco from his plate.

“*Hey!* I was still working on that!”

George covers his stuffed mouth, clearly trying not to laugh. “Get your own,” he says, muffled.

“That *was* my own!”

“You can have mine, Dream,” Nick says, grinning.

Dream just huffs.

“Sapnap,” says George, “when are you gonna take us to Texas? I wanna try Tex-Mex.”

“All in due time, Gogy,” says Nick.

“Tex-Mex is insane,” says Dream.

“Insanely *good*,” scoffs Nick.

“Dude,” says Dream, “tell George about that thing you used to eat as a kid. It was your favorite thing ever. What was it called?”

“Huh?”

“You would, like, pour salsa in a bag of chips.”

Nick snaps his fingers. “Holy shit! Frito pie!”

George laughs. “What?”

“Yeah, dude,” Nick enthuses, “it was fucking delicious. We’d cut open a bag of Fritos so it was shaped like a bowl, kind of. And then you’d put in, like — spicy chili, and jalapenos, and cheese, and whatever the fuck else you wanted. It was, like —” He kisses his fingers. “Mwah. God-tier snack.”

“I wanna try that,” George says with that irresistible smile he gets when his interest’s piqued. Turning to Dream: “Can we make that at home?”

Dream nods, smiling into his napkin. “Should be easy enough.”

George smacks his lips and slurps at his dwindling margarita.

“I want another of these,” he mentions. “But like, non-alcoholic.”

“You don’t wanna get buzzed?” asks Nick, nursing a beer of his own.

George shrugs. “Not really. I just like the taste.”

Dream smirks.

“You should try a horchata,” says Nick. “It’s so good. It’s like milky and spicy and delicious.”

“I dunno,” says George. “I think I’m more of a fruity guy, myself.”

“Are you just —” Dream begins, and then cuts himself off because George smiles at him like he knows exactly what he’s doing.

Nick laughs loudly.

“What, Dream?” George asks innocently. “Did I say something?”

Dream shakes his head, breaking eye contact. His face feels warm. “You’re such an idiot.”

“George,” says Nick, grinning, “are you gonna lick the salt off the rim?”

“That’s my favorite part,” says George, and Dream can feel him smirking at his profile. “Dream? Don’t you wanna watch me?”

Dream snorts, hands on his face. “I can’t believe you.”

“What? You don’t believe that it’s my favorite part?”

“He loves it, Dream,” Nick plays along. “Don’t you love the salty taste, George?”

“I really do,” says George. “Some people don’t like the saltiness, but I think it adds to the experience. I just *love* how it makes my mouth water and —“

Dream scrapes his chair back as he stands. George looks absolutely delighted, face flushed and creased with laughter.

“I’m gonna —“ he starts.

“You’re gonna go to the bathroom?” George finishes for him. “What are you gonna do in there, Dream?”

It’s something about the way George says it that breaks him, makes his knees buckle with laughter so that he falls back in his chair and almost brains himself on the table.

“*Dude!*” cries Nick, eyes wet with laughter.

Dream wheezes and wheezes, breath leaking out of him like a punctured balloon (or a kettle, as it were). He pounds his fist on the table and aches with the joy of it.

“*GEORGE!*” he accuses, glad to be sitting in a more sparsely-populated corner of the restaurant.

George is limp in his chair, hands on his stomach as he laughs.

“You’re so easy,” he chokes out.

“Shut the hell up!” says Dream. “You are such —“

“An idiot?” George suggests, wagging his eyebrows. “Or were you gonna say something else, Dream?”

“What?” Dream scoffs, genuinely confused. “What the hell else would I call you?”

George just looks at him, eyes magnetic, and Dream understands.

“Oh, for god’s sake,” he groans, hands returning to paw at his own face.

“What?” Nick demands. “What is he talking about?”

“Don’t,” says Dream, but George is already speaking.

“Dream called me something the other day,” he giggles.

Nick rolls his eyes. “Okay, what did he call you?”

“Guess,” says George.

“Stop,” Dream whines uselessly. “It’s not even that funny.”

“Oh, it’s *extremely* funny,” says George. “Guess, Sapnap. Guess what he called me.”

Nick is frowning thoughtfully. “What, did he call you a brat or something?”

George barks a delighted laugh. “That’s really close, actually.”

“This is grounds for eviction,” says Dream, even though the threat doesn’t hold weight anymore. He pushes his food glumly around his plate.

“Just tell me,” says Nick. “Please, George. You love me so much. You want to tell me so badly.”

“Wow,” says George. “You really want to know. Maybe I should demand something in return.”

“I’ll guess it eventually,” scoffs Nick.

“Hmm.” George drags it out, stroking his chin. He flashes a little smile at Dream to make sure he’s watching. “You’re so impatient, though. You want to know now.” He’s right, Dream thinks. “How about — How about this, Sapnap — You have to suck on the lime, and I get to take a picture.”

“You’re gonna post it on Twitter,” Nick complains.

“Obviously,” says George. Dream huffs a reluctant laugh, and he sees George’s smile grow immediately. “Will you do it or not?”

“I can’t *believe*,” Nick cries, and he’s still laughing about it on the car ride home, “that you called him a ‘bratty bottom!’”

Dream has opted to remain utterly impassive to George and Nick’s hysterical giggling of the past half-hour. He flicks the turn signal on. Sighs.

“He has a lot of nerve,” George agrees from the passenger seat. “Who knows what would happen if the fans found out? He’d probably get canceled.”

“Dream owes us for keeping his dirty little secret,” Nick agrees.

“He does,” says George. “How much would you say that he owes us, Sapnap? Just a rough estimate.”

“Definitely, like, 50k.”

“Each,” adds George.

“And a trip to Disney World.”

“True!” says George. “Dream, why haven’t you taken me to Disney yet?”

“Just say the word, honey,” he sighs, and he watches with smug satisfaction as George stutters and turns pink.

“Okay, fine,” he spits out finally. “*The word.*”

“Such an idiot,” Dream snorts. “Fine, we can go this weekend.”

“Fine,” says George.

“Fine!” says Dream.

“*Fine!*”

“*Will you guys shut the fuck up?!*” barks Nick, and the car fills with laughter again.

“After all that,” says Dream, as he and George stand alone in the kitchen, “you didn’t even lick the salt off the rim.”

George snorts, cradling Patches in his arms as Dream upends a little slab of wet food onto a dish for her. Only the best for his baby.

“Are you disappointed?” asks George.

He gives Patches one last peck on the head before bending to let her jump from his arms. Dream sets her food on the floor, and she makes a beeline for it, chirruping with excitement. They watch her with matching smiles.

“A little,” says Dream, moving to wash his hands at the sink. “You really talked it up, you know?”

George giggles quietly. He’s leaning against the countertop, watching Dream dry his hands on a tea towel.

“I’ll show you some other time,” he promises.

“Why not now?”

George scoffs. “Where’s my margarita, then?”

“Okay, wait,” says Dream. He takes a glass, a shallow bowl, and the tall jar of table salt out from the kitchen cabinets. “We’re gonna do this right.”

George sits on the counter and eggs him on as Dream struggles to recreate the salted margarita rim. He mostly gets it.

“I think you’re supposed to wet the rim with lime, not water,” George remarks.

Dream smirks, tilting the glass in the light as he examines his handiwork. “Well.”

“Stop,” George laughs. “I know what you’re thinking.”

“What am I thinking?”

“You were gonna say something about wetting rims!”

Dream’s face splits in a grin. He hands the glass to George. “C’mon. Show me how it’s done.”

So George raises it to his mouth and hesitates, sniffing. “I don’t think it’s the same without a fruity drink to balance it out.”

“I think you’re plenty fruity,” says Dream, and the look George gives him is so plainly unimpressed that Dream bursts out laughing. “Sorry, I’m sorry!”

“You’re not sorry,” George scoffs, and he pokes his tongue out to take a tentative little lick. He winces. “It’s so strong.”

“I thought you liked the saltiness,” Dream reminds him.

“I do,” George insists.

Stubbornly, he presses on, latching his pink mouth to the rim of the glass and sucking it clean of salt. His expression is tense like he hates it, but then he seems to relax, eyes low and fluttering as he mouths at the rim, turning the glass in his small hands. Dream watches, amazed, as he easily laps up the salt. He doesn’t stop again until he’s taken another circuit around to lick up any spots that he missed. By the time he’s done, his mouth is puffed-up and red, irritated, and the glass is messy with his spit. He holds it out to Dream when he’s done and looks at him expectantly.

“Well?” he prompts, and his lips are so swollen that the word comes out strangely.

Dream takes the glass and looks at it. “That was quick,” he says tightly.

He carries it to the sink, back turned to George.

“Mm,” says George. “Was good, actually. Are you impressed?”

Dream snorts, knuckles white on the lip of the counter. “Yeah, George.”

George hums proudly. “You’d better be. My lips are all weird, now.”

“Do you wanna watch a movie upstairs?”

“Sure,” says George, and Dream hears him hopping down from his perch.

Their first stop is Nick’s room, where they knock on the door and announce that he’s welcome to join them for a screening of Howl’s Moving Castle on Dream’s flatscreen.

“Yeah, man, in a second,” says Nick.

Dream and George shrug at each other.

While Dream flips through Amazon from the comfort of his California King, George pisses in the en suite with the door cracked open.

“Don’t get the English dub,” he’s saying, and Dream scoffs.

“I’m not stupid,” he says. “Anyway, I’m pretty sure it’s all on the same download.”

Dream hears the toilet flush. “Hm,” says George. The sink runs as he washes his hands. “Alright, then.”

When he emerges, he makes a beeline for Dream’s dresser and spends a few minutes poking around in the drawers.

“What are you looking for?” asks Dream.

“Where’d you put that hoodie I wore last night?”

“Are you cold?” asks Dream, frowning a little.

“No,” says George. “Just wanna be comfy.”

“You can take a t-shirt,” says Dream.

George opens the t-shirt drawer — because he knows where that is, now.

“Which one?” he asks.

“Whatever you want,” says Dream. Then: “The pink one would look nice on you.”

George holds something up to him. “This one?”

“That’s grey,” says Dream, smiling a bit.

George tries again, determined. “This?”

Dream grins, affirming. “There you go.”

George snorts and sits on the bed, beginning to unbutton his shirt. Dream pays close attention to the still screen on the television.

“You always do that,” George comments.

“What?”

“You look away when I’m changing.” Dream glances at him in time to see him shrug. “You’ve done it since I got here. You know you don’t have to, right?”

“Oh,” says Dream. His face feels warm.

George snorts. “Are you afraid you’re gonna pop a boner or something?”

“*What?*” Dream scoffs. “No, dude, I just wanted to give you some privacy.”

“When have I ever asked you for privacy?”

Dream considers this. “Okay. Point taken.”

“Good,” says George. “Now stop — doing that. You’re being weird.”

Dream reluctantly tears his eyes away from the TV and finds George looking at him. He’s completely bare-chested, glowing in the blue light. Dream’s eyes don’t stray any lower than his chin.

“It’s okay, Dream,” says George, eyes as soft as they are intense. “You can look.”

Dream looks. He looks and sees George’s smooth neck, his collarbones and sharp shoulders, the way his hair curls under his ears. His bare arms, lithely muscled, and the sparse hair on his chest. His nipples, low and rosy; the pit of his belly button; the dark trail of hair crawling into his shorts.

“See?” George murmurs, gently teasing. “That wasn’t so bad, was it?”

“Mm,” Dream manages, and he glances at George’s face and then swiftly away. Now that he has



the option, it's much easier to look at his chest while they have this conversation.

But then George pulls on the shirt, and Nick comes in, and they're all piling in together with Nick sandwiched in the middle like a child come to crawl into his parents' bed in the night; and it's suddenly as if Dream had hallucinated those last few minutes — the divots of George's ribs, the dark freckle on his stomach, or how his breath seemed to hold in his chest as Dream looked at him.

# Cannibal

## Chapter Notes

you guys!! your comments seriously make me tear up... i love yall

This is another ritual of theirs: Every night, George pretends to be asleep when the movie's over. Every night, Dream pretends to fall for the act.

"George?" he'll whisper, like he's following a script. "George, wake up."

But George won't respond, obviously. He'll just lie there, too still and silent to be truly unconscious, and wait for Dream to turn out the light.

In the morning, Dream will wake up before him and watch the sunrise as it appears on George's face. George will snuffle in his sleep, mouth parted and lined with drool. His eyes will be puffy, his cheeks flushed. *Cute cute cute*, Dream's mind will scream at him, the words echoing out through his body, in his blood and his bone marrow, down to the wriggling tips of his fingers and toes. The first few mornings like this, Dream put his hand in his mouth and bit down, hard, to quench the overwhelming urge to devour.

And then always, George will wake up, nose twitching and lips pursed before everything flutters open — his eyelids, his arms stretching out, his mouth as he smiles at Dream.

Sometimes Dream looks away as this happens. Sometimes he can't bear to miss it.

Sometimes he follows George's example, eyes closed and facing him as the day begins. When he does this, he feels the way George goes still under the blankets as he wakes, how he doesn't make a sound. And when Dream finally blinks his eyes open — abruptly, so as not to miss anything — he'll see the way George was looking at him all that time. It will last for an instant, and then George's expression will cleave open on a smile like he's just told the punchline to a joke.

"Hi," will be the first word spoken between them in any scenario.

"Hi," is echoed back, or, "Hello," or, "You look dumb."

Patches is generally curled up at the foot of the bed, or wherever the sun shines brightest. Dream will scratch her awake, scoop her up and hold her against his chest for long moments while George watches them with a soft smile. Sometimes — with increasing frequency — she leaves the comfort of Dream's arms to sit in the center of the bed and allow herself to be petted from either side. The awed smile this elicits from George is well worth the betrayal.

And then she'll start meowing, hungry.

"Hold on, honey," Dream will say, groaning as he rolls out of bed.

He'll pull on a pair of shorts from the hamper, listening to her land on the carpet and pad quietly after him. George will be rustling around in bed by now, stretching.

"S too early," he'll complain.

And Dream will say, “Go back to sleep.”

But George never does. He picks Patches up off the floor and follows Dream to the kitchen, cooing quietly to her as Dream assembles her breakfast and fills the kitty water fountain if it’s running low.

“You are one spoiled little girl,” George will murmur to her, almost too quietly to be heard. “Look how much your daddy loves you.”

Patches will begin to squirm as Dream finishes up, and George will lower her carefully to the floor. He’ll rub his eyes then, yawning, and Dream will take the opportunity to look at him: his mussed, fluffy hair; his sleep-swollen lips; his collarbones peeking over the collar of a too-big t-shirt.

Dream will pour each of them a glass of water; then, wordlessly, they’ll make the trek back to his room and slip under the still-warm blankets, George turned away from him, hand reaching back to guide Dream’s arm over the dip of his waist.

“Cuddle,” he will quietly beseech, the warmth of him like sinking into a hot bath; and Dream will shuffle closer, heart blooming, and hold him as near as he dares.

Breakfast begins to feel like a special occasion, and it never quite stops feeling that way. Today, before eating, Dream and George stand brushing their teeth in the en suite, where George has — without warning or explanation — begun keeping his toothbrush and toiletries. Among George’s favorite activities in this new house is trying to make Dream laugh while his mouth is full of foam.

“Come on,” he says today, “I want to see it come out your nose.”

“You’re insane,” Dream giggles, spitting in the sink.

George huffs. “You *would* spit.”

“Wow, that joke just never gets old, does it?” Dream snarks at him.

He shakes a couple of pills out in his hand and bends to wash them down with tap water.

“Never,” George agrees, and then he spits, too.

Dream pulls at the skin of his jaw in the mirror, considering. He doesn’t really feel like shaving.

“Leave it,” George decides for him. “I’m hungry.”

“Then make something,” says Dream.

“Why would I do that when I have you around, hm? You’ll do anything I ask.”

“That’s not true,” says Dream. “Are you gonna shave, by the way?”

“Should I?” George touches his chin.

“No,” Dream says immediately. “I mean — You don’t have to. It’s not like we’re going anywhere.”

“Okay,” says George, sounding pleased. “I won’t, then. Let’s go, come on, I want to eat.”

“Hold your horses,” Dream laughs, “I have to pee.”

“Go on, then,” says George.

Dream scoffs. Rolls his eyes at him. “Can you at least stand outside?”

“Why do you *always* do this?” George huffs, but he does move to loiter outside the bathroom door. “You’re, like, afraid of me seeing your dick. What — is it really tiny, or something? I promise I won’t make fun, Dream. I won’t tell your Twitter stans, either.”

“You’re so annoying,” Dream laughs quietly. He pulls his dick out and starts pissing, trying to ignore the little voice in his head that’s telling him how *weird* this is. “I’m gonna take a shower later, by the way, so you’re gonna have to occupy yourself for a while. Like, I don’t know. You could try and get some work done, I guess.”

George groans loudly. “That’s so boring. I’m gonna be so bored.”

“You could see if Nick wants to hang out,” says Dream.

“Why can’t I just come in with you? I’ll just sit on the floor with my back to you and play Candy Crush, or something.”

“George,” Dream says evenly, washing his hands at the sink, “we’ve been over this. I don’t even have a shower curtain. Like, it’s just a glass wall.”

“And like I said,” George persists, “I’ll just keep my back turned. So what? You played football in high school; you’ve showered with other people before.”

Dream rubs his temples. “This is different.”

“*How?* It’s literally not.”

“This is in my own home! My shower! It’s — for God’s sake,” he relents, getting to the heart of it, “what if I wanted to jack off?”

When he opens the bathroom door, George is staring off at nothing.

“George?” Dream prods him, worried.

And George laughs — weakly, at first, before dissolving into a barrage of giggles.

“Why didn’t you just *say* so?” he titters, cheeks glowing pink and almost hiccuping. “Oh my god, have I been cockblocking you? Are you, like, sexually frustrated?”

Dream rolls his eyes, face warming. “No, what? Calm down. I’m not — *sexually frustrated*.”

“Wait,” George asks suddenly, “why did you insist on leaving me alone when *I* showered the other day? Did you think *I* was gonna have a cheeky little wank in your shower, Dream?”

“Well —” Dream scoffs — “I don’t know, where else would you do it? We spend all our time together.”

“You’re right, for the record,” says George, smirking at him. “I did cum in your shower.”

“*George*,” Dream groans, turning his forehead into the wall, hiding from him.

“What?” George snorts. “It’s true.”

Dream straightens, hands in his hair, and leaves through the bedroom door.

“Dream,” George laughs, trailing after him. “Dream!”

“No, George,” says Dream, only half-teasing, “go ask Nick if he wants something. I can’t look at you right now.”

“*Dream*,” says George, and Dream hears the pleading note in his voice, wants to pull on it. “Look at me, Dream.”

Dream turns into the kitchen and starts taking out ingredients.

“What are you making?”

“Omelette,” says Dream.

“Can you put cheese and onions in mine?”

Dream grunts.

“Thank you,” George says sweetly.

Dream hears him sit down on a barstool. He starts cracking eggs in a bowl, jaw tight.

“Okay, I texted Nick,” says George. “Can I crack an egg?”

Dream holds one out to him silently. George takes it. When Dream glances over at him, George is frowning in concentration as he brings the egg down on the lip of the countertop, cracking it soundly.

“You’re getting pretty good at that,” Dream comments quietly, and he scolds himself for giving in so soon.

But then George smiles brightly at him, and Dream forgets how to be anything but endeared.

“Can I start whisking it?” asks George, poking at the slimy mass of raw egg with a fork.

Dream adds a splash of milk. “There. Now you can.”

George whisks slowly, carefully, while Dream dices half an onion. There’s a damp cloth on the cutting board to soak up the acid, and Dream thinks happily that they will never cry in this kitchen.

The onions are added to the eggs. Dream gets to work heating up the skillet.

“Butter or olive oil?”

“Mmm. Butter,” says George.

When the butter has melted down to a thin yellow sheen, Dream takes it briefly off the heat to let George smell.

George moans quietly. Too quietly. It would have been kinder of George to make a production out of it, to be dramatic as he usually is. But the sound he makes is simple, honest, and Dream’s hand shakes as he moves the skillet back to the flame.

George silently passes the whisked eggs to Dream.

“What kinda cheese do you want?” asks Dream. “Cheddar like last time?”

“Yeah, whatever,” says George. He moves to get it from the fridge. “Shall I grate it up or something?”

“Yeah, if you don’t mind.”

It’s peaceful. Dream pours a third of the eggs into the skillet and stands back to watch it firm up. George is only struggling a little bit with the cheese grater.

“Nice,” Dream says when there’s a good pile of it on the cutting board. “You wanna sprinkle it in?”

George hovers over the skillet with a bright look in his eyes, and Dream knows he’s about to say something stupid.

“I’m like Gordon Ramsey,” he breathes, and Dream loses it because he was right.

“You’re so dumb,” he giggles, and George looks like he’s fighting a smile.

Over breakfast, George keeps shooting him glances.

“What?” Dream asks finally.

“What?” says George. “Nothing.”

“You keep looking at me,” says Dream.

“Am I not allowed to look at you?”

“I didn’t say *that*,” Dream scoffs, poking at a mushroom on his plate. He’d added more vegetables to his own omelet. “It’s just — unnerving. Is there something you wanna say?”

“No,” says George, defensive. “I was just thinking.”

“About what?” Dream demands.

“I don’t have to tell you every thought that I have, Dream,” George scoffs.

Dream frowns at this. It just doesn’t sit right with him. Pouting, he decides, will be his method of persuasion.

“But I like hearing your thoughts,” he says softly. He makes his eyes big, because he’s noticed over the past week that this tends to work out for him where George is concerned.

Predictably, George turns pink. “Stop.”

“What?” Dream just his lip out a little. “I just wanna know what you’re thinking, Georgie.”

George groans, covering his eyes. “Stop making that face. You’re so annoying.”

“What face?” Dream laughs. “Come on, George. Just tell me. Tell meee.”

“Fine, you big idiot,” George huffs, “I just can’t stop thinking about the fact that you’re gonna go — *jerk off* in a minute. It’s just — weird, I suppose.”

He lets his hands fall back to the table, smiling a bit.

“Great,” says Dream. “Good. It *should* feel weird to you. Now you know how *I* felt when you told me you shot off a fat load in my shower!”

“But you’d already expected as much!” says George. “You said so yourself! I had no idea you were going to do such — such disgusting things in there!”

“How is it ‘*disgusting*?’ You did it, too! You literally did the exact same thing!”

“That’s *different*!” says George. “It’s different knowing someone else is doing it. I can’t believe you weren’t more disgusted by the thought that I was shooting off in your shower! Why did you just *let* me?”

“Because!” cries Dream. “It’s your house, too! I’m not gonna, like, police your dick!”

George chokes out a laugh. “*What?*”

“You know what I mean!”

“It’s not even my bathroom, though,” says George. “It’s literally yours. It’s your room. Why didn’t you tell me to go jerk it in my own shower?”

Dream scoffs. “It’s not —” He looks away, searching the kitchen walls for an explanation that won’t incriminate him. “It’s — It’s *basically* your room. It’s — Like, you’re in there all the time. I mean, okay, it’s not *your room*, but I don’t really care if you wanna use it. That’s fine with me. Like, you can do what you want. Like I said, I’m not gonna police you.”

George is quiet for a moment. “Hmm,” he says eventually. “Alright. I accept.”

Dream snorts. Looks at him. “You ‘accept?’”

“I accept your explanation. Fair enough.”

Dream shakes his head, laughing a bit. “Fair enough,” he echoes.

Nick stumbles in a little later, puffy-eyed and yawning. Dream makes him an omelet before seeing himself out.

“I’m gonna go shower now,” he tells them both. He hopes Nick will keep George entertained while he’s gone. “You guys should use the Xbox or something.”

“Maybe,” says Nick, mouth full of eggs. “Thanks for breakfast, man.”

“Have a nice shower, Dream,” says George, and when Dream meets his eye, he’s smirking.

He thinks about it all the way upstairs.

“Don’t clog up the drain!” George calls after him. Dream doesn’t deign to respond.

The greater the distance grows between himself and George, Dream feels something stutter inside him, a strange sort of fear. Standing in the en suite, he looks at George’s toothbrush and his own razor, which George has co-opted since moving in. Dream tries to remember the last time they were separated: it was two days ago, he thinks, when George had taken a shit. Even then, George

had deliberated.

*“This is so annoying,” he’d complained. “You should be able to just hang out with me while I’m on the toilet, and vice-versa.”*

*“You’re ridiculous,” Dream had laughed. “You can go five minutes without me.”*

*“But why should I? You’re already here. The only logical reason you shouldn’t be there with me is that it stinks. Maybe you could wear a mask or something.”*

Dream had wheezed with horrified laughter. *“What the hell is wrong with you?!”*

It wasn’t funny, though. Or maybe it was, because the horrifying part was that Dream had understood. Dream wants to follow George everywhere. He wants and wants. It makes him feel like a gutted doll, stuffing eviscerated and his skin turned inside-out.

Getting naked feels good. He turns on the shower and lets the water heat up as he checks himself out in the mirror. George kept looking at his arms last night in that black shirt. If Dream had flexed a little backing out of the driveway, then he couldn’t be blamed for it. Dream wants to get George in the home gym and work out while he watches. Wants to lift weights in the mirror and see George in the reflection, rosy-cheeked and tracking him with his eyes.

In the shower, he lets himself succumb to arousal. The hot water is a godsend, and Dream spends a few minutes just standing in it, head tilted back and running slow hands over his own body.

*George got off in here, he thinks, and the thought sparks interest low in his belly, burning there like a hearth. His cum was in here. It was on the walls, or the floor. It went down the drain.*

He moves a hand to his stiffening cock and plays with it while he touches his stomach, his chest.

*George did this, he thinks. George touched himself like I’m touching myself. He held his dick in his hand and got hard enough to cum.*

*He was probably thinking about something.*

Dream frowns, eyes closed, concentrating.

*Was he thinking about me?*

*Yes, he lets himself believe for a moment, he was thinking about me.*

He pictures George’s bare torso — because he knows what it looks like, now — and tries to imagine it wet. Shining. They’d gone swimming the other day, but Dream hadn’t allowed himself to really look. Oh, god. Maybe he could look, next time. George wouldn’t mind. He’d even given Dream his blessing.

*He was thinking about me.*

Dream imagines him standing in the same spot in the same shower, hand on his dick, making little sounds — because he’s convinced that George would be noisy. He jerks himself steadily, picturing it, and thumbs at the head of his cock.

*He’s thinking about me.*

“Oh,” Dream gasps, remembering. George is downstairs, right now, and he knows what Dream is doing.



*'Have a nice shower, Dream,' he'd said, and he'd smirked at him.*

Dream pictures how his face had looked when he'd said it. Shudders.

*'Have a nice shower.'*

And last night, when he'd licked all the salt off the rim of the glass — Dream remembers the way his lips had been so puffy and red afterward. Almost like —

*He'd be so good at sucking cock.*

*What if he were here right now? On his knees, on the tile floor. Would he beg for it? Would he moan at the taste?*

Dream braces a hand on the wall, fist flying over his erection, gaze half-lidded as the fantasy appears in his mind's eye: George kneeling for him, jaw unhinged to take Dream's cock in his wide mouth, lips wrapped around him, stretched and red. The shower would pour over him, down his smooth pale back, his ass —

Dream grunts, squeezing himself. God, George's ass. Dream thinks about the other day when George had leaned forward, cross-legged in bed, to reach the remote. Ass-up in the air. Dream had felt his mouth go bone-dry, jaw falling and eyes bugged out like a cartoon's. He'd felt so stupid, so braindead looking at him. The shape of it. He'd wanted to cry.

*I would eat him alive, Dream thinks. I would rim him for hours.*

He imagines what it would be like to spread him open, fingers gripping at the sweet pink fat of his ass, dragging his own stubbled cheek over the warm, tender skin there; how he would mouth at him, lap up his sweat, tease his hole open with the point of his tongue. George would whine, he thinks, push back on him, and — It's all he needs to tip over the edge, cumming fiercely with a choked-off groan. He cums harder than he has in a long time — almost too hard. It makes him dizzy, ears ringing, and he watches his semen slide down the tile wall with something like apathy. He's panting heavily, relieved.

"Fuck," he whispers.

It's while he's washing his cum away with the showerhead that a wave of despair hits him. Loneliness. His stomach aches dully with the force of his orgasm, and he feels cold, empty, like —

He twists the shower knob until the water burns hotter. With firm, efficient motions, he washes his hair and body, only lingering to give his skin a burst of cold water at the end. He towels off in the mirror and rubs down with a sweet-smelling lotion; combs some product through his hair and tends to his face with a Reddit-approved moisturizer. He does shave his stubble, after all, and daubs aftershave on his jaw with a cotton pad.

When he emerges to his bedroom with a towel around his waist, George is sitting primly on the bed.

"Shit!" Dream yelps, hand flying down to clutch the towel securely in place. "What the *hell*, George? You scared the shit out of me."

George snorts, legs crossing as he regards Dream. "You were in there for *ages*."

"No, I wasn't," Dream says dismissively. He pulls a drawer open and digs out a clean pair of boxers.

“Don’t *leave* again,” George complains as Dream moves to change in the bathroom.

“I’ll keep the door cracked open,” Dream promises, and he does.

Once he’s pulled his boxers up over his bare ass, he doesn’t mind abandoning the towel to dry on a bathroom hook. George is still looking at him with that strange expression when he returns.

“Did you have a nice shower?” he asks as Dream finds a t-shirt to wear.

His face burns. “I hate you.”

“No, you don’t,” laughs George. “You didn’t answer my question.”

“I had a *wonderful* shower, thank you,” says Dream, rolling deodorant over his pits. He tugs on his shirt. “It was just what I needed.”

“Oh, was it just?” George teases, but Dream hears the nervous waver in his voice.

“It was,” Dream says brightly.

He pulls on a clean pair of drawstring shorts and sits down on the bed to clip his nails over the trash can. He feels George crawl closer, crowding him.

“You smell good,” he says, voice much nearer now.

Dream struggles to maintain a poker face.

“Thanks,” he says softly. “Probably ‘cause I just showered.”

“Mm,” says George. “You shaved.”

“I did,” says Dream.

“Why?”

Dream shrugs. “Just kinda felt like it.”

“Hm.”

“Why?” he laughs. “Does it look bad?”

“It’ll grow back,” says George, sighing. He rests his chin on Dream’s shoulder, hair ticklish on the side of his face. “You smell *really* good.”

Dream’s breath hitches. “You said that already.”

“Well, it’s true.”

He’s so close that Dream can feel his warm breath on the shell of his ear.

“Hm,” says Dream. “What do I smell like?”

“Dunno,” says George. “Maybe sort of... lemon-y. But also, like, what’s it called. Musk. Elon Musk.” Dream snorts. “You know?”

“That’s probably my aftershave.”

“Probably,” George agrees.

Dream discards the nail clipper but doesn’t move from his spot on the bed. He feels George tug at his arm, lifting it, and then the extremely strange but not altogether unpleasant sensation of George sniffing at his armpit.

“*George!*” he yelps, jerking away.

George just giggles. “Your deodorant is nice, too.”

Dream scoffs. Squirms a little. “You’re so weird.”

“You don’t mind,” George says confidently, and then he’s flopping back on the bed.

Dream twists and looks at him. It’s a little odd seeing George here in the daytime, sprawled out on the bedsheets like he’s waiting for something. Heat flutters low in Dream’s stomach.

There’s a knock on the door.

“There you are,” says Nick. “George, what the hell? You said you were just getting something from upstairs.”

“I am,” says George. “I was. And here he is.”

Dream waves indulgently. “Hi.”

“He’s gonna play with us,” says George, standing from the bed and tugging on Dream’s arm. “Time to go, Dream. Come along.”

Dream snorts and allows himself to be led.

“Can’t believe you ditched me, dude,” says Nick, already walking out the door. “I’m gonna go hang out with Patches, ‘cause she’s the only one who appreciates me around here.”

“We’re *coming*, idiot,” George calls after him. And then he laughs. “Dream already came.”

Dream stops in his tracks. It takes a moment for George to realize he’s lost his shadow.

“*Dream*,” he whines, surely realizing his mistake, “come *on!*”

Dream puts his hands on his hips. “I thought you said I *already* came. Huh, George?”

“I was joking.” George rolls his eyes. “Stop being such a baby.”

“Oh, I’m baby, now?”

“God, you’re so —“

“George, get your ass down here!” yells Nick.

George groans, seizes Dream by the elbow, and puts all his weight into dragging him down the hall. Dream is snickering at the attempt, barely moving an inch.

“You’re so stupidly tall,” says George. “Sapnap! Help!”

“Just leave him, George,” calls Nick.

“No!”

George gives one last mighty tug, and Dream takes the opportunity to lurch forward and send George flying back. As he shrieks in alarm, Dream catches him around the waist and holds him there, laughing, before George can crash to the ground.

“*Dream!*” George exclaims, gasping, little fists thudding against Dream’s chest.

“You’re such an idiot,” Dream giggles. He looks down at George and wheezes at his face, so perfectly indignant.

George huffs a laugh; and then his expression melts away, eyes searching Dream’s and his nose suddenly very close, almost touching.

“I’m moving out!” Nick yells up the stairs.

“No, you’re not!” says Dream, releasing George with a steady hand on the shoulder.

He glances at him, finds him smiling.

“Eyelash,” Dream blurts quietly, gesturing at his own cheek, and then he turns heel and vaults down the stairs.

He can feel his own pulse throbbing in his neck like a fire alarm.

Nick beats them both at Mario Kart four times before his phone starts ringing. They pause the game, and George takes the opportunity to kick his feet up in Dream’s lap from his seat on the opposite side of the couch, socked toes wiggling. Dream holds his ankle and makes funny faces at him until he cracks a smile.

“What’s up?” Nick is greeting his mystery caller. “I’m playing Mario Kart with the boys. Uh-huh. Right now? They’re gonna say no. Okay, I’ll ask.” He turns to address Dream and George: “Do you guys wanna play Jackbox? Karl’s gonna be there, and Alex and Tina and Corpse...”

Dream looks at George, who is already looking at him. “Uh,” says Dream. “I’m off for this week, remember?”

“They should come over and play with us in person,” says George.

Nick sighs quietly. “They said no,” he speaks into the receiver, and Dream feels a confused pang at the note of defeat in his voice.

“I already said I’m taking this week off,” he grouches defensively.

Nick waves him off with a reassuring little frown. “They just wanna relax, dude,” he says over the phone. “George *just* got here like a week ago. Yeah, I know.” He giggles. “Probably. Yeah, are you jealous? We have cuddle seshes every night. I don’t know if there’s room on Dream’s bed for a fourth person. Don’t worry, we’ll squeeze you in, baby. Okay. Okay, have fun. Love you, too.”

“Was that Karl?” Dream asks when Nick puts down the phone.

“Yeah,” says Nick. “He’s pissed that we’ve been watching Ghibli without him.”

“He doesn’t have some kind of *claim* over Ghibli movies,” scoffs George. “But if it bothers him so

much, then he should just come down to Florida and watch with us.”

Nick snorts. “I’ll pass along the invite.”

They’re playing a round on Sherbet Land — because George likes the penguins — when Dream gets a swift kick to the thigh and promptly goes careening into the water.

“*George!*” Dream grabs his ankle, reproofing. “What the hell!”

George is grinning with glee, watching his place marker tick up to second as he passes Dream’s character.

“It’s not my fault you suck,” he teases.

Nick is frowning in concentration, well ahead of them in first place.

“I hate this map,” he grumbles. “Goddamn penguins.”

“What sound do penguins make?” George wonders aloud. “Like, what would you call that sound they’re making? A sort of — chirp? Chirp-chirp meadows?”

Dream throws a green turtle shell at him in-game; George parries with a banana.

“Idiot,” Dream huffs.

“You’re the idiot,” says George.

His foot creeps up the line of Dream’s thigh, jostling him. Dream looses a hand from his Wii remote to seize George’s ankle again, and he consequently runs into a penguin. George whoops, passing him.

“You are such a little bastard!” cries Dream. “You’re a cheat!”

“I’m not *cheating*,” George scoffs. “I haven’t — *hacked the game* or something. I’m just using the resources available to me.”

Dream lets up on the Wii remote for a moment to wrestle George’s feet under his thighs, leaning all his weight into trapping him there.

“Ha,” says Dream, noticing to his delight that George has fallen behind in the race.

George starts kicking, digging his feet into Dream’s thighs in an attempt to free himself.

“*Dream!* Get off me!”

“No! Not until you stop cheating!”

Nick wins the game, cheering loudly. “Yes! Take that, you dumb fucking penguins! Fuck this map!”

Dream and George have fallen behind to 11th and 12th place, respectively. George gives up on freeing himself, worming his feet up in the tight space between Dream’s thighs to jostle him again. Dream seizes both of George’s wiggling feet in one big hand, his grip uncompromising. George whines and struggles against him, but Dream just squeezes harder, feeling his flesh and bones compress like a stress ball.

"Ow ow ow!" George yelps suddenly, and Dream lets go like he's been burned.

"Are you okay? Did I hurt you?" he demands, abandoning the race completely.

George crosses the finish line before him; Dream comes in last.

"YES!" shouts George. "Yes, Dream! I fucking beat you! You suck! You're actually trash!"

"What?" Dream asks faintly, still looking at George's delicate little feet like he's crushed them. "Are you hurt?"

"No, idiot," George laughs. His expression is fond. "I was just messing with you."

"Nice going, George," says Nick. He leans across the divide to bump fists with him. "That was devious."

George giggles, fiddling with the Wii remote in his lap. Nick stands and stretches.

"Gonna grab an Arizona," he grunts. "Y'all want anything?"

Dream shakes his head. "I'm good."

"I'd take some apple juice," George says around a yawn.

"Sleepy?" Dream asks him quietly when Nick has left the room.

George's toes fidget between his thighs. "No," he says, blinking lazily up at Dream. "Just comfy."

Dream hums. George scoots down so that he's more fully reclined, legs bent up between them. He lets his knees fall languidly apart. Dream glances, very quickly, at the valley between his thighs, the subtle swell of his basketball shorts. When he looks up, George's eyes are closed, his head canting back to touch the arm of the sofa. His Adam's apple glows in the overhead light. Dream feels his feet wedge themselves a little deeper, a little closer.

"Warm," George comments. He wiggles his toes.

Dream shoots a hand out to hold him still. "George," he warns.

George opens his eyes, smiling curiously up at him. "What?"

He discards his joystick on the floor and brings his hands up to rest loosely on his stomach. His t-shirt has ridden up a few inches, and Dream can see some of that sweet dark hair trailing past his navel. George quirks an eyebrow.

Dream straightens. Drags George's feet down to rest between his knees.

"Be good," Dream says with a long, chastening look.

George just stares steadily back at him, pink-cheeked and glassy-eyed.

Nick returns with their drinks then, complaining loudly and at length about their dearth of Takis. George plucks his joystick off the ground and laughs quietly along. Even when Dream lets him go, George's feet remain utterly still, and Dream gives him a little squeeze of approval. Their eyes meet, warm and wary.

Dream comes in first, next round.



# VTR

## Chapter Notes

SORRY this took longer than anticipated i've been really depressed lol <3 thank god for may flowers

For lunch, Dream offers to pick up McDonald's under the implicit assumption that George will accompany him. Nick opts to hold down the fort.

"We'll be back soon," Dream promises.

"Not *too* soon, though," says Nick. "Me and Patches have plans, and y'all aren't invited."

"Ooh," says George, toeing on his shoes in the foyer. "Are you going to chase mice? Will you bring us back a big juicy mouse to eat for supper?"

"We're gonna catch the biggest, juiciest mouse in Orlando," says Nick, "but only me and Patches get to eat it."

"I'm devastated," says Dream.

"Why didn't you put your mouse-catching skills to use when you visited me in London?" asks George. "You could've saved me a lot of peanut butter."

"You were a terrible host, dude," says Nick. "You deserved those mice in your apartment. It was like payback for kicking me to the curb at my darkest hour."

George shakes his head, looking vengeful. "You planted those mice, didn't you?"

"You know what? I wish I had!"

Dream snorts, shouldering a tote bag. "Come on, honey, let's go."

*Honey.* Is that what he'd said? He blushes fiercely, glancing at George and Nick, but neither of them seems to have noticed.

"You'd better watch yourself," George snaps at Nick, glaring. "I'm going to get you back, and when I do, you won't see it coming."

"Ooh, I'm so scared!" Nick taunts. "Gogy's gonna get me back! Whatcha gonna do, huh? You'd better watch *your* back, dude, 'cause I'm not done with you yet. Count your fucking days!"

"You'd better count *your* fucking days, you little shit! You owe me over a thousand pounds!"

"You stupid British fucking cunt!" Nick roars. "You and your fucking pounds! I'll give you a pound, brother! I'll fucking pound you in!"

They're all, in fact, laughing hysterically, but the look in Nick's eyes is what does Dream in, and he sinks to the ground with the force of his mirth.



“Dream,” George laughs, tugging at his shirt. “Get up, idiot.”

Dream beats the floor with his fist, wheezing, eyes blurry with tears. “You guys are so dumb!” he says weakly.

His head is level with George’s hip, and George reaches down to tug at a bit of his hair.

“Get *up*. I want McDonald’s.”

“Drive safe,” Nick calls over his shoulder, and then he disappears up the stairs.

“Love you!” Dream yells after him, and Nick echoes the sentiment from a distance.

George tugs his hair again. Dream sighs, twitching his head away to feel the strain of it. It sends a shiver racking through him.

“Idiot,” George snorts quietly. He scratches gently at Dream’s scalp. “You’re like a big dumb puppy.”

Dream leans into his hand, playing it up a bit. “M not.”

“You are,” George insists. He smooths back his bangs, playing with the shape. “Your hair’s still damp.”

“Yeah, it dries slow,” says Dream. “It’s ‘cause it’s too thick.”

George snorts.

“I’m too *thick*, George.”

“Mm.” George’s stomach growls. “You promised me chicken nuggets.”

Dream struggles to his feet with a sigh.

Dream’s pulling out of the driveway when he realizes he doesn’t have his phone.

“Can you put on some music?” George is asking, and Dream pats down his pockets.

“Shit,” he says. “Did you bring your phone?”

“Er — no,” says George. “Should we turn around? Do we need our phones?”

Dream considers. “I mean, I guess not,” he says at length. “It’s not like we’re gonna be gone for a long time. We’re just going to McDonald’s.”

He glances at George and finds him smirking out the window.

“What?” Dream laughs.

George’s smile grows. Dream pulls onto the main road.

“No, it’s just — You’re usually so weird about leaving your phone anywhere,” says George. “Remember that time you made me stay on Discord with you for like, twenty hours straight because your phone was missing?”

“I wanted to make sure you could reach me!”

“I could’ve just called Sapnap,” George points out.

“Okay, but why go through a third party when we could just stay on Discord together? It was just, like, the obvious solution.”

George snorts. “Whatever. You’re dumb. That wasn’t the point I was trying to make, anyway.”

“Okay, what’s your point, then?”

“My *point* is that you don’t get all worked up about your phone anymore. Like, you barely use it at all, except if your mum calls or something.”

“That’s ‘cause I’m taking a break from work stuff,” says Dream.

“You don’t only use your phone for work stuff.”

“Mm,” says Dream. “That’s true. Huh.” Dream can tell by George’s tone that there’s a question hidden in there. “I mean, I guess that I probably use my phone less because you’re here. Like, most of the time, I was using it to talk to you.”

George is covering his mouth with his hand. “Hm,” is all he says.

“It’s not like you’re on your phone all the time, either.”

“No,” George agrees. “Probably for the same reason.”

When he moves his hand away, Dream sees that he’s smiling. George starts punching at the radio, fiddling with the volume and flipping through stations. Most of it is talk radio or commercials, but then Dream catches a familiar tune.

“Wait,” says Dream, “go back. I know that song.”

George complies. “This one?”

“Yeah.”

*Video killed the radio star*

*Video killed the radio star*

“That’s gonna be you,” says George, “when you face reveal.”

Dream laughs. George watches him fondly.

*In my mind and in my car*

*We can’t rewind, we’ve gone too far*

“I swear I’ve heard my mom playing this before,” says Dream. “She likes old-school stuff like this.”

George hums to show that he’s listening.

“I can’t remember the last time I listened to the radio,” says Dream. “That’s so weird, right? We always had it playing in the house when I was a kid. Or like, on the way to school, I remember I’d

fight with my brother for control over which station we were listening to. I always wanted the pop station, you know, with Macklemore and Bruno Mars and stuff. I was *really* stubborn about it. Drove everyone crazy.”

George snorts, clucks his tongue. “My sister had this Kate Nash CD that she always put on in the car. It was so annoying. And there was that one song about being a dickhead, and every time it came on, she’d turn to me and go, ‘You know she wrote this song about you?’”

“Oh my god,” Dream laughs. “I wanna meet your sister, dude.”

“You will,” George promises.

The song comes to an end, and George hums shrilly in its silence, provoking an endeared smile out of Dream. Dream doesn’t recognize the next song that plays, but George bobs his head like he does.

“This is good,” Dream comments, because it is. “I like the lyrics.”

George grins widely, glancing at him. “Yeah? Have you heard it before?”

“No,” says Dream. “Have you?”

“Mm,” says George. “It’s Peter Gabriel. This is probably, like, one of his most famous songs.”

“Oh,” says Dream. “Cool.” He hums along for a bit, tapping his fingers on the steering wheel. “What’s it about?”

“You can’t tell?”

*All you do is call me*

*I’ll be anything you need*

“Uh.” Dream frowns. “Is it, like, a love song?”

George snorts. “It’s about sex, Dream.”

“Oh.”

George laughs loudly. “Oh my god, your *face*!”

“Fuck off,” Dream whines, wishing he could hide. Humiliation and arousal burn like fever under his skin.

“No,” laughs George. “You’re all red; it’s funny.”

*Open up your fruit cage*

*Where the fruit is as sweet as can be*

“Look at you! You look like you’re gonna crash the car or something!”

“I will if you don’t shut up,” says Dream.

George giggles. “You’re so *easy*. Seriously, what if I just leant over and sucked you off right now?”

“*WHAT?!*”

"I'm just saying," George laughs, "you'd probably kill us both."

"And whose fault would that be?!" Dream splutters, white-knuckling the wheel.

"Yours," George says simply. "Obviously."

"What has gotten into you?" Dream huffs. "Next time I have to drive somewhere, I'm leaving you at home. You're a safety hazard."

"Your mum is a safety hazard."

"What? That doesn't even make sense!"

"No, 'cause listen, it's like — When I'm in the car with her, if I'm driving, then she's all up on me and making me crash the car. Get it?"

Dream barks a laugh. "You can't even drive!"

"So? That's what's gonna happen when I get my license."

"What, so you're just — gonna go on some kind of sexy roadtrip with my mom?"

"Is that what this is?" George smirks. "A sexy roadtrip?"

"What?" Dream narrows his eyes. "You're so —!"

"Spit it out," George goads him on, giggling.

"You're a *brat*!" Dream exclaims. "There, I said it! You're messing with me and — and trying to get us both killed, because you're fucking bratty as hell!"

George goes very quiet. When Dream glances at him, he sees him biting down on a smile, blushing.

"Now just —" Dream laughs a bit. "Just keep your mouth shut for five fucking minutes while I order up here, okay?"

He pulls off the road into the McDonald's parking lot, queuing up behind the line of cars at the drive-thru.

"Don't you want to know what I want?" George asks quietly.

"I know what you want," says Dream, and George falls silent.

When they pull away with their order, George stares at him expectantly.

"What?" asks Dream.

"Can I talk now?"

"I — Yeah, of course," says Dream, baffled. "Sorry."

George makes a little sound like '*hmph*' and digs into the takeout bag for his nuggets.

"You're not very good at this," he comments.

Dream frowns, vaguely hurt. “Huh? At what?”

“You know,” George hedges. “Taking control. Giving me orders.”

Dream laughs nervously. He readjusts his sweating hands on the wheel and takes a shuddering breath.

“Do you —?” he starts. “What do you —?”

“I’m just saying,” George relieves him, “like, you don’t need to go easy on me. I’ll tell you if it’s too much.”

“Oh,” says Dream. “You mean like —“

“You never held back before,” says George.

“What — before you moved here?”

“Yeah.”

“Well —“ Dream is frowning. This conversation feels surreal. “That was different.”

“Why? Because I couldn’t see your face?”

“I mean, that’s part of it.”

“What else, then?” George prods him.

“Uh, I don’t know. I guess —“ He tries to really think about it. “I guess it’s just — more, now. It’s more intense.”

“Why?”

Dream glances at him. “You don’t know what I mean?”

“I do,” says George, confusingly. “I want to know if you know.”

“What,” Dream scoffs quietly. “What does that even mean?”

George gives a frustrated sigh. “*Dream.*”

“What?!”

“You’re an idiot,” says George. Then: “But like, it’s different in person, right?”

“Yeah,” Dream tentatively agrees. “I mean, obviously.”

“And like, I can see how — nervous you get.”

Dream makes a face. “Shut up, I do not get *nervous*.”

“I’m just *saying*,” George continues, “that you don’t have to be nervous. You don’t have to hold back.”

Dream is silent. His head is spinning, trying to make sense of all this. It doesn’t feel like either of them has really *said* anything at all. He thinks back to what George said earlier.

“So what you’re saying is that you want me to — what? Order you around?”

George shrugs, looking a bit sheepish. “It’s not —“ His jaw twitches, determined. Dream struggles to keep his eyes on the road. “I just think you should do what you want.”

“I do what I want,” Dream objects, a little defensive.

“With me,” says George. “You should do what you want with me.”

Dream swallows with difficulty. “Oh.”

“Yeah,” says George, snorting quietly. “*Oh.*”

The radio is still playing at a low volume, but Dream and George fall utterly silent for a moment, their tension filling the car like white noise. Dream glances at George and sees him sitting on his hands like he’s trying to keep them still. He’s frowning down at his lap, where the carton of chicken nuggets lies open on his thigh. For some reason, it makes Dream laugh.

George looks at him, a confused little smile tugging at his lips. “What?”

“Nothing,” Dream giggles. “I don’t know.”

George starts laughing, too. “You’re dumb.”

*He’s right, Dream thinks. I’m an idiot.*

Nick is still tucked away in his room when Dream and George return. They toe off their shoes in the hallway and set up camp at one end of the dining table, George with his huge to-go cup of Coke and Dream with a glass bottle of water.

“This is the last time we’re getting McDonald’s this week, by the way,” Dream remarks as he sits down kitty-corner to George. “I’m gonna try making breaded chicken this weekend, so you can decide which you like better.”

George snorts, eyeing him with amusement. He’s already down to his last couple of nuggets, having made quick work of them in the car.

“Why do you make it sound like an ultimatum?”

“Because it is,” says Dream. “It’s me or McDonald’s, George. Your choice.”

“Why can’t I have both?”

“I don’t know. I don’t like McDonald’s.”

George scoffs. “And what does that have to do with me? You should just eat something else, if you hate it so much.”

“Well —“ Dream frowns. “Like, you and I — the three of us, we eat all our meals together. And that’s how it should be. We shouldn’t be eating, like, separate meals.”

“Hm,” says George, tilting his head like he understands. “Fair enough. But why are you so anti-

McDonald's? It's good."

"It tastes fine. I just don't like how it — *feels* inside me," Dream grumbles, glaring down at his half-eaten burger.

"*Dream?*"

"I —" Dream gapes, realizing what he said. "I did *not* mean it like that. I meant — Oh, what the hell."

George laughs gleefully.

"You know what I meant!" Dream huffs. "Like, doesn't it feel kind of — gross in your body? Like you're too full? You know what I mean?"

"No," says George, smirking. "I like feeling full. But just to be clear, you want me to choose between your meat or McDonald's? And you want me to choose based on how it feels inside of me?"

"Okay, don't — Okay, listen —"

"Is that not what you said?"

"George —" Dream groans.

George gets this bright-eyed, expectant look on his face. "What, Dream?"

"You were right," says Dream, picking at his burger. "This is so much worse in person."

"I didn't say it was worse."

"Hm," says Dream.

He sneaks a glance at George: he's leaning back in his chair, clutching his bent legs to his chest and gazing up at Dream through his eyelashes.

"What if I —" Dream clears his throat. "Can I, you know, do what I want?"

George stares at him, his eyes very black and shiny. His hair is getting long, curling darkly over his ears, the nape of his neck. Dream knows how soft it is — has touched it, once or twice.

"I don't know, Dream," George says lowly, brazenly. "Can you?"

Dream rests his forearms on the table, leaning in, watching him closely. George pillows his chin on his knee, blinking up at him all doe-eyed.

"I want to make you shut up," says Dream, but that's not quite it. He grunts, frustrated. "I want — Fuck."

"You want... to fuck?"

"Shut the hell up," Dream tuts. George's lips quirk up in a tiny smile. "I want to teach you a lesson, that's what."

"Yeah?" George's eyebrows raise; he sounds impressed. Dream flushes with interest. "What kind of lesson?"

Dream takes a swig from his water bottle. His tongue feels like cotton.

“Are you going to punish me?” George presses, smiling like it might be a joke.

Dream knows better, now. “I might,” he rasps. He licks his lips and sets his glass bottle on the dining table with a gentle click. “I want to.”

Nick chooses that moment to join them.

“Hell yeah!” he greets them, bounding happily over to the McDonald’s to-go bag. “I’m hungry as fuck.”

“Where were you?” asks George, looking — to Dream’s satisfaction — a little pink around the edges.

“My room,” Nick answers easily, already unwrapping his burger. “Playing Valorant with Punz. You know how it is.”

Dream nods, frowning gravely. “For a stream?”

“Yep,” Nick says through a mouthful. “Going back in a sec. And then, uh, we moved that Jackbox thing with Karl and the others to midnight our time. Hey, did you get my text?”

“Uh, no,” says Dream, sitting up a little. “We left our phones here.”

“Really?!” Nick looks at him properly. Dream hopes his face isn’t as red as it feels. “Bro, are you okay?”

“What? Yeah, of course.”

“You sure?” Nick lays a concerned hand on his shoulder. “You were, like, freaked the hell out when you couldn’t find your phone that one time. Didn’t you call —“

“I’m fine, Sap,” Dream rushes to reassure him. “Seriously, don’t worry.”

“What did the text say?” asks George.

“Oh, shit. Uh.” Nick pulls his own phone out. “Sorry. I’ll just show you. It’s not a huge deal or anything, but...”

“If it’s not a big deal —“ Dream begins.

“Would I text you if I didn’t think you’d want to know? Sheesh.” Nick shakes his head, opening up Twitter. “Have a little faith in me, bro. I know you. Okay — Here it is. It’s nothing bad, just...” He holds his phone out for Dream to see.

It’s a tweet posted yesterday by a fan account he recognizes, and it’s already racked up over fifteen thousand likes.

*sooo either dnf are honeymooning in key west rn or dream picked up george in a private jet & bros airdropped fortnite style straight into the atlantic... oomfs what do we think???*

“Look at the replies,” Nick says.

Dream scrolls down.



*ASDKFL;ASDKF their friends have been reaaaal quiet lately... like sapnap straight up has not mentioned dream or george in weeks*

*dream is on maternity leave actually*

*@dreamwastaken @georgenootfound WE MISS YOU*

Dream smiles, lingering on some of the funnier reaction images.

“Show me,” says George.

Dream snorts, passing it to him. Their eyes meet briefly, warmly.

“What do you think?” asks Nick. “Are you gonna make an announcement?”

“Yeah,” Dream sighs. “I mean, at the very least, I’ll just — fuck around on the fanart account, like some stuff so the fans know I’m not actually dead.”

George looks thoughtful.

“What, George?”

“Hm?” George looks up, surprised. “Nothing.”

“What do you think I should do?”

George shrugs, returning the phone to Nick. “I —“

“And don’t say *whatever I want*.”

George scoffs, smirking a bit. “I wasn’t going to say that. I actually think you should face reveal.”

Dream holds his gaze, eyes wide. “Yeah?”

“I really gotta get back to Punz, dude,” Nick says suddenly, patting Dream on the back. “Hey, whatever you guys decide to do —“ he looks at George, here — “you have my full support. Whatever you need — just say the word.”

“Love you, man,” Dream smiles at him.

“Love you, brother.”

Dream watches him leave the room; George watches Dream.

“What are you thinking?” asks George.

Dream sighs. “I don’t know why I’m so —“ He scrapes a hand through his hair, frowning. “I’m not usually the kind of person who doesn’t wanna work. I usually look forward to work. It doesn’t usually *feel* like *work*.”

George hums his understanding.

“I mean, I guess the responsible thing to do is make an announcement. It’s — I’ve been slacking, lately. I haven’t even looked at Reddit... God, I — I don’t want to let down the fans. They’re expecting a certain level of quality from me, you know? Not to mention, like, accountability. But I hate that I don’t *care*. I mean — Okay, I *care*, but I don’t care enough to wanna hole up in my

office, now, and get all of this shit sorted.”

“What *do* you want to do?”

“Not what you’re thinking,” Dream snorts.

“No,” George laughs, “I mean — besides holing up in your office.”

“Honestly?” Dream drums his fingers on the table, frowning off into space. “Right now, I wanna clean up this shit from lunch, and then — probably do some laundry, because I’m running low on underwear.”

“Wow,” says George. “Don’t get too crazy on me.”

Dream snorts. “You’re an idiot.”

“Okay, but like.” George props his chin on his hand, gazing at him so patiently. “What else?”

“Well,” Dream begins, “it’s too hot out right now, but — later tonight, maybe, I was thinking it could be nice to take a walk. Just around the neighborhood, you know?”

“Mm,” says George. “What else?”

“Uh, well, I should probably call my mom, because I haven’t talked to her since — two or three days ago, maybe.”

“You should ask if your sister wants to come with us to Disney.”

Dream laughs happily. “Okay, I will. I was thinking we could go on Sunday, like, pretty early in the morning.”

“How early?”

“Don’t look so freaked out, oh my god. No earlier than, like, nine.”

“*Nine?!?*”

“C’mon, that’s not so bad. We’ve gotten up at nine before.”

“Ten thirty.”

“Nine thirty.”

“*Ten thirty.*”

“Ten! Final offer!”

George groans loudly. “Ten thirty, Dream, or I’m not going.”

Dream glares at him. He can’t decide whether to give in for the pleasure of seeing George’s smug, spoiled expression or to — *punish* him, whatever that entails.

“You told me not to go easy on you,” he murmurs.

George smirks, gratified. “I did say that.”

Dream lingers, searching his expression. “Okay,” he decides, delighting in the way George’s eyes

flash with interest. “Nine o’clock. And if you give me any more trouble about it — if you complain, or — or drag your heels on Sunday, or you whine like a little bitch about how *tired* you are...” Dream feels something settle inside of him. “I’ll show you how tired I can make you. I’ll tire you right out, George.”

George’s eyebrows have crept up to his bangs, cheeks rosy, and smiling like he’s a bit flustered.

“Oh, you’ll tire me out, will you?”

Dream stands from his chair, looming over the table with his palms planted firmly on the edge. George doesn’t cower or look away; his smile only grows.

“You don’t believe me?”

“I think you’re all bark, no bite,” George taunts him.

“Are you calling me a dog?”

“I’m calling you a *bitch*.”

Without really thinking about it, Dream draws his hand up in a fist and slams it on the table. The wood rattles resoundingly.

“Say it again.”

George looks downright gleeful. “I said you’re a *bitch*,” he giggles.

Dream aches with the suddenly unbearable urge to kiss him. Their eye contact feels so intense that Dream wonders if he’ll start crying. He hopes not; he wants George to cry first.

“Do you know what happens to filthy little brats who don’t behave themselves?” Dream flushes, shocked at himself; but George’s mouth has fallen open a bit, and it’s all the encouragement he needs. “Answer me.”

George shifts in his seat, snorting nervously. “What happens?”

Dream swallows. He hadn’t thought this far ahead, actually. “You, um... You have to do whatever I want. For the whole day.”

George cocks an eyebrow. “What if I don’t want to?”

“I don’t care,” Dream scoffs. “You’re doing it. That’s your punishment.”

“What if I just —“ George licks his lips, eyes flickering briefly away — “don’t do it? What if I sit here and refuse?”

“Then I’ll make you,” says Dream.

“How?”

“I’ll —“ Dream feels his pulse in his throat. “I’ll force you. I’ll, like, throw you over my shoulder like a sack of flour and take you everywhere with me. I’ll make you do all the chores. I’ll stand in the doorway so you can’t leave, and if you try to just — *sit* in there, doing nothing, I’ll —“

“You’ll what, Dream?” George asks quietly.

Dream stares at him, frozen.

“What? Are you gonna —” George laughs a bit — “*spank* me, or something?”

“Yeah,” he rashly agrees, burning at the suggestion. “I’m gonna spank you, George.”

Dream sees the shudder that passes through him. “You won’t,” he claims. “You’re too much of a pussy.”

Dream scoffs. “Get up.”

George glares at him.

“Get up right the fuck now, George, and clean up this fucking mess before I teach you a lesson.”

George swallows and, at great length, rises from his seat at the table. Dream watches him move slowly, glancing frequently up at Dream as he picks up wrappers and napkins from the table and conveys them to the trash can.

“Good,” Dream says evenly when he’s finished. “Now get the sponge and wipe up that mess you made with the ketchup.”

George grits his teeth. “Aren’t you gonna help clean?”

“Did I say you could talk?”

George flushes and falls silent.

“There you go. That’s better.” Dream eyes him, his soft shiny hair down to his little socked feet, and feels his chest swell with pride. “Good boy,” he praises, and doesn’t realize what he’s said until George gasps quietly and looks at him. His eyes are wide, his expression somehow more docile and open than it was a moment ago. “Yeah?” Dream prods quietly.

George nods, eager.

*Holy shit.* “Okay, well,” Dream takes a steadying breath, “if you wanna be a good boy for me, then go get the sponge like I told you.”

George dutifully wets the sponge at the sink and wrings it until it’s just damp. “Like this?”

“Add a little soap,” says Dream, watching him. “Good. That’s great. Now — c’mere. Come clean up your mess.”

George circles the table and bends to sponge away the spilled ketchup. His hair falls across his face, feathery and dark.

“Good, George,” Dream praises quietly.

George stands when he’s done, staring expectantly at Dream.

“Okay, now go put it back in the sink.”

George purses his lips and obeys.

“You can — You can talk, now, by the way,” says Dream.

“Oh, can I?” George snarks, dropping the sponge in among the dirty dishes. He flicks the faucet on and begins washing his delicate hands. “That was disgusting.”

“It was your mess.” Dream shrugs. “It’s only fair that you clean up after yourself.”

George hums. “You usually do it for me.”

“Yeah, well, not anymore.”

“Yeah, right,” George scoffs, drying his hands on a tea towel. “You’re such a simp, I could ask you to wipe my arse and you’d thank me.”

“*What?!*” Dream laughs. “Shut the hell up. You are such an idiot. C’mon, George, you’re gonna help me with the laundry.”

George dutifully follows Dream up to his bedroom, and then down again to the laundry room on the first floor; but when Dream closes the door behind them, George only lifts himself up on the table they use for ironing and swings his legs like he’s settling in to watch.

“Get over here,” Dream laughs, setting his laundry basket on the floor. “You’re gonna help me, remember?”

George makes a face. “I’m good.”

“Excuse me?”

George shrugs, smiling impishly. “I don’t wanna do your laundry, Dream.”

“Do you think I give a shit what you want, George?” Dream narrows his eyes, getting into the act. “You don’t get to be picky now. You’re gonna do my laundry, and I don’t wanna hear another word out of your bratty mouth unless you’re asking for instructions. Got it?”

George stares at him.

“Answer me.”

“Yeah,” George rasps. He clears his throat. “Yes, Dream.”

Dream flushes, pleased. “Okay, good,” he says. He puts his hands on his hips, feeling the heat of his own damp palms through his t-shirt. “Well, uh. Get to work, then.”

George hops down from his perch, flicking glances at Dream as he moves to the washing machine. He crouches to open the front-loading door, looking very small for a moment, and Dream feels an odd flash of guilt at making him do this all alone.

“Here,” he says, coming up behind him, “I can —”

“I’ve got it,” says George, throwing him a pointed look. “Don’t get all soft on me, now.”

Dream recoils. “What? I’m just —” He stops himself, breathing sharply through his nose. “I told you to keep your mouth shut.”

George shrugs, grinning as he begins to drag Dream’s dirty laundry into the washing machine.

“Oh, look,” he says, plucking a pair of briefs from the pile. “These don’t even look that dirty, Dream. You could probably wear these again, honestly.”

“What?”

“Yeah, look.” He turns them inside out, gusset splayed open and George’s thumbs precariously close to the inner lining. “They’re, like, spotless. No track-marks, no cum stains, nothing. Wow, Dream.” He grins, his tone dipping into something puckish and condescending: “You’re such a clean boy.”

Dream watches, rapt with horror, as George moves his hand to trail one delicate finger down the long line of the crotch. Dream feels it almost as though George were touching his skin: his dick, his balls, down his taint and the crack of his ass. When George pulls his finger away, he sniffs at it curiously, and Dream thinks for a moment that his knees might buckle beneath him.

“Hm,” says George, sounding vaguely disappointed. “Perfectly clean.”

“Give me those,” Dream growls, snatching the briefs from George’s hand and tossing them in the washer.

George tuts, but he’s smiling gleefully. “Waste.”

“You’re —“ *disgusting*, he was going to say, but he remembers that he jacked off to the thought of rimming George this morning — “such a fucking brat.”

George snorts. “What are you going to do about it?”

Dream comes closer, towering over George where he sits back on his haunches, hands clasped loosely in his lap. George’s gaze flicks rapidly down Dream’s body, where his thighs are level with George’s nose, only a foot or so between them. His hair looks so soft and shiny and well within reach; instinctively, Dream reaches out to comb it back from his face.

George meets his gaze. His expression is slack, wide-eyed. Dream cards his fingers through his hair, again and again, more sure of himself with every pass that George allows him.

*I’m lucky*, Dream thinks, not for the first time. *Has anyone else seen him like this?*

His hand stills as he thinks it, clutching more firmly at the hair caught between his fingers. George closes his eyes, and Dream remembers suddenly how good it felt when George was pulling his hair earlier. It was just like this.

“Don’t you wanna be good for me?” he murmurs, tugging gently.

George whines.

“What? Use your words, George.”

He tugs again, reprimanding, and George’s mouth falls open. Dream stares, transfixed.

“Talk to me. C’m on.”

George visibly swallows. “Dr’m.”

“Good,” Dream praises, releasing him, soothing his scalp with gentle scritchies. George opens his eyes, sighing happily. “Don’t you like being a good boy for me?”

George hums, his expression very patient.

“Look at you,” Dream murmurs, touching the side of his face. “You’re being so sweet, now.”

George’s lips twitch into a smile, like he’s amused.

“What?” Dream snorts softly.

“Thought I was a brat.”

“You are,” says Dream, stroking his cheekbone. “But you’re being sweet right now.”

“Hm,” says George, leaning into his hand.

They rest there for a moment, watching each other.

“How about this —“ Dream begins. “If you can put the rest of my clothes in the washer without — doing anything weird or annoying, then I can handle the detergent and stuff. And — and then we’ll be done in, like, under a minute, and afterward, we can do something you wanna do.”

George raises his eyebrows at this. “Anything?”

“Sure,” Dream agrees, already wondering if this is a mistake.

“Okay, Dream.” George smiles broadly, putting out his hand to shake. “It’s a deal.”

# Red Hibiscus

## Chapter Notes

<https://open.spotify.com/playlist/710zfsnRk8mmGFsc9vp9n8?si=f3989e5c6e42422e>  
<-- playlist

ur comments make me so immensely happy u guys don't even know.. i reread that shit every day... <3

“Okay,” says Dream, closing the laundry room door behind them, “we have a good half hour before I need to take those out.”

George leans against the wall, blinking up at him. “Do you have your phone?”

“Uh.” Dream frowns. “I think it’s still charging on my nightstand. Why? Are you gonna tweet something weird?”

George shrugs, pushing off to lead Dream up the stairs and, presumably, to his bedroom.

“You’ll see,” he says.

“Mm.” Dream watches his ass all the way to the second-floor landing. “Well, I did say anything.”

“You did,” George agrees, smirking.

When they reach Dream’s room, George unplugs his phone from its charger and pockets it. Dream follows, baffled, as George walks right out again and over to Nick’s room. He cracks open the door, popping his head in.

“Yeah?” says Nick.

“Are you still streaming?”

“Nah,” Dream hears him say, “we just ended, like, ten minutes ago. What’s up? You wanna cuddle?”

George snorts. “You wish.”

“I *do* wish.”

“Well,” George sighs, “you’ll just have to wait. I have another task for you.”

“Oh yeah? Where’s your other half, huh?”

George kicks the door open wider so Dream can stand beside him.

“Come outside,” George demands. “Like, now.”

“What? Why?”



Dream looks at George.

“Just come on,” says George. “It’ll be quick.”

“What does he have planned, Dream?”

Dream shrugs. “He’s being all mysterious about it.”

“Hm,” says Nick. “Do I trust you?”

“Yes,” says George. “Sapnap. Come on.”

Nick stands from his gaming chair with a groan.

“Okay, bro. But if this is, like, sick and twisted, you’re *toast*. Got it?”

The sky is a cloudless, brutal blue, and the sun shines blindingly, glancing off the swimming pool and drawing the red hibiscus into bloody exposure. The heat hits Dream like a wall the instant he steps through the sliding glass door.

“For fuck’s sake,” groans George, “what’s the temperature?”

“Feels like ninety, at least,” says Nick, his sandals slapping noisily on the deck.

Dream lingers in closing the door, careful to keep Patches inside.

“Sorry, honey,” he soothes her quietly. “Can’t have you running off.”

“Hold on,” calls George, “I need her to take the picture.”

“What?” Dream snorts.

“Wait, what picture?” asks Nick. “Is this for the face reveal?”

Dream frowns, looking to George. “I don’t know. Is it?”

George shrugs. “It can be.” But Dream can see it in his smile that, yes, he wants it to be. “We need some kind of tripod for the phone, though. Or, like, something to lean it up against.”

Dream smiles. “Remember your footcam setup?”

They all laugh at the memory.

“Wait,” says Nick, “I think I actually have, like, a Joby tripod in the basement somewhere. It’s probably in one of the storage bins.”

“Go on, then!” says George. “Go check if it’s there!”

Nick huffs, jostling him as he heads back inside.

“Can you grab me a water?” Dream calls after him.

Nick flips him the finger.

“Terrible manners,” George tuts, shielding his eyes against the sun.

Dream moves to sit in the shade of a palm tree; George follows him. Their knees knock together, and when Dream turns to look at him, George is close enough that Dream can see the faint impression of crow's feet around his eyes.

"Where are we gonna take the picture?" asks Dream.

George shrugs, smiling as he glances at him. "Here's fine. Or we could stand up, do a height check."

Dream snorts. "You're an idiot."

"What?" George's cheeks are pink, bunching around his wide grin. "How am I an idiot? It's a good idea."

"Why do you wanna do a height check so badly? Everyone's gonna see how short you are."

George scoffs. A light breeze picks up the ends of his hair, brushing it through his eyelashes.

"Everyone's gonna see how stupidly tall *you* are."

"Hm," says Dream. "I mean, it's true — the fans would love a height check."

"They'd go actually feral," says George.

"They would," Dream agrees. "But, like, is that morally okay? I don't wanna give anybody a heart attack."

George giggles. "Oh, my god. There'd be so much fanart, though. It'd be worth it."

"But we'd get fanart, anyway, even if it was just our faces."

"Hm," says George. "But there would be... better fanart. If they could see our height difference."

"Isn't it gonna look weird if the picture is just — if my face reveal is just all of us standing in the backyard?"

"We can do more than one picture," says George. "The thumbnail —" Dream laughs at him — "I mean, the first photo can just be our faces. We could sit on the steps, or something."

Dream hums. "That's not a bad idea."

Sapnap emerges from the house with a tripod and a couple of water bottles. He tosses one to Dream, who opens it easily and hands it to George. George takes a long drink, letting it puff out his cheeks, and passes the bottle back to Dream.

"You found the tripod?" Dream asks after swallowing.

"Yeah, bro." Nick wedges his water bottle between his thighs as he fiddles with the tripod. "Whose phone should we use?"

"Mine, I guess," says Dream.

"Mine is newer," Nick points out. "Better camera quality."

“Eh.” Dream shrugs. “It’s faster to post straight from my phone. I’d rather just get it over with, you know?”

“I could just airdrop them to you. Takes, like, five seconds, bro.”

Dream climbs to his feet, sighing. “Okay, let’s use your phone.”

He puts his hand out for George and helps him to his feet. As Nick sets up his phone in the tripod, Dream hesitates to drop George’s hand, turning it over in his own and examining the lines of his palms, his short fingers. Then, embarrassed, he drops it and shoots a quick smile at George.

“George was thinking we could take a picture on the steps,” he tells Nick.

Nick hums. “Like, we’d all squeeze in next to each other? Where would the camera go?”

“We could put it on the step below,” says George. “That would be cool. Then we’d have, like, a sick upper angle on the camera, you know? Like we’re all looking down at it.”

“Okay, I see the vision,” says Nick.

“Also,” says George, “I think we should do one where I’m in the middle and both of you are, like, kissing my cheeks.”

Nick waggles his eyebrows. “Which cheeks?”

Dream laughs. George rolls his eyes.

“This is for Instagram,” he huffs, “not OnlyFans.”

“Okay, okay,” says Nick, still smiling impishly. “I’m down. Dream?”

“I — Yeah, I mean, sure.”

In the end, they post three photos.

In the first one, George sits between them on the porch steps. It’s a bit of a squeeze — their thighs are all pressed together. Dream is kissing George’s left cheek, his own face looking a little rosier than usual; Nick is doing the same to George’s right, and Nick and Dream have their hands fit together in the middle as two halves of a heart. It’s cheesy, and when Dream looks at the picture, he sees that George is grinning hugely.

The second picture is a recreation of the goofy drawing Dream posted to his fanart account: Dream is standing over Nick with a pool noodle, the latter sprawled and lolling his tongue out, while George cheers him on in the background. The hibiscus blooms draw out the color in his cheeks, and he looks so slight and lovely in Dream’s big t-shirt, standing barefoot in the grass.

The final picture is taken spontaneously as the three of them sit in the living room afterward, sweaty and exhausted, though still in high spirits. Nick is reclining in an armchair, messing around on his phone, while Dream and George sit with Patches on the couch. Dream is cradling her belly-up in his lap as George leans close to scritch her tummy and coo at her; the smell of his sweat, warm and heady, wafts up as Dream turns to look at him.

“Okay,” Nick says a minute later, “I just airdropped the pics.”

Dream lets Patches wander over to George as he pulls out his phone and silently accepts the airdrop. He laughs as he swipes through the pictures, but the last one makes him pause.

“Did you just take this one of me and George?” he asks, eyes glued to his phone.

“Mm, yeah,” says Nick. “It’s cute, right?”

“Let me see,” says George, and then he’s all up against Dream, leaning into his space to get a better look at the picture. “Huh. Interesting.”

Dream snorts, willing himself to stay still. “What does that mean?”

“I *mean*,” says George, “that it’s interesting. You should post it with the others. It’s like a George and Patches meetup. It’s epic.”

*Easy for you to say*, thinks Dream. In the picture, George is looking at Patches; Dream is looking at George.

“Fine,” is what he says. “I’ll add it to the post.”

“What are you gonna caption it?” asks Nick.

George pulls back from the phone but continues to lean against Dream’s side.

“I dunno,” says Dream, opening Instagram and starting a new post. “Probably just, like, some heart emojis.”

“You’re such an idiot,” murmurs George. “You can do better than that.”

“Why didn’t we figure this out, like, months ago,” huffs Nick. “Could’ve come up with something really good.”

“I mean,” Dream shrugs, “to be fair, it’s not like anyone’s gonna pay attention to the caption. That’s not, like, the main attraction.”

George snorts. “Is the main attraction meant to be your face?”

“Okay, like —” Dream laughs — “that’s not what I meant, but kind of.”

“What did you mean, then?”

“Well, it’s obvious,” says Dream. “It’s — it’s the DNF meetup. Like, the only caption that would be remotely interesting to the fans is like — if I just put, like, green and blue hearts, or whatever.”

George is shaking with laughter. “Do it. Do it, please.”

“Hey!” says Nick. “Fuck you! Add an orange heart!”

“No, don’t,” laughs George, “we already had our SNF moment. Now it’s Dream’s turn.”

Dream blushes. “Okay, which is it?” His thumbs hover over the touchscreen emoji keyboard. “DNF hearts or — or DreamNotNap hearts?”

“Wait,” says George, “what about Patches? She’s part of the meetup, too.” He pouts and scratches her head for good measure. “She deserves an emoji.”

While Nick and George bicker aimlessly, Dream types out a caption, tags their accounts, and hits ‘post.’

Nick picks up his phone and gasps. “*Dream!* Did you *post* it?!” Then: “Oh, I like the caption, dude.”

“I want to see,” George says urgently, tugging Dream’s wrist over to commandeer his phone. “Wait, why are there two cats?”

“One for Patches,” Dream explains, “and one for you.”

“*Dream,*” George groans, as Nick laughs riotously. “Okay, wait — this is actually embarrassing for you, because you just called yourself a dog.”

“How is that embarrassing? What?” Dream snorts and puts his phone away. “That’s just our dynamic. Like, Nick is a panda, so he gets a panda emoji. You get the cat, and I get the dog.”

Later, when Nick has retreated to his bedroom, George lets his head fall back to rest on Dream’s shoulder as the two of them stroke Patches, who has fallen asleep in Dream’s lap. When Dream leans a little closer, George noses against his shoulder, sighing peacefully.

“What’re you thinking about,” he murmurs.

“The post,” Dream says honestly. “Just — thinking about how people are gonna respond, and all that.”

“Mm,” says George. “Are you worried?”

“I don’t know,” says Dream. They’re both speaking quietly, so as not to wake Patches. “I don’t know if I even care.”

“Like, if you care about what people say?”

“Yeah,” says Dream. “I think I’m just gonna leave it, honestly. Like, maybe I’ll check — tomorrow, I guess.”

George hums, and Dream feels the vibration of it. “But you don’t want to check.”

“No,” Dream agrees. “I don’t want to check.”

“You want to...” George trails off.

“What do I wanna do, George?”

“You want to do something for me,” George decides. “Like you said you would.”

“We just did,” Dream snorts. “What about the pictures?”

“That was for the fans,” says George. “Not for me.”

Dream hums, watching Patches stir in her sleep. “What can I do for you, George?”

George is quiet for a moment. “You really are a dog, you know? You’ll do anything I say.”

“That’s not true,” says Dream.

“It is,” says George. “Like, you never let me hang out with you while you shower, but I bet that if I asked you to keep *me* company while *I* shower, you’d totally do it. Am I right?”

Dream swallows. “You’re right.”

“Hm,” says George, sounding very smug. “Looks like you’re the good boy between us.”

“So — what, should I just —“

George shrugs, back turned to him as he adjusts the water temperature. “I don’t care what you do. Just keep me company.”

“Okay,” says Dream.

George steps onto the bath mat, feet angled toward Dream as he strips his t-shirt over his head, lithe muscles stretching under all that bare skin. When his hands move to hook in the waistband of his shorts, Dream glances away, and then — He has to look.

*Oh.*

That’s George’s dick. It’s very pink, and his thighs look soft and hairy and sweet, and his balls are so perfectly round and rosy that the effect is almost endearing. It’s hard to tell, but Dream thinks he might be a little chubbed up.

George kicks his shorts off on the floor and stands in the mouth of the shower, leaning in to test the water on his pale wrist. The line of his back trails down, down between the low dimples at the bottom of his spine, down to the cleft of his ass, which — when he bends slightly to pick a towel off the floor, Dream sees that he’s duskier there, soft and secret. He feels the revelation of it thrash inside of him like a witless, rabid animal.

“You’re —“ Dream blurts, and he clears his throat, horrified at himself.

“Hm?” George turns his eyes on him, bright-eyed and expectant.

“You, uh —“ Dream touches his own heated ear. “I can hold your towel, if you want. Make myself useful.”

George smirks and tosses it to him. Dream catches easily.

“If you really wanted to be useful,” says George, stepping around the sliding glass door, “you’d wash my hair for me.”

“What?” Dream scoffs. He sinks to the ground, cross-legged and only half-facing the shower door. “I’m not doing that. My clothes would get all wet.”

George laughs. “Do you normally shower with your clothes on?”

“What? No.”

George is quiet for a beat. When Dream looks up, he sees him faintly through the fogged glass, head tipped back to wet his hair. It looks like it feels nice. He’s carding his small hands through the dark, gleaming mane of it, eyes closed and back arched against the spray.

“Sometimes,” George says suddenly, “I think about closing my eyes whilst we’re talking. Like, try saying something right now.”

“Something,” says Dream. “Something something something.”

George smiles. “It’s kind of like we’re on Discord.”

“Do you prefer it that way?”

“No,” says George. “I don’t know. It’s just different.”

Dream hums quietly. “It’s easier for me.” He watches George squirt shampoo out in the palm of his hand before the glass fogs up entirely. “Like, I think I’m just used to it.”

“Used to what? Being invisible?”

“I guess,” says Dream. “Or, like, being able to see you, when you can’t see me. Although — I can’t see you, now.”

“What? Oh.” George rolls the shower door open on its track. The sweet smell of Dream’s shampoo wafts out on a warm breath of steam, and suddenly, there is so much more of him: shining, flushed, magnetic. His hair is frothy with soap. “There, that’s better.” George rubs the water out of his eyes and opens them to meet Dream’s. He smiles. “Should I close my eyes again?”

“I — I mean, I *guess*,” Dream stutters. “Like, if you want to.”

George closes them anyway as he rinses the shampoo from his hair, suds surfing over the smooth planes of his body, down his back, his navel, the crack of his ass. Dream shifts the towel to cover his lap.

“Remember when you used to call me from the bath?”

Dream snorts. “Yeah. I did that a lot.”

George opens his eyes briefly to locate Dream’s shower gel pump, and then he closes them again, soaping up his arms unhurriedly.

“Would you ever do that now? If I closed my eyes?”

“Would I —” Dream frowns. “Would I let you hang out with me while I take a bath?”

“Yeah.”

George moves on to his chest, passing hands over his collarbone, his pecs, down into the dip of his navel.

“Sure,” says Dream. “That sounds nice, actually.”

As George rinses the suds away, his hands seem to linger on his chest, brushing over his nipples again and again until they stand out, stiff and red.

“‘S long as you don’t need a wank, right?” George says wily.

Dream scoffs. “You’re one to talk. Look, you’re like — you’re literally *hard*.”

George is smiling, and he peeks his eyes open to glance at Dream.

“I didn’t realize you were looking.”

“It’s kind of hard to miss!”

“Move that towel, Dream,” George says softly. When Dream freezes up, speechless, George just smiles and lets his eyes fall closed again. “That’s what I thought.”

Dream swallows. “What happened to keeping your eyes closed?”

“Fair enough,” says George. He starts soaping up his legs, bending to reach his ankles. If he were to turn around — “I’ll just pretend I didn’t see anything.”

“Fuck off,” Dream scoffs. “You’re so — You’re just standing there with, like, a massive hard-on.”

“Massive?” George’s eyebrows shoot up in a smug, silly expression.

“You know what I meant,” snaps Dream. “It’s just — Why are you just — just — You aren’t even *doing* anything about it.”

“Do you think I should —“

“I’m just saying.”

“I didn’t want to presume,” George says wryly. “You’re the one who’s all shy about getting off in the shower.”

“What?” Dream scoffs. “Come on, George, you have to admit that it would have been — *weird* to let you just sit in the same room as me while I jacked off. Like —“ he scoffs again — “what were you gonna do? Just sit there and — and have a conversation with me? What would we even talk about?”

George hums. “Minecraft?”

“Shut the hell up,” Dream laughs lowly. “You’re such an idiot.”

George smiles, pumping more soap out in his palm and working it into a lather.

“Dream,” he begins, again with that wry affect, “do I have your permission to wash my arse?”

Dream’s face burns. “*What?*” he demands, voice cracking. When George just stands there, expectant, he grits out: “You don’t need my permission. Just do your thing.”

“Okay,” says George, “but do I have your consent?”

Dream scoffs. “Yes, alright, you have my consent. It’s not like you’re gonna —“ George slowly brings his hands to his lower back, smoothing soap down over the curve of his ass. “I mean, you can do whatever you want. You —“ He swallows. George shifts, and Dream can briefly see everything. “You can just do whatever you’d normally do.”

“Thank you,” George says primly, and Dream watches, fascinated, as George’s wrist moves behind him, stroking up and down the crack of his ass and seeming to linger at some low, secret spot.

“Are you —“ Dream clears his throat. “What are you doing?”

George snorts. “I’m just being thorough. I doubt you even bother to wash your arse.” George withdraws his hand and rinses off under the spray, palming casually at his wet skin. “It’s like that



TikTok sound — like, *There he is, there's the man who doesn't open his asscheeks in the shower to let the water in.*"

"Okay, shut up," Dream scoffs, "I obviously wash my ass. But you were, like — you were going *inside*."

"Dream," George laughs.

"What? You were! I could tell!"

"What are you talking about? I wasn't even —"

"I could see, like, your wrist moving."

George is quiet for a moment. Then: "You're so ridiculous."

"What? I'm just saying, like — You don't need to do that unless you plan on getting rimmed."

George laughs loudly.

"What?" Dream flushes. "It's true."

George is quiet for a moment. "Hey, Dream?"

"Hm?"

"I'm gonna open my eyes for a bit, but I'm not looking at you, okay?"

"Okay," Dream says faintly, and then George takes his dick in his hand.

*He's just washing it*, Dream realizes. When he glances up, he sees George's eyelashes fluttering darkly, his red lips parted on a sigh. George's dick is almost fully hard, now, and he easily rolls back the foreskin to rinse himself clean. It looks like he's breathing heavily, chest heaving as he touches himself with careful fingers. He soaps up his balls next, rolling them in a gentle hand, and then the hair at the base of his cock.

"Is it easier to clean when you're hard?" asks Dream.

"Yeah," George breathes, and Dream's own cock twitches violently in his shorts. "It's actually impossible to wash uncut dick without a hard-on."

"What?" Dream frowns. "That's not true — Is it?"

George grins down at the tile floor.

Dream rolls his eyes. "Okay, shut the fuck up."

"You're so gullible!" George laughs, rinsing off. "Oh my god. You're literally dumb."

"Well —" Dream scoffs. "I dunno, it sounded ridiculous, but I was like — maybe that's why you're so hard. Like, you've just — trained yourself, or something."

George is cackling. "You thought I could pop a boner on command?!"

"I don't know!"

"Did it ever cross your mind," asks George, one hand returning to grasp the base of his cock, "that

I might just be really horny?”

The air is growing thick with steam; Dream’s pulse races as he struggles for breath.

“I haven’t nutted since the last time I showered,” says George, smirking a bit, pulling his hand lazily up the length of his erection, thumbing at the glans with a quiet little gasp. “I’m all, like, pent-up. My balls are gonna fall off if I keep — edging myself like this.”

“Why don’t you shower more often, then?” Dream rasps, squeezing his thighs together.

“Mm,” says George, stroking down and squeezing himself. His cockhead is a ruddy, dusky pink. “It’s — Well.” He starts jerking himself at more of a rhythm, his other hand reaching back to touch his balls. “It’s just boring, isn’t it? There’s nobody to talk to.”

“There’s me,” says Dream. “I’m here.”

George laughs drily.

“Close your eyes,” says Dream, and George instantly obeys.

Dream leans back against the wall, eyes trained on the bobbing of George’s fist as he shucks the towel aside and pulls his own cock out of his shorts, fully hard and leaking generously.

“Dream,” George whimpers.

Dream grunts, slicking himself with precum as he watches George. “What?”

George squeezes himself and moves his other hand to palm at the head of his cock. Dream sees his neck tip forward, water dripping off the point of his nose, his chin, his open mouth.

George laughs. “Aren’t you going to ask me if I mind?”

He moves to lean against the shower wall, fucking into his hand.

Dream hums, pulling lazily at his cock. “Mind what?”

“You’re —” George giggles breathily. “You’re just going for it, aren’t you?”

Dream jerks his hand away, burning with guilt. “God, I’m so sorry. You’re right. I should’ve asked. This is my bathroom, and you just got here, like, a week ago. And I’m a lot bigger and stronger than you. Like — I am *so* sorry if I’ve been —”

“*Dream*,” George interrupts him, voice gone low and soft. “Dream, can I open my eyes for a moment?”

“What?” Dream scrambles to tuck himself away. “Yeah, shit, of course.”

George rubs the water out of his eyes and fixes Dream with a look that makes him sigh instantly in relief.

“Relax,” says George. His eyes are stunningly black and earnest. “I was just teasing. Also, I’m literally older than you.”

Dream scoffs. “That’s — You’d never use that against me.”

“Not intentionally,” George agrees. “Anyway, I’m just saying, like — I basically gave you full

consent earlier to do whatever the hell you want.” He watches Dream with a soft expression. Then, quietly: “I’d tell you if I didn’t like something.”

Dream considers this. At length, he clears his throat.

“I want you to keep your eyes open.”

George lets out a shivering breath. His hand is still gripping his cock, motionless.

“Okay,” he agrees. “What else do you want?”

“Uh —” Dream looks down at himself. “Hold on.”

He tugs his shirt over his head first, and he doesn’t think he imagines the hitch of George’s breath as he pulls his shorts and boxers down together, kicking them off on the floor.

“There,” says Dream, pushing a hand through his hair. “Now, uh — I’m gonna close my eyes. And you can see what it’s like to be invisible.”

George makes a quiet sound. “Yeah? You sure?”

Dream wraps a hand around his cock, pumping it slowly, blindly.

“Yeah,” he grunts. “Completely.”

“God,” George breathes, and Dream thinks that’s the sound of him touching himself.

Dream twists his hand on every downstroke, brushing his thumb over the glans again and again. He can almost feel the burn of George’s gaze.

“Can you see?” asks Dream. “Is the angle —”

“’S good,” says George. “Maybe just —”

“Yeah?”

“Just straighten your legs out a bit.”

Dream complies. “Like this?”

“Yeah,” George breathes. “Like that.”

Another dribble of precum rolls out of him. Dream’s other hand comes to rest at his inner thigh, just lightly stroking the skin there, touching his heavy balls, then moving up to palm at his stomach. When he thumbs at one of his nipples, he hears George gasp, so he does it again. Sweat gathers above his lip, at his hairline, in his armpits. He feels slick with it and with the steam that clings to him, fat beads of condensation rolling down his cheeks like tears. The air smells like soap and sex.

“You’re so flushed,” says George, almost too faintly to be heard over the shower.

Dream huffs a bit, cock twitching at the sound of his voice. “How can you even tell? You can’t see red.”

“Shut up,” George laughs breathily. “Your chest is, like, darker. And your cheeks, um — they’re, like, the same color as your lips.”

Dream's cock drools more precum, chest shuddering endlessly with the sensation of being watched. It feels like surrender.

"Your — your dick is *really* flushed. It's like — purple, I think. It's —" George's voice cracks — "It looks like you're close."

"Oh," Dream gasps quietly, tightening his fist around his cock and rapidly pumping the head of it. He can't help the strangled sound that leaves him. "I am."

"Oh," says George.

Dream swallows. "Can you, uh —" And swallows again. "Don't stop talking."

"Okay," says George. "You're very — You're nice to look at, Dream. Easy on the eyes. I'm glad that I can see you."

Dream gives a low whine of approval.

"Yeah. And I see what you mean about this being easier. I feel — I don't know. But I like when you look at me."

"I know," Dream breathes, fist flying.

George laughs, but it sounds more like a whine. "What you said earlier about — being bigger and stronger than me. I —"

"I'm sorry," gasps Dream, "I just meant —"

"I know," says George. "But you're right. And I don't really mind. I mean —" Dream makes a whiny sound — "I like that you're bigger than me."

Dream moans. "*George*," he chokes out, scandalized.

"I do!" George insists. "*God*, you're such a nimrod. *Why won't you just come in here?*"

Dream climbs to his feet, eyes flashing open, and watches George's stunned, gorgeous face for the instant it takes him to step inside the shower. Hot water glances off his naked skin, soaking his sweat-damp hair. George is suddenly very close, tipping his head back to meet Dream's eyes from half a foot below him. They only watch each other for a moment, panting. George's hands have fallen away from himself, palms braced against the tile wall. His eyes are huge and searching.

"You came," he says in a soft voice.

Dream flicks his eyes all over him — his flushed, lovely face. "Not yet."

George scoffs, eyes squinting in a secret smile. Dream reaches for him, but his hands freeze before he can touch the curve of George's cheek. Without breaking eye contact, George takes Dream's hands in his and places them on his own face.

"Do what you want with me," he whispers, a stern reminder.

Dream swallows, and kisses him.

## Best Fruit/Forbidden Friend

### Chapter Notes

this is a long one and i wrote some of it while hypomanic and on ketamine lol i love you guys <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George's lips are soft and wet and lenient, and when Dream moves to break their seal, George follows him, head canting up and hands finding the nape of his neck to pull him closer. Dream breathes out harshly through his nose, stunned and aroused by George's eagerness. Dream kisses him again, and again, and George meets him each time, opening his mouth in wanton appeal; and when Dream licks cautiously into him, George *moans*, low and long, and sucks on Dream's tongue like he's stealing it.

When George lets up, Dream turns his face so he can speak into George's soft cheek, breathless and faint: "You, uh — How long have you wanted that?"

George's hand creeps back to trace the top of his spine. "Ages," he says.

Dream presses closer, crowding him up against the slick tile wall. He can't help the pained sound that escapes him when he feels George's cock, hard and hot and insistent, brushing up against his thigh. George draws a shaking breath and takes himself in hand.

"You're dumb," he murmurs. "'Was, like, dropping hints."

Dream huffs out a laugh, peering down at the spectacle of George working himself, ruddy cockhead jutting out and vanishing in his fist. With one hand cupping the base of his skull, Dream moves his other hand to rest lightly, cautiously, at George's narrow waist. His muscles jump at the touch, and Dream pulls back to meet his eyes.

"Good?" he checks quietly.

George nods, eyes huge and glittering. Dream moves his thumb to stroke lightly down the length of George's hipbone, and then again, and again.

George touches their foreheads together, staring at him.

"Your eyes are, like, black," Dream whispers.

George makes a quiet sound. "They always are."

"Not like this," says Dream.

He trails the pads of his fingers along George's side, up to his ribs and down to the top of his thigh, fascinated by the size of his own hand against George's slender frame.

"You're so cute," he whispers. "Little."

George makes a breathy sound. "Dream."

“Mm.” Dream squeezes his side.

George closes his eyes briefly. “Can you — I want you to cum on me.”

“Holy shit,” Dream says faintly. “I —“

“Please,” says George.

Dream looks down between their bodies, their acres of skin, gleaming wet and almost touching. He cants his hips forward and lets his cock drag against the skin of George’s stomach. George leans into him, squeezing himself as his knuckles brush Dream’s thigh.

“Come *on*,” George goads him. “Get your hand on that monster cock of yours.”

Dream snorts, smiling helplessly as he wraps a hand around himself. “My ‘monster cock’?”

“Mm,” says George, kissing him. “It’s monstrously big.”

Dream laughs into his mouth, kissing and kissing him. George captures his lower lip and releases it with a *pop*.

“Yeah?” Dream murmurs, stroking himself. “You like the size?”

“I do,” George confirms. “It’s a good size.”

“Idiot,” Dream grunts, jerking himself faster, tighter. The rhythmic bumping of George’s fist so close to his own cock is pushing him right up to the edge. “Gonna cum soon.”

George moans, leaning his shoulders back to the wall and pushing out his hips so his stomach gleams in the overhead light, milky and smooth.

“On my belly,” he whines. “Please, please, Dream.”

“Okay, George,” he whispers, watching their fists fly together, and he’s done for.

“*Fuck!*” he cries, almost pained, as pearly ropes of cum land on George’s stomach, spitting over his belly button, his ribs, even up to his nipples.

“*Yes*,” George sobs, and then he’s cumming, too, his moan seeming to issue from a source deeper than the lungs, sacral and involuntary.

As they coast down from the high of orgasm, both of them panting and lighter than air, George touches his own stomach, swirling his fingers through the mess of their mingled seed.

“It’s lotion,” he says, pretending to rub it into his skin.

“Stop,” Dream croaks, kissing the delicate skin of his cheekbone. “It’s not lotion.”

“It is,” George insists. “Now my skin’s gonna be all soft.”

Dream cups his hands under the shower spray and spills water down the front of George’s chest, rinsing him.

“No,” George complains half-heartedly, observing the act with rapt attention.

Dream does it again, using his hands to brush the cum away, down the drain. He pumps some soap

into his palm and swirls it reverently on George's torso, feeling him shiver and catch his breath beneath Dream's hands.

"Feels nice," George murmurs.

Dream hums. "You're nice."

George smiles, and it's a smile of his that Dream has never seen before. It is fucked-out and fucked-giddy and it feels like a punch in the throat.

"Wait here," says Dream, as he steps out of the shower.

"Why?" George scoffs, a little whiny as Dream shuts the glass partition behind him. "Are you going to keep me in here forever?"

Dream's smile grows as he retrieves the towel. It's been on the floor, now, so he tucks it around his own waist and finds a fresh one for George.

"You're boxed like a fish," he says, and he rolls the shower door open again as George laughs happily. "Alright, c'mere."

He holds the towel lengthwise by its corners, spreading his arms wide open for George to walk into his embrace. As George draws near, smiling shily up at him, Dream bundles him up and holds him there, warm and dear in his arms.

George sighs, nose tucked against Dream's neck. Dream kisses his wet head.

"Where do you keep your lotion?" Dream murmurs.

George suckles gently, lazily at the skin of Dream's throat. "In your nuts," he speaks against him.

"Shut the hell up," Dream laughs, squeezing him. "I'm serious. You can use mine, if you want."

George sighs. "Why would I use lotion? My skin isn't, like, dehydrated. I'm not gonna shrivel up if I don't moisturize."

"Do you not use lotion?"

"I mean," George shrugs a bit, "I have owned lotion before. I've used it. But then, you know, I switched over to actual lube, and I haven't looked back since."

Dream scoffs, his spent cock twitching feebly. "Such an idiot."

"Was that not what you meant?" George kisses him. "What else would I use lotion for, hmm?"

"It's good for your skin," says Dream. "C'mon. If you lay down on the bed, I'll do it for you."

George hums with interest. "You'll do it for me? Do what, exactly? Slather me with lotion?"

"I mean," says Dream, vaguely embarrassed, "yeah. Obviously."

"Hmm," says George. "Alright. I'll allow it."

"... But?"

“But,” George continues, “you have to make lasagna for dinner. And we’re eating first.”

“Lasagna?” Dream groans. “But that takes, like, hours. I don’t even have the right pasta for it; we’d have to go to the store.”

George is visibly disheartened by this news. “Okay, well... Tomorrow, then. You’ll make me lasagna tomorrow, and for tonight, uh —” He pulls back to tap at his chin. “Tonight...”

“I mean,” says Dream, “I don’t mind, like — I can still make lasagna. It’s no biggie.”

“I don’t wanna wait that long, though,” George murmurs, dropping his forehead to Dream’s shoulder. Dream runs his hands up and down his sides, over the towel. “Let’s get something delivered.”

“Chinese food?”

George hums happily. “Yes, please.”

While George changes into a cat-themed t-shirt and stretchy basketball shorts from Dream’s wardrobe, Dream texts Nick about dinner.

*ordering chinese u want anything?*

He responds almost instantly.

*nah all good. hanging with punz tonite until late*

*stream or irl?* texts Dream.

*irl*

Dream reacts with a thumbs-up.

*i’ll text when i’m omw back*, Nick tacks on.

*ok lol*

Those three little dots appear for a moment, but then they vanish, and they don’t come back. Dream puts his phone down.

“What should I wear,” he yawns.

George is pulling on a pair of fluffy socks. “Hm,” he says. “Something blue.”

“Pick for me.”

George hums, opening Dream’s t-shirt drawer to take stock of his options. Dream untucks his towel and uses it to scrub at his hair, squeezing water out of the ends. After a moment, he feels a warm, dry hand touch his shoulder blade.

“Hm? Found something?”

Dream turns around to face him, tossing his towel to hang over the back of a chair. George’s eyes travel up to meet his gaze, fingers curled around a familiar bundle of blue.



“Is that for me?” asks Dream, warming under George’s attention.

“Uh,” says George. “Yes.” He passes it to Dream, quietly clearing his throat. “You’re beautiful, you know.”

Dream flushes violently. “Thanks,” he manages, his voice sounding weak to his own ears.

“Don’t thank me,” says George. He touches the hollow of Dream’s collarbone. “Thank your parents.”

Dream snorts, head tipped forward to watch their skin connect. “Thank them yourself.”

“Idiot,” George murmurs.

He trails his hand down the center of Dream’s chest, lingering. Dream does his best to keep still.

“Soft,” says George.

“Probably ‘cause I use lotion,” Dream quips.

George narrows his eyes, flattening his palm just above Dream’s belly button. “Hm.”

Dream forces himself to breathe evenly. “We, uh. Nick’s gonna be with Punz tonight.”

“Mm,” says George. “Is that so?”

“Just us for dinner,” Dream confirms. He lifts a hand to curve around George’s shoulder. “What do you want, by the way?”

“What are you getting?”

“Uh, I dunno. Probably, like, snow peas, and then some kind of protein. Maybe that squid thing that Nick got last time.”

“Can we get egg rolls?”

“Yeah.” Dream smiles, hand slipping up to play with the ends of George’s hair. “What else?”

“Maybe, like... Do they have sweet and sour pork?”

“I think so,” says Dream. “We can check the menu. What’s your second choice?”

“Hm,” says George. “You should get me, like, a whole Peking duck.”

Dream sighs, biting back a smile. “Next time.”

Dream tugs on a pair of boxers and the blue t-shirt that George picked out; meanwhile, George orders Chinese on Dream’s laptop, legs curled up beneath himself where he’s nestled on the bed. His damp hair falls alluringly over his eye, eyelashes very dark and his skin all flushed and dewy. Dream aches, watching him. He wants to manhandle George, straighten out his legs and lie between them, on top of him, feel his small warm body beneath his own.

“Ooh,” says George, “we can use the matching chopsticks you got for us.”

Something flutters in his chest. “Yeah,” he says softly.

He comes to perch next to him on the bed, only leaving about a foot of distance between them. George glances in his direction.

“Why are you all the way over there?” He tugs at the sleeve of Dream’s t-shirt. “Don’t be an idiot.”

Dream smiles stupidly, shuffling closer. “Mkay.”

George slings his calf over Dream’s. “Much better,” he sighs.

He wiggles, making himself comfortable, and moves the laptop so that it’s balanced on both their laps. The screen is open to a checkout page; George clicks around to autofill the order with Dream’s debit card information and types out the security code that he’s memorized.

“Tip?” he queries.

“Custom,” says Dream. “Do, like... I dunno. Eighty percent. Oh, wait, I just face revealed. What the hell. Two hundred percent.”

“Wow,” George teases him, though he types it out obediently. “You’re so rich and famous, Dream.”

“You’re the one using my card,” says Dream. “You’re, like, a gold digger.”

George scoffs. “Not my fault you have a sugar daddy complex.”

“Excuse me?”

George submits their order and sets the laptop aside on the bed. While he’s leaning forward, Dream snakes his arm back behind his shoulders, opening up his side to him. George smiles when he realizes.

“You heard me.” He shuffles even closer, thigh hiking up on Dream’s, almost sitting in his lap. “You’re obsessed with buying me things.”

“I like buying you things,” says Dream. “I’m not *obsessed*.”

“Hm,” says George, sounding unconvinced.

He points the fuzzy toe of his sock to reach Dream’s ankle, gently tracing the bone of it. Dream curls his arm around him.

“C’mere,” Dream says quietly, touching his jaw.

George makes a pleased sound and fits his head into the crook of Dream’s neck. After a moment, his hand creeps up to pluck at the fabric of Dream’s shirt.

“I like this,” George murmurs.

He toys with the collar, soothing it between his fingers, before his palm settles down over Dream’s beating heart. Dream moves his free hand to hold him lightly there by the wrist.

“I’ve had it for a while,” he says, voice falling low and rumble. “Think my mom got it for me.”

George makes a sound of acknowledgment. “It’s soft. It looks comfortable.”

Dream smiles. “It is.”

When the doorbell goes off, George groans and lifts his head.

“Fuck,” rasps Dream, “I almost fell asleep.”

George huffs. “That’s not allowed.”

“What?” Dream snorts, fondness kicking in his chest. He puts a hand in George’s damp, sleep-mussed hair. “Why not?”

“You have to stay up and put lotion on me,” says George. “Remember?”

Dream swallows, scritchng his head. “I remember.”

They slowly, reluctantly disentangle themselves from each other and amble down to fetch their no-contact delivery from the stoop. George hums happily as Dream unloads the takeout boxes on the dining table.

“Smells good!” he chirps, grinning.

Dream smiles at him. “You wanna get the chopsticks?”

“Are they in the silverware drawer?”

“Yeah. They’re, like, in their own little space.”

George hums and walks into the kitchen. Dream listens to him opening up the drawer, the quiet patter of his feet. The light is low and warm in here, and once Dream is finished taking out the food, he joins George in the kitchen to find a lighter for the little candle on the dining room table.

“Should I get plates, too?” asks George. “Or are we eating straight from the takeout boxes?”

“That depends on whether you’re gonna help me wash up afterward,” says Dream. He puts a lingering hand on his back as he passes just to feel the warmth of him, the reminder. “I don’t really mind either way.”

“No plates tonight,” George decides.

In the dining room, Dream lights the candle, and George takes a seat at the head of the table.

“What are we missing,” Dream mumbles, scanning their surroundings. “Napkins. Oh. What do you want to drink? Apple juice?”

“Mm. Yes, please.”

So Dream fills two crystal glasses in the kitchen — apple juice for George, water for himself — and carries them into the dining room with a pair of linen napkins. George’s mouth twitches when he sees him.

“What’s all this then?”

Dream laughs. “Shut up.”

George accepts his napkin and apple juice gratefully. He’s already digging into the food, handling his chopsticks with practiced ease.

“You don’t usually light the candle,” he muses, mouth full of rice. “Never seen these glasses, either.”

Dream chews his lip, embarrassed. “Well, I mean — Nick isn’t here. Like, I don’t know if I trust him around — open flames, or — or breakables.”

“Mm,” says George, glancing at him. He has a sweet little smile on his face. “Let me see you hold your chopsticks.”

“Oh.” Dream pinches them awkwardly between his thumb and index finger. “Uh.”

“Try picking something up,” says George, easily conveying a hunk of pork to his mouth.

Dream tries and fails to pick up an egg roll. George snorts at him.

“Here,” he says, leaning forward to touch Dream’s hand. “Get the bottom chopstick, like, really wedged in there between your fingers. Like, as much as you can. It’s not supposed to move at all.”

“Like this?”

“Ease up a bit.” George pushes it out a bit farther. “There. And then, for the one on top, you just —” He pushes Dream’s index finger flat against the polished wood. “Good, yeah. The one on top is the one that moves. You just sort of guide it with your index finger.” He holds Dream’s hand, nudging his finger up and down in demonstration. “Like that.”

Dream hums quietly.

“Try now,” says George, releasing him.

Dream succeeds in picking up the egg roll, but his hand shakes, and he drops it.

“Damn it,” he huffs.

“Keep practicing,” says George. He picks up the felled egg roll with his own chopsticks and holds it out to Dream. “Here,” he says. “Open up. I’ll feed it to you.”

By the end of dinner, Dream has been hand-fed a hot meal and guided tenderly by the jaw and stroked with a fuzzy toe along the bone of his leg for over half an hour. He feels warmer than if he’d had a glass of wine.

“Your eyelashes are so long,” George murmurs once, thumbing gently under Dream’s eye as he chews, swallows.

Dream takes his hand, smiling a bit, and lifts his smooth pale wrist to his own eye, close enough to kiss him with his eyelashes.

George makes a quiet sound. “Tickles.”

And Dream kisses there with his lips, and then higher up on his warm palm, his thumb, the point of each narrow finger. George watches him, rapt.

When they’re full, Dream puts the leftovers in the fridge and leaves their glasses and chopsticks to sit in the sink. George blows out the candle.

“Did you make a wish?” asks Dream, coming up behind him.

“Obviously.”

As Dream is washing his hands in his en suite, George pushes the door open, whips out his dick and starts pissing in the toilet.

Dream laughs. “Oh my god! What is *wrong* with you?”

“What’s wrong with *you*?” George scoffs. “It’s not like you haven’t seen my dick.”

Dream makes a noise of concession. “Fair.”

“Sapnap whips his dick out all the time. He pissed in the backyard the other day.”

“That’s different,” Dream huffs.

George snorts. “What — because he’s straight?”

“Because I don’t want to fuck him,” says Dream.

He dries his hands off on a towel and opens the bathroom cabinet, digging around for the good lotion. George is slow to respond. Dream hears him flush, and then the sink running as he washes his hands.

“Hm,” George says at length, his voice oddly gruff. The sink cuts off. “But you want to fuck me?”

Dream glances at him, the high color in his cheeks. “Well, yeah.”

George dries his hands, revealing nothing.

“Is that — I mean, should I not have said that?”

“No!” George says immediately. “No, I mean — You should say it, if it’s true.”

“Well, it is true,” says Dream. *I thought it was obvious.*

He finds what he was looking for and closes the cabinet behind him. George is leaning against the door frame, watching him.

“Is that the lotion?” asks George.

“Uh, yeah,” says Dream. He clears his throat. “But we don’t have to —“

“Don’t be an idiot,” scoffs George. “You said you would. Come on.”

So Dream follows him into the bedroom, where George crawls onto the bed and begins pulling off his clothes.

“How do you want me?” he asks airily. “Should I lie down?”

“Uhh.” Dream wets his lips. “Yeah, why don’t you — lie back against the pillows.”

When George is fully nude, he crawls back on the bed, and — *holy fuck* — Dream feels an incredible flash of heat race through him at the sight. George stuffs a pillow behind himself and

leans back with his long legs crossed in front of him, hands clasped loosely over his stomach. His dick is soft, his nipples rosy. He's looking at Dream with a rapt, breathless expression.

"Yeah," says Dream, swallowing. "Good."

He climbs on beside him and unscrews the lid of the moisturizer. The air in the room feels charged, suffocating.

"Why are you still dressed?" asks George. "You'll get lotion all over your clothes."

Dream frowns, unconvinced of the logic behind this appraisal. "What? That makes no sense."

George slings an arm over his face and sighs.

"No, seriously! It's not like the lotion's gonna — *explode* all over the place."

George groans. "*Dream*. I've already seen you naked, just — strip, already."

"Fine," says Dream. "If you wanted to see my dump truck so badly, you could've just said so."

"Okay, I want to see your dump truck," says George, and his tone is scathingly dry, but he does pull his arm away to watch as Dream shimmies out of his boxers.

"Shirt, too?"

"Obviously."

"But I thought you liked this shirt," Dream pouts, tugging it over his head. He balls up the mess of their dirty clothes and lobs it neatly into the hamper. "You said it was soft."

"You're such an idiot," says George. "Will you get on with it already?"

"Hold your horses," Dream scolds, biting back a smile.

George scoffs.

All the lights are off in the bedroom, but it's early enough that the sun slants in through the wide window, bathing George and the bed beneath him in sweet syrupy light. It picks up the red in his hair, the amber in his eyes.

Dream gives his toes a little squeeze and scoops out some lotion in his hand. George kicks at him.

"George," he warns, catching his ankle in a firm grip. "Be good."

"Hurry up," George whines, wiggling his foot.

Dream tuts, releasing him to rub his hands together. George kicks out again, and Dream grabs him with his slick hands.

"Stop it," he orders, pinning him with a glare. George has that eager, impish look in his eyes: Dream is coming to recognize it. "Actually, you know what? You shouldn't be moving at all. You shouldn't be *complaining*, either. I'm the one doing all the work here."

George scoffs. "Not yet, you're not."

"Shut the *hell* up," Dream snaps, squeezing his delicate little foot. George stares at him, twitching

in his grasp. “You’re gonna do exactly what I say, or you’re not getting *anything*. Got it?”

George hesitates, mouth open, seeming to weigh his options. “I — Nothing? Not anything?”

“That’s right,” says Dream. He circles his thumbs over his soft skin, digging firmly into the arch of his foot, his sole. George shivers and sighs, toes flexing. “You can kiss my dump truck goodbye.”

George scoffs, lips twitching. “You’re an idiot. You wouldn’t just leave; you want this too much.”

Dream cocks his head. “Try me.”

George’s dick twitches; they both see it.

“Fine,” he spits, flushed with embarrassment or arousal. “Have it your way. I’ll just lie here and be quiet while you feel me up like a creep.”

Dream strokes his Achilles. “I think that’s exactly what you want.”

George glares at him.

“Would you prefer a different punishment?” Dream squeezes his ankle lightly, scooping out some more cream with his other hand. “Like — what you said earlier?”

“Oh,” George breathes. His eyes track the motion of Dream’s hands kneading the fat of his calf. “Um. Yes.”

“Yes, what?”

“Yes,” he huffs, “I want that. Instead, I mean.”

Dream looks down to hide the flush of his cheeks, but he’s sure George can see the way he’s chubbing up already.

“Alright,” he says. “It’s a deal. You, uh — You stay still and keep that bratty mouth shut, or you’re gonna get spanked.” The word tastes filthy in his mouth.

“Fine,” George says shakily. His throat bobs. “It’s a deal.”

Dream hums, pleased, and slides his hands up George’s knee. It’s impossible to avoid looking at George’s dick as it steadily fills out, twitching where it bobs over his stomach. Dream slides his hands under George’s knee, propping his leg up a bit to reach the underside of his thigh.

“I’ve got a nice view from down here,” Dream remarks, smirking a bit. “Your balls are pretty.”

George narrows his eyes at him, cheeks pinking up.

“Cute.” Dream smiles. “You’re being such a good boy, Georgie. Keep it up, okay?”

George’s cock twitches.

“Yeah?” Dream smears lotion up his narrow thigh, kneading him with firm hands. “You like being a good boy for me?”

When George just frowns at him, Dream realizes his mistake.

“You can nod,” he adds, “or shake your head.”

George inclines his chin, fringe falling moodily over his eye.

“Good,” Dream praises, lingering as he strokes up and down George’s thigh. “You like how this feels?”

George closes his eyes, pained, and nods.

“Good boy,” Dream rasps. He presses a kiss to George’s knee just to watch his eyes fly open. “So sweet for me. You’re adorable. Look how your thigh fits in my hands — you’re *tiny*, George.”

George makes a whiny little sound.

“Shh,” Dream soothes him, “c’mon, now. Be a good boy and stay quiet.”

George chews his lip, hands flexing as Dream reaches his hipbone.

Dream tuts. “We need to do something about those hands, huh? Why don’t you put them up over your head? You’d probably like that.”

George begins moving his hands up, but he halts, seeming to hesitate halfway.

“C’mon, George.” Dream squeezes his side, chiding. “Do as you’re told. You can tell me if you really hate it; I won’t punish you for that.”

George complies, then, but Dream can tell that he’s a little annoyed.

“What?” he asks. “You can talk. What is it?”

“Don’t go easy on me, idiot,” George bursts out, voice rasping. “I’ll *tell* you if it’s too much.”

“Fine,” Dream snaps. “Shut the fuck up, then. You’re done. See if I let you talk again.”

George scoffs, but — lo and behold — his dick twitches again, and Dream smirks.

“The telltale heart,” he jokes, nudging the base of George’s cock with his knuckle. George makes a tiny, aborted sound. “Quiet,” Dream snaps. “Jesus. What did I *just* tell you? I don’t want another fucking peep out of you. You want me to flip you over right now and smack your ass around?” He scoffs, imagining it. “Okay, no. Don’t even bother answering that. I already know.”

Dream shifts to his other leg, repeating the process with his foot and traveling higher, higher up to the top of his thigh.

“You’re, like —” He glances at George, sees him flushed and breathing shallowly. “You’re a *slut*,” Dream tries, and George outright moans. “Yeah?”

George nods.

“It’s true,” says Dream, a little breathless himself. “You’re just — You’re, like, *dying* for me to get my hands on your ass. You’re *gagging* for it.” Dream rubs more lotion between his palms. “Am I right?”

George nods, eyes shining.

Dream hums. “Turn over.”

George’s eyes go wide, but he doesn’t move a muscle.



“What the hell?” Dream scoffs. “Turn *over*. What the fuck did I just say? Or do I have to do everything around here?”

George briefly closes his eyes. There’s a little pool of precum dripping into his belly button.

Dream swallows. “Lazy fucking brat.”

And then he takes George by the hips and manhandles him onto his stomach.

George gasps like he wasn’t really expecting it. Dream leans over him and adjusts his head to lie more comfortably on the pillow. He can’t help combing his hair back from his face, touching his pink cheek. Dream’s heart thuds painfully, looking at the sweep of his eyelashes, his stupidly soft skin. Even as thin as George is, his body is rounded in places, easy to hold. Dream tugs affectionately on his ear lobe, allowing himself this silent confession.

“Since you want my hands on your ass so bad,” he murmurs, “that’s what you’re gonna get.”

George inhales sharply through his nose. Dream grabs a spare pillow and lifts George up to wedge it beneath his hips.

“There you go,” says Dream, moving back to straddle George’s calves.

When faced with the sight of George’s ass presented to him, so flushed and fleshy and sweat-damp, Dream feels something shrivel up inside of him. Every bone in his body aches with the desire to claim. He suddenly isn’t sure how he’ll ever give this up.

*Touch him*, his body reminds him, hands twitching at his sides.

So Dream rests one hand between his shoulder blades, pressing him into the mattress. He can see George arch his spine, ass canting up like it’s pleading for attention. Dream just rubs up and down his back, reveling in his velvety soft skin, the shape of him.

“You know what?” Dream decides, tapping him on the hip. “Get these knees up. I want your ass in the air.”

George obeys immediately, and Dream moves to sit behind him.

“*Holy fuck*,” he breathes, unconscious.

From here, with George in this position, Dream can see the suggestion of his asshole, the shadow of it, fluttering under Dream’s eyes like it wants to swallow him. George’s cock and balls hang heavily beneath him; already, a bead of precum is falling to the bedsheets below.

“So fucking eager,” Dream murmurs, finally laying his wide palm on George’s ass cheek, just soothing the skin there, feeling him tremble. George bends his back, pressing into the touch. “Look at you. You’re like a cat in heat.”

George whines, pushing insistently back against him.

Dream grabs him by the hips. “Stay fucking still. Jesus.” George makes a pitiful noise. “What is it?” Dream teases him, tone dipping into something a little condescending. “You wanna get spanked? Is that it?”

George nods on the pillow.

“Mm,” says Dream, caressing his ass with both hands, now. *God, he looks fucking tight*. “Such a

pretty boy. You gonna behave yourself if I give you what you want?”

George nods again, jaw falling slack as Dream kneads him.

“Yeah? Use your words, c’mon. You can talk, now.”

“Yes,” George gasps. “Please.”

“Yes, what?”

“Yes,” he whimpers, “I’ll behave.”

Dream kisses his tailbone. “Good, George. You can talk for now, okay? You tell me if you need me to stop.”

“Okay,” says George, nodding vigorously. “I will. I will.”

Dream hums, satisfied. On a whim, he parts George’s ass with his thumbs: his hole is twitching. It looks hungry.

“So pretty,” Dream murmurs. “Got all clean down here, didn’t you?”

While George stutters, starting to speak, Dream lifts his hand and delivers the first echoing slap.

George chokes out a moan. “*Please!*”

So Dream does it again. “Feels good?”

“Yes,” says George, shuddering, arching his back impossibly. “Please, please, I need it.”

The next slap is harder. George’s ass shakes on impact, skin shocked white before the blood comes rushing in beneath the skin as a rich, glowing pink.

George moans, edging his knees apart so his hole is fully exposed, throbbing whorishly. Dream caresses his abused right ass cheek with a gentle hand.

“Good boy,” he praises. “I’m gonna get your other side now, okay? You doing alright?”

“Get —“ George gasps — “get the hell on with it.”

Dream spanks his left ass cheek hard enough to send George’s torso skidding forward a few inches on the bed. George groans; his dick is oozing onto the bed.

“Filthy fucking brat,” Dream grunts, spanking him again. “You fucking love this. Look at you!”

“Dream,” George whimpers, gone sweet and pleading again.

“Yeah, I know,” Dream laughs darkly. He slides a hand up the dip of George’s spine, up between his shoulder blades, to the nape of his neck, squeezing there. Something feral kicks in his chest, at the base of his spine, seeing George with his ass up underneath him. “Mm, George. Your ass is all red from the spanking.”

George *moans*.

“Yeah?” Dream breathes, threading fingers into his thick glossy hair, scratching at his scalp. “You like getting marked up?”

“Yes,” says George.

“What about hickeys, huh? What if I left hickeys on your neck?”

George shudders under him.

“Yeah, I thought so.” Dream sits back and spans him again. “It’s like you want everyone to know what a slut you are.”

“*Please*,” George moans.

Dream switches to his other cheek, spanking him again. And again.

“F-fuck,” George is choking out. “Need it.”

“You’re gonna get it,” Dream breathes, mindless.

When George’s ass is sweaty and glowing, Dream puts his hands on either cheek and squeezes, watching the fat of him swell between his fingers. George pushes into him, eyes shut and groaning, groaning. He looks totally gone, all instinct, only chasing the feeling. He is limp on the bed except for his lower back, which strains to push his ass into Dream’s hands.

“So demanding,” Dream huffs, smiling and breathless.

“Mm,” says George. He opens his eyes to look at him over his shoulder, heavy-lidded and sweet. “Dream.”

“I know,” Dream murmurs, still caressing his ass. “You’re being so good, honey.” Dream blushes at the word, wondering how George will take it.

George just moans, saccharine and shameless. “Dream.”

Dream clicks his tongue, fond. “C’mere, George.” He leans forward and gathers George up in his arms, skin to skin, holding him. George goes easily, dropping his head back on Dream’s shoulder, soft hair tickling his neck. “Let’s get some more lotion on you, hm? How about we do your arms next?”

“Dream,” George says again. “Please. I want it.”

“Yeah? You wanna get all nice and soft for me?”

George makes a pitiful sound. “For fuck’s sake,” he almost weeps.

“Shh,” says Dream, “c’mon. Let’s get you on your back.”

Tenderly, he turns George over on the bed, laying him down so his ass is still supported by the pillow. George seems to tense up, wincing a little at the touch.

“Is your ass sore?” Dream asks gently.

“Yeah,” George sighs. His eyes are a little watery, doe-like. “Stings.”

Dream strokes his hip, humming sympathetically. “You took it so well.”

George closes his eyes for a moment. “Yeah?”

“Mm,” says Dream. “You were such a good boy for me.”

George smiles a bit.

“And look, you’re still so hard,” Dream remarks, dragging his knuckles over the ruddy line of George’s cock.

“Ah!” George gasps. “Fuck.”

Dream hums, wrapping his hand around him, gently squeezing. “It’s too bad you only use lube,” he says, “or I’d get you off right now.”

George is silent for a moment. Then: “What — do you not have lube, or something?”

Dream shrugs. “I use lotion.”

He releases George and returns his hand to the open jar, scooping out some cream and beginning to rub it into the skin of George’s stomach, giving his cock a wide berth.

“You don’t have *any* lube?” George scoffs, watching him. “What if — What if you wanted to put something up your ass?”

“Like what?” Dream snorts. “I’m not a bottom.”

“You don’t have to be a bottom to put something in your ass, idiot. What if you wanted to masturbate with a vibrator?”

“What — like, inside me?”

“Yeah.”

Dream hums. He’s rubbing lotion down George’s arms, trying not to laugh.

“What the hell? What’s so funny?”

Dream *wheezes*. “Oh my god. *George*. Obviously, I have lube. Oh my god.”

“Wait, what?” George looks shocked and fascinated. “You *do*?”

“Yeah,” Dream laughs, wiping his eyes. “Tons. It’s in the bedside table. I’ve got, like, toys and stuff, too.”

George stares at him, mouth twitching. Dream kneads lotion into his soft, small hand, kissing his wrist when he’s finished.

“Really?” asks George. “Like what?”

“I mean, nothing too exciting or anything, just, like — if I use something, it’s usually this nice vibrating thing that’s sort of curved. It’s small. I can show you.”

“Mm,” says George. “You can show me later.”

Dream shrugs. “Alright.”

He moves onto George’s shoulders, feeling the lithe muscle there, the bone.

“You’re so small,” says Dream, smiling. He runs his hands down his arms again, squeezing. “See

how big my hands look on you?”

“Dream.”

“Okay, turn over again. I’m gonna get your back now.”

George groans lowly, frustrated, but he does turn over.

“Good boy,” says Dream. “We’re almost done. You’re doing so well.”

George makes a whiny, whimpering little noise.

“Put your hands up over your head again, honey.”

George sighs shakily and complies. “Please,” he murmurs.

“I’ve got you,” says Dream, soothing the top of his back, between his shoulder blades. “Just a little longer.”

He begins smoothing cream into the pale expanse of George’s back, mapping out his spine, his shoulder blades, those dimples below his waist, learning the feel of his body.

“George,” he whispers.

“Mm.”

“You’re really pretty.”

George’s cheeks pink up, smile curving helplessly into the pillow. Dream watches him, aching.

“Thank you, Dream.”

“You’re welcome.” He dips his hand in the lotion and screws the lid back on, satisfied. “Just this last little bit, okay?”

““Kay.”

Dream shuffles down, straddling his calves, and looks at him. George’s skin is shining softly in the light, which has skewed a rosy shade of gold, almost blood-orange in the dusk of evening. His bare ass is still glowing pink, and so plush and lush and round and Dream wants to suffocate himself in the folds of George’s body.

He rubs his hands together, slicking them up with cream, and brings his hands to George’s narrow hips, squeezing him there. As he works up to the swell of his ass, George’s breathing goes shallow and scarce, back arching beautifully. Dream kneads him, delighting in the soft, squishy fat, the bloom of his skin.

“Your ass is insane,” he laughs quietly, breathlessly.

George whines. “More,” he begs.

“More what?” Dream smirks, fitting his big hands easily over each asscheek, squeezing. “You want me to talk more about your ass?”

George makes a frustrated, delirious sound.

“Well,” says Dream, rolling his flesh beneath his palms, “it’s really nice. It’s cute. It’s all — *pink*, and blushy. Just like a peach.” George presses into him. “So pretty, baby. Such a good little slut for me.”

“M not a slut,” George grits out.

“Hm,” says Dream. “Okay, maybe not. But you are good and little.”

“Not little,” says George.

Dream squeezes him. “You are, though. You’re *so* little. Even your hole is tiny.” George gasps, pushing back as Dream spreads him open with his thumbs. “Look at you. How does anything fit in there? If I put my cock in you, I’d probably split you open. Split you in two.”

George is moaning, moaning, breathless.

“I’d have to spend a long time working you open,” says Dream, laying a kiss at the bottom of his spine. “Even one finger might be too much. Might have to start with something even smaller. Maybe my pinky would fit.”

His hole is fluttering obscenely. Dream presses a finger there, as though to quiet it.

“So pretty,” he whispers. “You’re all clean, aren’t you, honey? Stuck your little finger in here and got all nice and ready? Did you think someone was gonna eat you out tonight?”

George cries out. He’s rutting against the pillow; Dream does nothing to stop him, only keeping his ass spread open. He leans down and sniffs at him.

“*Dream!*” George yelps, jerking away, ass clenching against the tight grip of Dream’s hands. He’ll have bruises in the morning, Dream thinks. “What the hell is wrong with you?”

“George, please,” Dream begs, “let me smell you. Come on.”

“What the *hell*?” George scoffs, then sighs, melting back into the mattress. “Fine, you big idiot, you’re so fucking weird.”

Dream hums happily, pushing his ass down and open. Breathing in the sweet, musky smell of him. He opens his mouth and breathes out, right over his hole.

“Jesus, Dream,” George spits in a breath.

Dream fits a kiss over his puckering hole. George whines sharply. “Good boy.”

“Fuck,” says George.

“You wanna know something funny?” he rumbles sweetly, brushing dry lips over his hole. George pants, silent. “Do you?”

“What, Dream?” he groans.

“It’s actually funny,” Dream promises. He kisses his hole again. “When I was getting off in the shower this morning, I was thinking about your ass.”

George sobs.

“Yeah. I was thinking about, like, getting my mouth on you. Licking your crack up and down, all

sloppy, you know? And then, like —“

“*Dream.*”

“Shh, shh,” says Dream, wetting his lips. “Listen. This is the funny part. I was thinking about — like, fucking you open with my tongue. Like, really getting in there, just *rimming* you. And I came super hard, too. But it’s so funny, because it’s like I *manifested* it. Like, that’s literally what I’m about to do right now.”

“Fuck you, Dream,” George sobs, “fuck you, fuck you.”

“George,” Dream breathes, kissing his hole open-mouthed. “Baby.”

When he lets his tongue out and licks him, George starts shaking.

“Mm, sweetheart,” he murmurs, stroking his thighs, moaning against him. “So good. So good for me.”

“Dream,” George whimpers. He ruts into the pillow, ass flexing.

“I’ve got you, baby.” Dream spits on his hole, lathering him in it. “I’m gonna kiss it all better.”

He starts working at George’s hole, licking and sucking at it, worming his tongue in enough to feel the unholy clench of his sphincter, throbbing around him with the beat of his heart. Dream moans and moans and latches his mouth to him, drooling.

“*Yes!*” George cries shrilly, rocking back on Dream and down into the pillow. “Yes, yes, that’s so good.”

Dream straightens out on the bed, rutting his own cum-slick cock into the mattress. He drives his tongue a little deeper, feeling the strange burn of the muscle there, the ache of his jaw. The pain turns him on.

“I’m close,” George gasps, flinging a hand back to tug at Dream’s hair. And then his other hand comes down, and he’s pressing Dream into himself by the skull. “Fuck, Dream. Please. Please.”

Dream sucks down, drooling sloppily, wiggling his tongue a little deeper. Moaning, moaning.

“Oh god,” says George, and then he freezes up, tense all over, and starts rutting like he’s crazed. His fingers curl into Dream’s hair, holding him there in a stinging grip. “*Dream!*” he cries like a warning, like he’s proud of it, like he wanted to say that. “Dream,” he moans, shuddering, “Dream...”

And Dream lets himself be used, closing his eyes and moaning into the slick cushion of his ass, feeling for a few moments like nothing more than a mouth, nothing more than George’s — friend. George’s friend. His *best* friend.

When Dream cums, frothing against the blankets, he cries into George’s heaving body. His tears leak and blend in with everything else.

aftercare soon i promise



# Platonic

## Chapter Notes

@ kitchenspoon ur username inspired me

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

After a moment, Dream crawls up George's body and collapses on top of him. George groans, low and content.

"Heavy," George breathes, panting.

"Sorry," says Dream, making to lift himself off, but George whines his disapproval.

"Stop," he says. "Stay."

Dream presses his lips to the nape of his neck, just breathing there for a moment. George makes a quiet noise.

"Feels nice," he murmurs.

Dream kisses him gently. "You feel nice."

George hums, and that hum turns into a song, something familiar. Dream hums along with him. George sighs, touches Dream's hip.

"Up for a second," he says. "Wanna turn over."

So Dream sits up and lets George roll onto his back, admiring the beautiful just-fucked flush of his face and the clumps of semen sticking to his stomach. George adjusts the pillow beneath his head and opens his arms up for Dream.

"Wow," says Dream, and he lies down again, half on top of him.

George wraps his arms around him. "What?"

"Hmm? Oh." Dream sighs, nuzzling into his damp neck. "Just wow."

George snorts. "Wow, what? What are you wowed by?"

"This," Dream murmurs. "You. I dunno."

George trails his fingertips in curious shapes over Dream's sweaty back, making him shiver violently.

George giggles. "Shiver shiver," he whispers.

"Feels good," says Dream. "Sleepy."

"Sleepy?" Dream can hear the smile in his voice. "How're you sleepy? The sun's still out."

“Barely.” Dream yawns. “I could fall asleep like this.”

“Well, don’t,” says George, his voice very soft. He yawns, too. “There’s cum everywhere.”

Dream groans feebly. “T’morrow.”

“Tomorrow, what?” George laughs.

“Tomorrow we’ll wash the bedding.”

“Fine,” says George, “but let’s remove the duvet cover at least. Also that pillowcase.”

Dream grunts.

“Will you hate me forever if my cum seeps into that pillow?”

“No,” says Dream, blinking heavily. “I’d still use it.”

“Okay, good,” says George. “Actually, I don’t know if that is good. Is it —“

“Shh,” says Dream, kissing his mouth. “Let’s take a nap.”

“Mm,” says George, kissing back lazily, licking into his mouth. He hikes a leg up to wrap around Dream, brushing his ankle over his ass. “Dream.”

“What,” Dream sighs, only half-awake, really.

“You’re gonna hate me for what I’m about to ask,” says George.

“What?” Dream huffs, laughs. “Just ask. Don’t *lead* with that.”

“Okay,” says George. “When is Nick coming back?”

Dream groans.

“I was right,” says George, threading a hand into Dream’s sweat-softened hair. “You hate me.”

“Stop saying that,” Dream tuts. “I obviously don’t hate you. I just ate your ass out.”

George giggles hysterically.

“To answer your question,” says Dream, “I don’t know.” In a goofy voice: “I *don’t know*.”

“You *don’t know*,” George says, also goofily.

Dream kisses him. “Sorry,” he says afterward. “I can check my phone. He said he was gonna text before leaving.”

“Where is he again?” asks George.

“Just with Punz.”

“Huh,” says George. “Did he — Hm.”

“What?”

George scratches idly at Dream’s scalp. Wave after wave of pleasure washes over him, euphoric.

His eyes start leaking again, but he turns his head subtly away from George so he won't feel the wetness of them blinking against his shoulder.

"No, I dunno." George yawns. "Doesn't really matter."

"He said he'd be out pretty late," says Dream. "So if there's something you wanna watch without him..."

George gasps, excited. "Wait, yes, this is perfect! Now we can watch *Better Call Saul*!"

"Oh yeah," says Dream, smiling. "We still have a few episodes left."

"What're we gonna watch when it's over?" George pouts. He trails his hand over Dream's bicep, leaving goosebumps in its wake. "What else is there?"

Dream levers himself up on an elbow, rubbing his wet cheek on his shoulder to dry it. George is looking at his other arm.

"We'll find something," says Dream.

George hums. "I'm, like, excited," he says, and it's wry, mocking, but it sounds flirty coming out of his mouth. "I'm excited to find more stuff to watch with you."

Dream lets a slow breath out through his nose, just looking at George, the line of his nose, his jaw. He touches his cheek with a gentle finger. He can think of a million things to say, but most of them don't make any sense.

"I like your ears," is what he says.

And George snorts, mouth stretching in an incredible grin.

"You are such an idiot," he says, and with his eyes warm as brown butter and the last sip of sunlight burning in his hair, it's almost like he's saying *I love you*.

They do, eventually, get out of bed.

Dream goes first, rising to wet a washcloth in the bathroom sink. He soaks it in hot water and squeezes it damp, because he knows George will like how the steam of it feels on his skin. George is sitting up in bed when he returns; Dream smiles at him.

"Is that for me?" he asks.

Dream hums the answer, climbing up beside him to lay the washcloth on his bare stomach.

"Oh," George sighs, "that feels nice."

He tips his head back, eyes closing, and Dream gently wipes away the mess. He brings the cloth to his belly button, his thighs, his flaccid dick, rolling the foreskin back because he knows, now, that it's easy. There's nothing really left but Dream's spit, drying in the warm cave of his ass, but Dream still nudges him over and takes his time pressing the cloth against him, mopping up his own drool.

George hums drowsily beneath him. Dream kisses him on the tailbone.

“All done,” he says, giving himself a cursory sponge bath before leaving briefly to drop the cloth in the bathtub.

Dream pulls on a new pair of boxers, but George stays nude, sliding out of bed and stretching bare-assed in front of the window. Dream just watches, pitying himself.

They get to work on the bedding. While George shakes the pillow out of its sodden case, Dream strips the duvet and finds a fresh cover for it in the linen closet. George follows him in but refuses a new pillowcase.

“That pillow needs to air out first,” he insists. “I feel bad, honestly.”

“Don’t,” says Dream. “I don’t care.”

“I didn’t mean for *you*,” George scoffs, trailing him back to the bedroom. “I feel bad for the pillow.”

Dream can’t help laughing. “You’re so dumb.”

Once the duvet cover’s been changed out and the dirty linens are lumped in the hamper, George flops back on the bed and whines.

“Tired,” he says.

“Then sleep,” says Dream.

“Hungry,” George counters.

“Then eat,” says Dream, laughing. He sits beside him on the bed, looking at his naked body. “There are leftovers in the fridge.”

George hums, staring up at him. “Too tired. Carry me.”

Dream blushes. “Like this? You’re still naked.”

George shrugs. “Who’s gonna see me? Nick said he’d text, right?”

“Yeah,” says Dream, looking around. “Damn, where’d I leave my phone?”

“Bedside,” says George.

“Thanks.”

There are new messages from Nick.

*gonna spend the night here prob*

*be back around noonish*

He clicks it off, sets it face-down on the bedside table.

“Guess it’s your lucky day,” he says to George, crawling back to him. “He says he won’t be back until tomorrow.”

“Let’s *go*!” says George, laughing lazily. “Sapnap is sexiled. He’s in his sexile arc.”

“What?” Dream snorts, flushing. “You’re so ridiculous.”

“He definitely knows,” George laughs.

Dream blanches. “Wait, really? You think so?”

“Why else would he promise to text before leaving? He’s, like, terrified of walking in on us fucking on the couch.”

Dream covers his face with his hands, groaning.

“*Dream*,” George laughs, rising up to shake him by the shoulder. “Relax. He’s gonna be chill about it.”

“How can you *know* that?” Dream rubs his forehead, grimacing. “Oh, my god. I don’t know if I can look him in the eye after this.”

“What?” George scoffs. “Why? You’re such an idiot. He literally couldn’t care less. He’s, like, used to it.”

“What? What does *that* mean?”

George clucks his tongue, coming closer to drape himself over Dream’s side. “He’s, like, good about that stuff. I dunno. He’ll probably get back tomorrow and act like nothing happened. Like, he’ll wait for us to bring it up.”

Dream swallows, taking George’s hand where it rests on his arm. “Okay,” he says.

“Okay?”

Dream nods stiffly.

“Can I get on your back, then? And you’ll carry me to the kitchen?”

Dream snorts, helpless. “Go for it.”

George’s thighs feel very, very good in his hands. Suspiciously good.

“I think we should just do everything like this,” George remarks, as Dream stands in front of the open fridge with George clinging naked to his back. “It’s more efficient.”

“How is this more efficient?” Dream scoffs. “Everything takes twice the amount of effort.”

“Well, because you’re twice the amount of boy.”

“Okay,” says Dream, “to be fair, though, you’re smaller than me.”

“You were wrong, then,” says George. “It’s not twice the effort if I don’t weigh as much as you. It’s, like, one-point-something times the effort. How much do you weigh again?”

“What do you want to eat? Rice? Pork? You want something else?”

George hums. “I’m in the mood for cookies.”

Dream scoffs, closing the fridge. “*Cookies*? What kind of cookies?”

“Chocolate chip,” says George.

“Well, we don’t have any,” Dream grumbles, hiking him up on his back.

“What about cookie dough? I actually want that more.”

“Well, I’m sorry to disappoint, but we don’t actually have raw cookie dough sitting around in the fridge somewhere.”

“Let’s make some. Do we have the ingredients?”

“What?” Dream scoffs. “No way. It’s, like — How late is it? I just ate your ass! I’m not making you fucking cookie dough, you little shit! How fucking whipped do you think I am?”

“Oh, you’re whipped, alright,” says George, tightening his thighs around him. “You’re *so* whipped that you’re gonna make me raw cookie dough while I sit on your back and watch, and then you’re gonna carry both of us — me and the cookie dough, I mean — all the way back upstairs so I can watch Better Call Saul and eat cookie dough and lie on your chest while you comb my hair with your fingers. Okay?”

So that’s what they do. But what begins as cookie dough ends up as some tangentially related concoction of George’s mad instruction and Dream’s lovesick complicity — a bit of vanilla here, nutmeg there. Lots of butter and sugar, which George briefly contemplates eating on its own.

“When I was a little kid,” he says softly, directly into Dream’s ear, “I used to mix up butter and sugar in a bowl and go hide in my room to eat it. I knew I’d get in so much trouble if I was caught, but I never was.”

“You’re like —” Dream shakes his head, smiling wide as he wants because George can’t see him. “You’re just — You’re silly.”

“I’m *silly*?”

“Yeah.”

Dream lifts the kitchen spoon from the bowl for George to taste. George takes the opportunity to make a scene, sucking on it loudly and smacking his lips, making breathy little moaning sounds like he wouldn’t have before they got off together.

“You’re actually a *freak*,” says Dream, gently tugging on the wooden end to loose it from the suction of George’s mouth. “Let go! What the hell, I need that.”

George pulls it out with a *pop*. “Shouldn’t have given it to me, then,” he says, waving it out of reach. “It’s mine, now.”

“Give me the spoon, George,” Dream warns in a low tone. “Or else.”

George giggles. “What are you gonna do? I’m on *your* back. I have the power, here.”

“I could drop you,” Dream suggests.

“How?” George scoffs. “You already let go of me to use everything. Even if you tried to shake me off, I’d just cling harder.”

“You would, wouldn’t you?”

George hums smugly. "Guess you're just stuck with me. I'm gonna ride you everywhere, now."

Dream makes a sound.

"Shut up," says George. "You're disgusting. I meant like you're my horse."

Dream hums. "You like riding bareback, huh?"

George sticks his tongue in his ear; Dream shrieks.

George begins to complain of cold as they make their way back to the bedroom.

"The air is *freezing* in this house," he hisses.

Dream gives his thigh a squeeze, panting as he reaches the top of the stairs.

"Wear a fucking shirt next time," he says.

"Next time," George repeats smugly. He presses his lips to Dream's jaw. "Next time I'm on your back, you'll be naked, too."

Dream scoffs and almost trips over Patches, who has silently followed them up the stairs.

"Go on in, honey," he says, ushering her into the bedroom.

George hums quietly. "You're so sweet with her."

When they get to the bed, George climbs off of his back and crawls up to sit under the covers. Dream hands him the bowl of cookie dough and moves to join him.

"Boxers off," George complains, so Dream kicks off his underwear and crawls in naked.

Immediately, George shuffles over to him, curling into his chest and slotting their legs together. He digs a chocolatey chunk of cookie dough out of the bowl and raises the kitchen spoon to Dream's lips.

Wordlessly, Dream takes a bite. George watches him, eyebrows raised like he's waiting for a reaction.

"What the *hell*," says Dream, moaning exaggeratedly, really playing it up. "That's so good."

George beams at him. "Isn't it?"

"Mmhm," Dream concurs, sucking more batter off the end. "I can taste the cinnamon."

"The cinnamon really adds something, doesn't it?"

"Mm," says Dream. "No, definitely."

Patches comes close on the bed, sniffing at the bowl between them.

"Not for you, silly," George coos at her, lifting her away from their snack.

He pets her gently, scritching behind her ears, until she curls up beside him, purring like a motorboat and pushing her head into his hand. Like earlier, when George leans forward to kiss her

head, Dream takes the opportunity to slide his arm behind him. George gives a happy sigh as he settles back against his chest.

“Hand me the remote,” he says, and Dream obliges.

When Dream wakes in the morning, it’s to a sour taste in his mouth and a strong case of morning wood. He sees a mixing bowl on the bedside table, and memories of the night before return to him in a flush. Dream is naked under the covers; so is George. Somehow, inexplicably, they’ve wound up spooning in the night, the way they only would fully-clothed after feeding Patches in the morning.

This is good, too. Really good.

George’s ass fits perfectly in his lap, like they were made together, torn apart by continental drift. *I’ve got you now*, he thinks, holding George closer, fitting every bone together, sealing himself to him. *I’ve really got you*.

“Mm,” George rasps, wiggling snugly in his arms. “Dream.”

“Good morning,” says Dream, softly. He presses a kiss to the nape of his neck. “We forgot to brush our teeth last night.”

George hums a bit. “Are you hard?”

“Uh.” Dream freezes up, caught out. “Well. Yeah.”

George hums again. “Feels nice.” And he wiggles his ass back against him.

Dream makes a tiny sound, feeling stars burst in his belly. “God.”

“You’re so big,” George slurs, still grinding on him. “Warm.”

Dream’s cock twitches. “Baby,” he breathes.

“Mmm.” George turns in bed, pushing the covers back. “Fuck,” he says, eyeing Dream’s body with a smirk, “you’re *so hot*.”

Dream giggles a bit, flushing with pleasure. “Oh my god.”

George shuffles down and rests his head on Dream’s thigh, just looking at his cock like he’s fascinated. He reaches out a hand to touch his hipbone, then his balls, then his thick shaft. Leans in to kiss it at the base.

“George —” Dream’s breath catches. “Shit. Where’s Patches? We’re gonna scar her for life if she sees us.”

George lifts his head, glancing around as though to locate her.

“There you are,” he says, bending over in bed to scoop her into his arms.

Dream doesn’t know where to look as he carries her, eyes flicking between George’s faintly bruised hips, his muscles shifting beneath the skin of his back, the way he’s holding her like she’s a baby.



“Good morning, little one,” George murmurs to her, standing from the bed and carrying her to the doorway. He kisses her head. “Wait out here for a bit, okay? Won’t be long, and then we’ll get you a nice smelly tuna fish breakfast, hm?”

As he gently closes the door, Dream smiles. “She’s gonna start begging to come back in.”

Sure enough, the faint sound of her scratches on the door can be heard over George’s giggling.

“Sorry, Patches!” George whispers, touching her little white paw where it pokes under the door. “We won’t be long!”

“Get over here,” Dream laughs, and George returns to him, crawling under the sleep-warm covers and kissing Dream soundly on the lips.

Patches gives up scratching after a moment. Dream laughs into George’s mouth.

“Patches is sexiled,” he titters, and George gives him a fondly exasperated smile.

“You’re actually ridiculous,” he says, and Dream can smell his breath, as foul as his own. Dream kisses him again. “Lie back,” says George, pushing at his chest. “Let me take care of you.”

So Dream adjusts the pillows behind his neck and watches as George trails wet kisses down his chest, his ribs, his stomach. When he reaches out to grasp the base of Dream’s cock, Dream’s hips twitch up, eager.

“Down, boy,” George teases him with a swift pinch to his hip.

Dream scoffs, watching the sweep of his hair, his puffy eyes and sleep-swollen lips. His soft, delicate little doll hands wrapped around Dream’s cock. Dream reaches down to stroke a knuckle across his cheekbone.

“Have you been tested, by the way?” asks George, blinking up at him.

“Yeah, no, I’m clean,” says Dream. “Haven’t been with anyone since my last checkup. Not since my ex, actually.”

“Yeah, ‘cause you’re a hermit,” George teases, kissing his thigh. “I’m clean as well, so…”

“But you —” Dream clears his throat. He keeps his tone casual, or tries to. “You’ve been with some other people? Recently?”

“Here and there,” says George, shrugging. “I was on PrEP, though. My last checkup was, like, right before I left for America, so I think we’re safe.”

“Right,” says Dream, something bitter burning in his chest. “I didn’t realize.”

“What, are you jealous?” George laughs quietly.

“No, what?” Dream scoffs. “Of course not. I just — You never told me any of that.”

“Hm,” says George, smirking a bit, tracing a vein with his thumb. “Do you wish that I’d told you?”

“I don’t know,” he says honestly.

“What would you have done?” asks George, stroking him loosely now. “If you knew?”

Dream swallows. “Depends,” he says at length, voice a little gruff. “What would you have wanted me to do?”

George gives a little hum, breaking eye contact to look at his hands moving over Dream’s cock.

“I don’t know,” he echoes softly. “Pay off Immigration Services, maybe. Hold Melania hostage. Marry me.”

Dream is already whining when George lays that first raw kiss on his cockhead, tongue poking out to lap up the precum beading there.

“I should’ve,” he gasps. “The first time you suggested it. I should’ve married you.”

George wraps his plush lips around his tip, suckling lightly, looking up at him with those big brown eyes. There’s something kind in his expression, mournful and forgiving. Dream reaches down to thread a hand through his hair. George sinks down on his cock, eyelashes batting low, tongue swirling around, letting out a long, vibrating moan. His mouth is big, lips stretched wide, taking everything.

“God, you’re incredible,” says Dream, gripping his hair. His thighs shake with the effort of keeping still.

George pulls up and down a few times before he can fit Dream in to the hilt; his throat flexes obscenely, cheeks hollowed and spit dribbling down his chin as he chokes on him. Dream watches him, amazed.

“No one’s ever taken me that deep,” he whispers.

George meets his gaze, wet-eyed and almost pleading. He puts a hand on top of Dream’s where it still rests in his hair, applying gentle pressure until Dream takes the hint.

“Fuck,” he mutters, pushing George’s head down by the skull. George moans and chokes. “Yeah? You want me to push you down on my cock?”

George whines.

“Jesus fucking Christ. I’m gonna need you to, like, pinch me or something if I get too rough, okay?”

George flashes him a thumbs up, still sucking down hard.

“Good,” says Dream, sighing shakily. “Good boy.”

George bobs over him, filthy sounds emanating from his mouth as he takes him again and again.

“You’re — God, you’re amazing,” Dream half-whispers to him, eyes glued to the slide of his lips, the tears leaking from his eyes. He tugs George down experimentally, and George moans again, making his eyes big and round as he blinks up at him. “Holy shit.”

Dream fucks up into his mouth, relishing the obscene sounds of their joining, the sounds George has only ever made as a joke. There is something filthy about the comparison — the way George jokes around about sex, versus the way he really looks and sounds in the act. Dream always used to tease him about having ‘dick-sucking lips.’ He flushes at the memory, now, knowing how those lips feel wrapped around the base of his own cock, slick throat massaging his glans and tongue licking down the fat vein on the underside.

He brushes the hair back from George's forehead, holding it there as he bobs on Dream's cock. He's stunning like this, sleep-ruffled and warm, and the daylight pours in across his shoulders like a golden cape. When Dream tugs him down by the hair and ruts into the searing channel of his throat, it feels like he's fucking the sun itself.

"I'm gonna —" he gasps. "Oh god —"

George whines, hands wedging under Dream's ass, encouraging him.

"George," Dream groans as he cums, face screwed up, jaw falling open on a cry.

And George just takes it, eager as ever, coughing as he pulls off with semen drooling from his swollen lips. He keeps jacking Dream off with his hand, swallowing and swallowing around the head of Dream's cock as he shoots off ropes of cum.

When he's finished, George pulls off and licks his lips.

"Fuck," says Dream, pulling him up by the armpits to lie beside him. "George. Are you okay?"

"I'm fine, idiot," George giggles. "You taste good."

"Really?" Dream eyes him skeptically. "I didn't hurt you at all, did I?"

"No, Dream, oh my god." George kisses him and grins. "It felt good. I liked it."

"Yeah?" Dream puts a gentle hand on his face, stroking him. "It was good for you too?"

"So good," George teases, cheeks flushed and smiling brightly. "It was alright for you, then?"

"*'Alright'?*!"

George snorts, eyes crinkling.

"Was it *'alright'* for me? Did you really just ask me that? Holy cow, you're like — you're an *idiot*."

"What the hell," laughs George.

Dream kisses him soundly. "You are, George. And I'm not gonna answer your stupid question."

"It's not *stupid*."

"It is *so* stupid," Dream insists, thumbing at his smile lines. "You're literally just — You're just fishing for compliments, now."

George scoffs. "Am not."

"Yeah, like, you *know* how good it was, and you're just rubbing it in my face. It's *mean*."

George just smiles, looking at him, and the eye contact they share becomes so intense that each of them seems to realize it at once, laughing and looking away.

"Uh," says Dream, face burning. "Anyway. Can I give you a handjob?"

By the time Nick gets home, Dream and George are sitting on the back patio with smoothies and

scrambled eggs. Dream turns at the sound of the sliding door opening.

“Hey,” he says, smiling. “There’s some smoothie left in the fridge if you want some.”

“I’m good,” says Nick. He sighs, sinking into the chair next to George. He nods at their plates. “That your breakfast?”

“Yeah,” says Dream.

“Mm,” says George, setting his glass down. “Are you jealous?”

“Jealous of what?” Nick snorts.

“Dream made me all this,” George says haughtily. “Punz probably kicked you out the door with, like, burnt toast.”

“We had cereal, actually,” Nick sniffs. “Lucky Charms.”

George laughs loudly. “He couldn’t even be bothered to use the toaster!”

“So? It was *better* than toast.”

“Dream made me cookie dough last night,” George boasts.

Dream bounces his leg nervously, trying to catch George’s eye.

“Oh yeah?” Nick says in a tone that bodes poorly for Dream. “I *bet* he made you cookie dough.”

“He did!” says George.

“I *bet* he did.”

“We watched *Better Call Saul* without you,” says George. “We watched it in Dream’s bed and ate cookie dough. What do you think about *that*, Nicholas?”

“Punz and I played *Valorant* for, like, six hours straight,” says Nick. “On stream. And we got Chipotle and hung out with Karl and Quackity.”

“How are they doing?” asks Dream, dying to change the subject.

“They’re good,” says Nick. “Karl called you a hunk.”

“*What?!?*” Dream laughs loudly. “What the hell? Actually?”

Nick snorts, nodding. “You should watch the stream, dude. It was hilarious.”

“What did the others say?” asks George.

“Uh, let’s see.” Nick frowns. “Punz says that your face matches your voice. Like, he wasn’t surprised, I guess. He thought the pictures were funny. Oh, Alex said he could beat you in a fight, dude. Like, he said he was gonna drive out here and fucking, like, wrestle you.”

“Best of luck to him,” quips George, snorting.

“I’m down,” says Dream, biting back a grin.

“You should wrestle someone legit,” says George. “Like, a professional wrestler.”

“A professional wrestler would pummel me,” Dream laughs lowly, turning to him.

“No,” George protests. “I mean, you would train first, obviously.”

“You should wrestle Logan Paul,” says Nick.

Dream laughs. “Oh my god.”

“You should wrestle me,” says George. “I’m stronger than Quackity.”

Dream wheezes. “You’re such an idiot.”

“What? I could pin you down, easy.”

“*What?!*”

“I hate this,” says Nick. “I want a smoothie.”

“There’s leftovers in the fridge,” says Dream.

“We should post another picture,” says George. “And it could be, like, Dream working out in the home gym. Maybe on the bench press. You could tag Quackity and caption it, like, ‘*warming up*’ or something. Or, I dunno, something funny.”

Nick stares at him. “You’re sick.”

Dream is laughing. “Oh, hey, are we still going to Disney this weekend? I should buy the tickets today, get Lightning Lane and everything.”

“Yes, do that,” says George. He finishes off his eggs, speaking through a mouthful. “I watched this video about how the queuing system works. We need to decide ahead of time which rides we’re gonna hit. Or, like, which attractions.”

“Yeah, they have a reservation system, now,” says Dream.

“Which park are we going to?” asks Nick.

“I mean — Magic Kingdom, right?” Dream looks to George in askance.

“Magic Kingdom’s *boring*,” says Nick. “I wanna do Hollywood Studios. C’mon, I wanna ride the Tower of Terror.”

“You hated that one,” laughs Dream. “You said you almost peed your pants.”

George laughs.

“I’ve been hyping myself up, dude,” says Nick. “I’m ready. I wanna do it again. I can handle it.”

“We could do Epcot,” says George.

Dream turns to him. “I really wanna take you to Epcot. You’d love it, seriously.”

Nick groans. “Can I take Punz? Please?”

“Sure, whatever,” says Dream. “Oh, I should see if my sister wants to come.”

“What’s her favorite park?” asks George.

“Hollywood Studios,” snorts Dream. “She loves Star Wars.”

“Okay, new plan,” says Nick. “Me and Punz and Drista are going to Hollywood Studios. You and George can go to *Epcot* —“ he says this like the word tastes foul in his mouth — “and do nerd shit all day.”

“Fine,” says George, “we *will*.”

“We could meet in Disney Springs afterward,” says Dream. “Get dinner there. I haven’t been in years, God.”

“We should go to the Rainforest Café,” says George. He takes a long sip of his smoothie, looking up at Dream through his eyelashes.

Dream smiles at him, warm all over. “Okay.”

“I’m gonna go find Patches,” says Nick, standing from his seat at the table. “I’m taking the rest of that smoothie, by the way.”

“Go ahead,” says Dream. “Let me know if you want scrambled eggs, too.”

“I’m good,” says Nick. He ruffles Dream’s hair as he leaves, embarrassing him.

“Fuck off,” Dream mutters, glancing sheepishly at George as he finger-combs his hair back into shape.

George snorts at him and, once Nick has disappeared inside, leans over to kiss him on the cheek.

“*George!*” Dream yelps quietly, face burning.

“What?” laughs George. “You’re cute.”

## Chapter End Notes

my best friend is a classics major or like, the equivalent of one basically and they have to read a lot for school and they paraphrase everything they've read to me that they think i'd find interesting. they are very into plato but like in a love/hate way. anyway they read symposium this year and we were talking about the split soul theory & aristophanes' dialogue and what plato thinks about all of it. it's a creation myth that has endured through centuries of dominant religions. we even see it in genesis as the syncretism of adam and eve (original sin of pandora's box & clay creation myth of egyptian mythology). did u guys know that adam is hebrew for "clay" (or "earth")? the name "george" comes from the greek "georgos" which means "earthworker."

<https://www.eoht.info/page/Soul%20mate>

# Messy

## Chapter Notes

thanks a million to everyone who's commented, u guys don't even know how much it means to me. i use fanfic to practice and get better as a writer so any kind of feedback or encouragement and especially specific notes about what worked and what didn't are all so so dear to me <3 :( love you all so incredibly much, thank you for reading : (<3<3<3

HAPPY PRIDE!!!!!!

After their late breakfast, Dream and George take a trip to the grocery store for lasagna ingredients. They'd have asked Nick, but he's dead asleep on the living room couch.

"He's like a baby," snickers George, reaching out to poke his cheek.

"Don't!" Dream whispers, biting back a laugh of his own. He grabs George's wrist, halting him. "You're evil!"

Once they're backing out of the driveway, George turns on the same 80s radio station they listened to last time. Dream realizes, idly, that he's left his phone at home again.

"So," says George.

"So," echoes Dream.

"That wasn't so bad, was it?"

"What — with Nick?"

"Mm," says George. Dream can only tell he's nervous by the way he's holding his own hands.

"No, it wasn't so bad." Dream snorts. "No thanks to you."

George scoffs quietly. "No thanks to *you*."

"What?! I was being totally normal."

"*Oh, George,*" he mimics, "*I'd love to take you to Epcot, you'd love it there.*"

"You would!" Dream laughs. "It's all, like, tech stuff and different cultures. There's this thing where you can build your own rollercoaster and ride it. I mean — it's a simulation, but still."

George hums with interest.

"And there's a lot of good food, too," says Dream. "The best food in Disney. They just opened this new Japanese restaurant a couple years ago."

"Really?"

“Yeah,” says Dream, flexing his hands on the steering wheel. “Would you — I mean, would you wanna go?”

“Aren’t we getting dinner with Sapnap and the others?”

“Well, yeah,” says Dream, “but — well, we could go some other time. Or we could change plans for this weekend — I’m sure the others wouldn’t mind too much.”

“Wouldn’t they have to come with us to Epcot, then? Sapnap would just complain the whole time.”

Dream laughs. “Yeah, no, I meant just you and me could go, and the others could get dinner somewhere else.”

“Oh,” says George. “Like last night?”

“Huh?” Dream feels warm in the face, but he frowns, staring straight ahead and trying desperately to appear neutral about all this. “Oh, like with the Chinese food?”

“Yeah,” says George. In his high, silly voice, which sounds strange in the charged air between them: “Are we going to have a little date night?”

Dream laughs lowly, hands sweating on the wheel. He cracks open the window enough to feel the breeze in his hair.

“Are you going to *wine and dine* me?” George continues, still in that goofy voice.

Dream snorts. “You’re such an idiot.”

They both fall silent for a minute. Dream can feel his heart beating in his throat.

*Spending warm summer days indoors*

*Writing frightening verse*

*To a buck-toothed girl in Luxembourg*

“It’s nice outside,” George mentions, opening his own window. “We should take a walk later.”

“Oh, yeah,” says Dream, brightening. “I’ve been meaning to. We should walk to that park nearby, or something. Or just around the neighborhood. Just down the street. I always said that’s what I was most excited for, you know? Just taking a walk. And now I can.”

“You’re free,” says George.

When Dream looks, he sees him smiling.

“I’m free,” he echoes.

At the co-op, George makes Dream laugh so hard that he wheezes and almost falls over in the middle of the frozen food aisle.

“Pull yourself together,” George laughs, shaking him by the elbow.

“I — can’t —” Dream clings to George, making him stumble. “Oh my god —”



George pushes at him, laughing high and weak and giddy. “I can’t take you anywhere!”

“Your fault!” Dream croaks out, beginning to cough and clutch his belly. “Oh my god,” he laughs, “I’m crying.”

“It wasn’t even that funny!” says George, and Dream starts wheezing all over again.

He manages to calm down eventually, but George keeps up a steady stream of banter, and Dream loses it again when George starts straightening out the apples in the produce section.

“What?!” George cries. “How is that funny?!”

“You’re just —” Dream wheezes, wiping his eyes on the back of his wrist. There’s an older woman watching them, smiling. “You’re so dumb.”

George is grinning at the floor, moving to walk beside him.

Dream snuffles, groaning. “Ugh. Okay, we need tomatoes.”

“*Tomatoes*,” George sneers with distaste. “Yuck.”

“Hey, you’re the one who wanted lasagna!”

“It’s obviously not the same when they’re in sauce form,” says George. “I just don’t like whole tomatoes. They’re disgusting. They disgust me.”

“Hm,” says Dream. “They’re pretty slimy, I guess.”

“Exactly,” says George. “They’re disgusting.”

“I wouldn’t say they’re *disgusting*,” says Dream.

“I would,” says George. “Wait, Dream, should we get some fruit? Like bananas and stuff?”

“Yeah, do you wanna grab some apples, too?”

George grabs a hand of bananas and wanders back over to the apple pyramid. He hums, tilting each one under the light to check for bruises. It makes Dream smile.

“Alright,” George says once he’s chosen six of them. “Two for each of us. Anything else?”

“The peaches look good,” says Dream. “You could get a couple of those.”

George snorts. “You *would* like the peaches.”

Dream blushes violently.

George gives a delighted little laugh. “Yeah, you *love* peaches. You love a round, juicy peach, don’t you Dream? Look, I’ll go get you one.”

“George.”

George holds one out to him, grinning. “You like it? Should we get this one, Dream? You like my peach?”

“It’s not — *your peach*,” Dream rasps. “You didn’t make it. You don’t *own* it.”

“You could own it,” says George. “It could be yours.”

“What?” Dream spits.

“Yeah, look, just —” George inspects it for a moment, and then, right in the fruit’s cleft, he digs a hole in the flesh with his pinky, deep enough that its sweet sticky juice dribbles out.

“*George!*” Dream whispers, feeling faint. “What the hell is wrong with you?”

George twists his finger around, pulls it out with a wet sound, and sucks it clean. He looks up at Dream through his eyelashes.

“Now it’s mine,” he says. “The hole is mine. I made it.”

“You’re trying to kill me.”

“Sh, sh,” says George. “Here. Put your finger in now. Then it’ll be yours.”

“Now we *have* to buy this, George.”

“I thought you wanted it.”

“I — I do! But —”

“So take it,” says George. “What the hell are you waiting for?”

Dream swallows. “I don’t wanna talk about this here.”

“Fine,” says George. He drops the peach carelessly in the shopping cart. It’s sure to bruise. “Didn’t realize you were so sensitive about fruit.”

Dream comes up close behind him. “George, c’mere a moment. Turn around.”

George turns slowly, frowning up at him. “What?”

Dream lays a soothing hand on his arm and leans in to whisper in his ear.

“If you wanna get fucked tonight, I’m gonna need you to show me some respect.”

George inhales sharply through his nose. Dream steps back and catches his eye.

“Yeah?” he coos, lifting his hand to comb through George’s hair. “How’s that sound, honey?”

George’s eyes are dark and misty, staring at him. He nods.

“Good,” Dream murmurs, kissing him chastely on the forehead. “Good boy.”

George does everything Dream asks of him for the rest of their outing; Dream hums with the pleasure of having tamed him.

“Grab a yellow onion,” he says, and George complies.

“Can you check the list I brought?” asks Dream, and George does.

“You wanna ask the butcher for a pound of ground beef? Ask for chuck, if they have it.”

“Who’s Chuck?”

Dream snorts at his expression. “It’s, like, a cut of meat. They’ll know what you mean.”

“You sure know a lot about meat,” says George, but he isn’t particularly snide about it, and he wanders straight off to the butcher counter and fiddles sweetly with his own hands while the buff lady in an apron weighs up a hunk of beef.

While they’re passing a shelf of dietary supplements, George picks up a tub of Metamucil.

“I’m getting this,” he announces, and he drops it unceremoniously into the shopping cart.

Dream squints at it, concerned. “Fiber gummies? You’re not constipated, are you? Didn’t you take a shit last night?”

“What the hell?” George laughs. “You’re so fucking weird, Dream.”

“What? How am I weird? You’re literally getting fiber supplements. That’s — The *logical* explanation is that you’re, like, backed up. I just wanna make sure you’re okay, dude.”

“You’re disgusting,” George giggles. “Keep your voice down. And don’t call me ‘dude,’ for fuck’s sake, I had your dick in my mouth this morning. I’m not fucking constipated, okay? I’m just — being prepared.”

“Prepared? Prepared for what? My cooking?”

“*No!*” George hisses, bright red. “For fuck’s sake, haven’t you ever done anal before?”

“Uh...” Dream blushes hotly. “Oh.”

“Yeah,” George snorts. “*Oh.*”

“Sorry!” Dream hisses, coming closer so George can hear him. “It’s been a while. I didn’t realize there was so much preparation involved.”

“What the hell did your ex do? Did she not use an enema or something? What if you got poo on your dick?”

“Oh my god,” says Dream. “Okay, let’s — Let’s check out, and we can talk about this in the car.”

They make it all the way to the parking complex without a word exchanged. It’s open air up here and barren of other vehicles, but it’s still beastly hot out. As soon as George shuts the car door behind him, Dream gets the battery started and turns on the AC; George punches at the radio. The host of the 80s station is blathering away, so George turns the volume down until it’s little more than white noise. It helps ease the tension a little.

“So,” Dream says at length. He clears his throat, glancing at George, his sheepish expression. Dream takes his hand from where it rests, fidgeting, in his lap. “Uh. Tell me how you — prepare.”

George looks at him, eyes wide as saucers. “For anal?”

“Well, yeah.”

“Seriously?”

“Seriously,” says Dream. He gives his hand a little squeeze.

“Okay, well.” George glances away, draws his knees up to his chest. “I dunno. I usually just take a couple of these fiber gummy things throughout the day, and drink a ton of water, and then... Like, it’s good to know beforehand, I guess. And then, like — I’d usually be at someone else’s place, so I’d just use their bathroom beforehand to have a poo —“ they both giggle immaturally — “and like, wash up, I guess. I don’t like enemas, actually; you’re not supposed to use them very often, but some people do. I just — Like, if a guy is really picky about that stuff, he can go fuck some other twink.” Dream wheezes, and George smiles at the sound. “Or just use a condom and get over it. I dunno. I kind of insist on using one anyway, unless —“ George shrugs, looking away. “I mean. I wouldn’t — I wouldn’t make you wear one.”

Dream strokes his knuckles, heart thumping.

George glances at him. “What do you — think about all that?”

“What do I *think*?” Dream frowns at him a bit. “I don’t know, I mean — I think it sounds like a lot of work. I mean — it’s your body, so... But isn’t anal supposed to be kinda messy?”

George snorts. “I feel like most guys are really hung up on that stuff. They want bottoms to be all waxed and bleached and squeaky clean. Not that there’s anything wrong with that. I just can’t be bothered, honestly. And it’s not like I’m getting loads of action, either. Or —“ he laughs, blushes — “I wasn’t, anyway.”

Dream hums. “George, honestly, like, I don’t really care if it gets messy. It’s kind of hot, actually. Or — Yeah, I don’t know.” George looks at him, his eyes very warm and dark. “Even if you shat on my dick by accident, it’d just be funny.”

“That won’t happen,” George rushes out.

“Okay,” Dream laughs, “I’m just saying, like, don’t overthink it. Or — don’t do something just ‘cause you think I’m, like — I don’t know. Just — You know what I mean?”

George just smiles at him, amused.

“Okay, whatever,” Dream laughs. “You can do what you want, obviously. I just want it to be good for you. I want you to feel, like, relaxed, and like you can tell me about this stuff. I wanna know what’s going on in your head and — and your body, too. You know? You know so much embarrassing shit about me, and we’ve always been open with each other about that stuff. I don’t want it to be any different now that we’re — you know —“

“Fucking?”

“Yeah,” Dream breathes. “Hell, if you’re worried about mess, let’s just put a towel down. I don’t care. You think I care about that shit? I’m just fucking psyched to get my dick wet. I’m a hermit, remember?”

“You *are* a hermit,” George laughs, but then he falls silent.

“What is it?” asks Dream.

George hesitates, swallowing. He pulls his hand away from Dream’s and wedges it with his other between his knees. Dream tracks the way his jaw twitches, how a little dent appears in his cheek.

“Don’t be mad,” George says quietly.

“I won’t,” Dream promises immediately. How could he be?

George swallows again. “I don’t —“ He snorts, rolling his eyes. “Ugh, it’s stupid. I guess I just — Like, it won’t be as enjoyable for me if you’re just — if you’re just getting your dick wet. You know?”

Dream blanches, horrified. “Oh god, I’m sorry, that was really dumb —“

“Dream, relax, it’s fine,” says George, silencing him with a look of amusement. “I know you were just saying stuff. But, um.” George scratches his ankle. “It just reminded me. I just think I should — you know, lay it out there, in the interest of full disclosure.” He laughs nervously; Dream’s breath catches. “Um.”

“Is it — Are you okay?”

“Yeah,” says George, flashing him a little smile before his eyes skitter away to watch his own feet fidget on the floor. “No, I’m fine. It’s just that — It’s just —“ He groans, frustrated, hunching and hugging himself. “Okay, whatever! It’s just that I’m really — like — attached to you.” He sighs shakily. “And I’ve sort of — I’ve suspected it for a while. But I’m pretty sure, now. Like, I’m quite sure. And I just — I don’t wanna be *dramatic* about it, but it would kind of suck to have proper, like, penetrative sex with you, when — it’ll probably be really fucking good, and then it’s already like, well, I’m in love with you, so — so yeah.” He sneaks a glance at Dream. “So it’s just — I guess I’m just saying that — Obviously you don’t have to feel the same way, or whatever, but. Oh, God.” He laughs again. “And, um, I’m sorry I didn’t say something sooner, but it’s seriously not a big deal or anything, you know? I just think it might get kind of messy if — if —“

“George,” Dream interrupts him. George turns to him, cheeks aflame and looking more scared than Dream’s ever seen him. His eyes are wet, sparkling. “I’m, uh —“ Dream clears his throat. “I’m really glad.”

“What?” George says faintly.

“I’m glad you feel that way.”

His throat bobs. “That I’m in love with you?”

Dream nods. George’s mouth wobbles.

“You’re glad that I’m in love with you.”

Dream stares at him, watches his face transform.

“Oh,” George breathes. “Are you — Do you —?”

“Yeah,” Dream rasps. “I’m — I don’t wanna, like, scare you, but —“

“You won’t,” George says with conviction. “You couldn’t.”

“Okay,” says Dream. “It’s just that I’ve never felt like this before.”

“Like what?” George asks very quietly.

“Uh.” How had George said it so casually — like it was only a matter of fact? “I guess I’ve just never been so in love. It feels — like —“ Dream nearly chokes on fear, on the weight of it — “permanent.”

“Really?”

Dream turns to him: George is clutching his own t-shirt, cheeks glowing, mouth stuck halfway to a grin — like he can’t quite believe it.

“Really,” says Dream, and George reaches for him.

They hover close and brush their smiles together, their laughs. George’s eyes flutter shut, but Dream doesn’t stop looking. He slides his hand up into George’s thick glossy hair, holding him, relishing the smell of his skin.

“How long?” George murmurs against him.

*How long have you loved me? How long has it felt permanent? How long is permanent?*

Dream thumbs at the moisture beading in George’s tearduct, catching the tear before it falls.

“Ages,” he says, an echo. “But I didn’t know for sure until you got here.”

“Me too,” George breathes, his voice a little thick. “Fuck,” he laughs, and Dream wipes more tears from his eyes. “Dream.”

Dream kisses him. They kiss, and kiss, and then George turns away, mouth pressed to the skin of Dream’s cheek.

“I’ve never been in love before,” he whispers, laughing shakily. “It’s weird.”

Dream hums, nosing at him. “It’s weird?”

“Yeah,” George breathes. “It’s like — I dunno. It’s embarrassing. I’m embarrassed.”

“It *is* pretty embarrassing,” Dream whispers. “I get it. I agree.”

“I’m glad we’re in agreement,” whispers George.

“Should we, uh —” Dream pauses, still working up the nerve. “Should we be boyfriends? Or is that too embarrassing?”

“That’s far too embarrassing,” whispers George. Dream hears him swallow, feels his smile twitch against his cheek. “But we could be, like. Partners. Perhaps.”

“That does sound less embarrassing,” says Dream, delighted. He moves to kiss George’s jaw, his neck; George tilts his head, welcoming it. “Can we be partners that don’t see other people?”

“Yes,” George gasps, putting a hand in Dream’s hair. “Please.”

“Good,” Dream rasps against him, and he gets started on a hickey, sucking harshly at a sweet spot on George’s neck, working the skin between his teeth. George clutches at him, whining softly, and Dream lets up for a moment to speak again. “I’d get too jealous, you know? I want to be the only one.”

“You are,” George murmurs. “You own me.”

Dream flushes and groans, tugging on George’s hair. “Yeah? You belong to me?”

George gets so close to his ear, relaying the secret in a warm breath: “I’m yours.”

Dream clutches him. “Nobody else gets to see you like this.”

“Only you,” George confirms.

“Nobody else gets to put you in your place.”

George makes a quiet little sound.

“Nobody else gets to fuck you raw.”

“*Dream*,” he whines, hands on his shoulders, digging in.

“Nobody else gets to fill your sweet, peachy ass up with cum.”

George whimpers pitifully, clawing at him. “*Please, please, please* —“

“Shh, sh sh sh,” says Dream, stroking his scalp, his neck, his cheekbone. “I’ve got you, George. You want me to fill you up? Is that it?”

“Yes,” George weeps, head lolling, boneless. “Please, please, I’ll be good.”

“Mm,” Dream murmurs, kissing the arch of his throat, “gonna be a good boy for me? Gonna behave yourself until we get home?”

“Please.” Dream holds him in both hands, thumbs circling under his ears, down the line of his jaw. “Please, Dream. ‘M hard.”

Dream looks down, sees the obscene tent of George’s basketball shorts.

“Shit,” he says faintly.

He lays a big hand on George’s thigh, squeezing the meat of him, inching his hand up and up. George breathes shallowly, almost panting.

“Don’t touch yourself yet, honey. Just hang in there until we get back to the house, okay? Think you can do that for me?”

George whines, hips rutting up into Dream’s hand. Dream gives his cock a quick squeeze through the fabric before he withdraws.

“*Fuck*,” George spits, almost shaking.

“I know, sweetheart,” Dream murmurs, kissing him, stroking his cheek. “We just gotta get you home so I can fuck you on a nice big bed.”

“Fuck me in the backseat,” says George, “I don’t care. Do you — Do you have lube? I —“

Dream kisses him again. “Some other time, okay? When I can make it good for you.”

“It *will* be good,” says George.

“I want you to be comfortable,” says Dream, almost cooing. “Just for the first time.”

“Please,” George whines, “come on, I need it. *Dream*.”

“George,” Dream answers sternly. “Give it up. I am not — *making love* to you for the first fucking time in the backseat of Nick’s Tesla. Are you kidding me? I’m gonna light a fucking candle and —

and give you a back massage and kiss your toes and shit. I'm gonna get you all nice and comfortable."

George hums, looking thoughtful. "Not *too* comfortable, though. Right, Dream?"

"No," Dream agrees, smirking. "Not *too* comfortable."

He puts the car in reverse and backs them out of the parking space, one arm hanging off the back of George's seat. Once they're out on the road, Dream moves his hand to rest on George's bare knee and leaves it there all the way home, soothing him with his thumb, murmuring:

"Just a little longer, honey. Doing so well. We're almost there."

Once Dream has pulled into the garage, he lets go of George's hand to put the car in park and kill the engine. George tucks his hard-on into the waistband of his shorts and fixes his hair in the mirror.

"Nick is home," he mentions.

"I'll handle it," says Dream. "You wanna wait for me upstairs?"  
George makes a sound. "Can't you come with me?"

Dream clucks his tongue, reaching out to touch George's neck. "I have to put away the groceries, honey."

"Just get Nick to do it."

Dream snorts. "Yeah, right. He'd say no."

"No, he wouldn't," says George. "We'll just tell him we're going to fuck upstairs."

Dream squawks. "What is wrong with you?!"

"He'd understand!"

"What the hell? No, he wouldn't! He'd tell us to put away our own damn groceries!"

"We could threaten him," George suggests.

Dream scoffs, endeared. "Oh yeah? With what?"

"We could threaten to have sex on his bed."

"But I don't want to have sex on his bed! You'd be threatening me, too!"

"I could threaten to cum all over his bed," says George.

"But then he'll just do the same thing to ours." *Ours*. Dream blushes.

"Hm," says George. "We could threaten to be really loud."

"He could just leave the house, though."

George groans. "I don't want to put away groceries."



“You don’t have to! I can do it.”

“I don’t want you to put them away, either.”

Dream wheezes. “You’re so impatient, oh my god.”

“*Dream*,” George whines, pulling on his sleeve.

“Okay,” Dream snorts, “how about this — *you* put away all the groceries while I watch, and if you complain or disobey me or act like a spoiled little brat, then you’re gonna pay for it when we get upstairs.”

“Okay,” says George.

Dream looks at him. George meets his eyes, and it takes everything in him not to cave, not to crawl over the divider and straddle him and push his hair back and kiss on his neck and pull his stiff cock out of those basketball shorts to feel him warm and silky and throbbing in his hand. George is flushed, lips red and wet like he’s been chewing on them, eyes all dark and dazed.

Beyond the softer, plusher, billowy sort of affection Dream feels for him is the real desire to possess — to define everything he does. To own him, and to be owned in return.

“When we get inside,” says Dream, “you don’t say a word. You’re gonna go straight to the kitchen and wait for me while I carry in the bags.”

George opens his mouth to protest.

“No complaints,” Dream reminds him. “You’re gonna be a good boy and do what you’re told. Can you do that for me, George?”

George stares at him.

“George, do you understand?”

“Yes,” he breathes.

“Good, honey,” says Dream. “Now get out of the car and wait for a sec, okay?”

The house is awfully quiet inside. Dream and George kick their shoes off in the foyer, peering around into the empty living room.

“Kitchen,” Dream reminds him lowly, gesturing with a nod.

He leads George down the hall and sets the first load of grocery bags down by the fridge. When he stands, George looks so sweet and small that Dream can’t help tucking him under his chin for a moment, palming the nape of his neck and pressing a few kisses to the top of his head.

“Be right back,” he murmurs.

When he turns to leave, George grabs his sleeve.

“What?” Dream looks at him, concerned. George’s eyes are huge and shining. “What is it? You can talk.”

“Don’t leave,” George whispers.

“I’m just getting the other bags,” says Dream. “I’ll be back in, like, five seconds.”

George’s eyes well with tears. “Please don’t leave.”

Dream pulls him in again, rubs his back. “C’mere, honey, I’ve got you. You can come with, but then you gotta help with the bags, okay? You wanna help carry them in?”

“Yeah,” says George, sounding hugely relieved.

“Okay,” says Dream. “Okay, we can do that.”

George follows him back out to the garage, clinging to Dream’s elbow until Dream hands him a bag to carry — it’s the lightest one, full of toilet paper and tortilla chips. George lifts it easily, eyeing Dream as he takes two heavy bags in each hand, straining slightly under the weight.

“That’s everything,” Dream grunts. “Mind closing the trunk for me?”

George wordlessly obeys, and the pair of them make their way back inside. Dream is setting their bags down in the kitchen when he hears the sliding door open in the living room.

“Clay?” Nick calls after a moment. “George? Did you guys just get back?”

“Yeah, dude,” answers Dream, anxiously clearing his throat. “Just got some groceries.”

George looks frozen to the spot, eyes wide and staring helplessly at Dream.

“I’ve got it,” Dream whispers to him, squeezing his hip. “You get started on the groceries, okay?”

He steps out into the hall, seeing Nick crouched by the door to scratch Patches behind the ears.

“Hey, man,” says Dream. “Have a good nap?”

“Yeah, it was alright,” says Nick, glancing up at him. “Hey, sorry to spring this on you, but like — Punz is literally in our backyard right now. Just so you know. I just —” He must see something in Dream’s expression, because his face goes slack with concern. “I can kick him out. Seriously, he wouldn’t mind. I — Did you not get my text?”

“I left my phone here,” says Dream.

“Shit,” says Nick. “Okay, well — It’s not a big deal, you know? It doesn’t have to be anything. I can just tell him to come around another time.”

“No, dude, it’s —” Dream sighs shakily. “It’s fine. You didn’t do anything wrong. We always said Punz would be the first to come around once George moved in. Like, I did just face-reveal, so.”

Nick makes a noise of agreement. “Do you wanna, like... meet him?”

Dream snorts. “Fuck. Let me, uh —” *George*. “I’m just gonna take care of the groceries. Just — you guys do your thing. I’ll be out soon.”

“Okay, man. Take your time.”

George is not pleased.

“What do you mean, ‘Punz is in our backyard’?”

“I mean that Punz is in our fucking backyard,” Dream hisses, one hand on George’s waist and bending to hold a whispered conversation. “Nick just told me. Shit, I should’ve brought my phone.”

“But you’re on a break!”

“I know,” Dream sighs. “But Punz is our friend. He’s one of Nick’s besties, you know? It’s important to him, so we gotta, like, show up for that.”

George whines, pressing his face against him. “I know you’re right, but I wish you weren’t.”

Dream snorts.

“You said you were gonna fuck me.”

“I will,” Dream whispers. “You have no fucking idea how much I want that, George. But we gotta do this for Nick.”

George groans softly, and the two of them begin their slow march to the living room.

“Hey,” says Dream, squeezing him, “maybe they can help us put away the groceries.”

“That’s not the win you think it is,” George sighs. “Was looking forward to disobeying you.”

Dream hums. “I’m sure you’ll still find a way.”

# Helpmate

## Chapter Notes

thank you to everyone who left such kind comments and messages and stuff last chapter it means the world like u don't even know

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream catches George tugging the hem of his t-shirt down as the pair of them slip outside. It's distracting.

"Oh my god! He's real!"

Dream swivels at the familiar voice. "Woah," he says, laughing, shielding his eyes against the sun. "Hey, Punz."

He and George trot down the porch stairs to meet Nick and Luke where they're standing in the shade, nursing cold beers and grinning widely.

"This is so weird, dude," says Luke, and they're all laughing a bit, adjusting to the strangeness of it all. "You're, like, *tall*."

Nick snorts. "I said the same thing when I first met him."

"Huh," says Luke, squinting at Dream with a funny expression.

"What?" George laughs, like he's the one under inspection.

"No, nothing," Luke addresses George, "it's just — It's like I'm meeting a stranger, but I'm not. Wasn't it weird when you met him?"

Dream looks at George, anxious for his answer.

"I dunno," George says, shrugging evasively. "I guess."

"You *guess*?" scoffs Nick. "Dude. You were *messed up*."

Dream giggles.

"Oh yeah?" Luke prods. "How did he react?"

"I was not *messed up*," George scoffs. His arms are crossed loosely; he looks like he doesn't know what to do with his hands. "How was I *messed up*? That makes it sound like I was really toxic, or something!"

"No, you were just acting different," says Nick.

Dream sways closer to George, biceps brushing. Dream bumps into him gently.

"Yes," George says with heavy sarcasm, "I was just so affected by the sight of Dream."

Dream snorts, rapt.

"It's true," says George, as Nick and Luke look on with interest. "You caught me, Sapnap. Dream is just so weird-looking that I couldn't act normally around him."

"That's not true," Dream says confidently. "He's lying," he tells Luke.

"I'm surprised Punz wasn't knocked dead by your ugliness," says George.

"George!"

"George," gasps Nick, "you're so mean, dude!"

"Actually," says Luke, "I'm surprised I wasn't knocked dead by Dream's *beauty*."

"It's okay, Punz," says George. "You don't have to lie to him."

"I'm not lying, dude," Luke laughs. "He's, like, a total beauty-queen. Look at those green eyes." He gestures at Dream's face. "That — that strong, sturdy nose!"

Dream guffaws.

"And those *lips*, am I right?" adds Nick, wolf-whistling obnoxiously.

"True," says Luke. He laughs heartily. "He's, like, kissable!"

"Okay!" George snaps. "Whatever. We get it. You wanna, like, make out with Dream, or something."

Luke hums, cracking an amused smile.

"You want to sit in a tree with him and swing your legs and have your first kiss," George continues. "You're, like, obsessed."

Dream looks at him.

"George, oh my *god*," says Nick.

Luke just laughs. "Don't worry, George. You're kissable, too."

Dream claps George's shoulder abruptly, making him flinch and frown. Dream leaves his hand there, feels him firm and bony and warm.

"What about me?" pouts Nick.

Luke tuts, looking at him. "Dude, it goes without *saying* that you're the most kissable one here."

"Aw, Punz, you're gonna make me blush, man."

"Hey, do you guys wanna head inside?" asks Dream. "There's, like, air conditioning. And Patches."

"Dude, I missed Patches!" says Luke, as they all start heading back.

"What, do you wanna kiss her, too?" George snarks.

"George," Dream laughs.

"I'd give her a little kiss on the head, maybe," says Luke.

"She likes little head kisses," says Nick.

"Maybe she finds them annoying," says George. "You don't know. You haven't asked her."

"I *do* know," says Nick. "She told me."

"Oh yeah? What did she say, exactly?"

"She was like — *meow*."

George scoffs. "Do you hear yourself? That literally means she doesn't like it."

"Oh yeah? Why are you so fluent in cat language, huh? Is it because you're a cat?"

Dream closes the sliding door behind them, smiling when Patches pads over and brushes up against his shin. He scoops her up, cooing quietly and landing a kiss on her head.

"Dream just did it!" says Luke. "He kissed her on the head! Is she annoyed, George?"

"Obviously not," says George. He comes close and scratches behind her ears. "Dream isn't all annoying about it."

Dream hums, pleased, and lowers Patches back to the ground.

"But I am?!" Nick demands. Patches wanders up and noses at him. "Look, she loves me! She loves me more than you, George!"

"She's just smelling you," George scoffs. "You're, like, pungent. You stink of tuna fish."

"Shut the hell up, man," says Nick. "Patches loves me more than you. Just accept it."

"Can I hold her?" asks Luke.

"Yeah, man," says Nick, carefully conveying her to Luke's arms.

Luke sort of cradles her like a baby, stroking down her back like he's probably done with his own cat.

"Aw," says Dream, watching her headbutt Luke's hand, "she likes you."

"She probably remembers me," says Luke. "I met her before I met you, dude."

"So weird," Dream says faintly.

"Wow," says George, addressing Luke with that insolent deadpan. "You're, like, besties with Patches."

"Maybe not besties," says Luke. "But we're getting there."

"Hey, uh, I'm gonna start putting away the groceries," says Dream. He glances meaningfully at George, trying to catch his eye. "Anyone wanna help?"

"I'll help, Dream," says Nick.

"Can I get another beer?" asks Luke.

“Yeah, we’ve got more in the fridge.”

“I can take her,” George addresses Luke in an undertone.

“Oh — thanks,” says Luke, letting George hold Patches.

Dream and Nick are putting away groceries; Luke goes for another beer, and George moves to lean against the far kitchen counter with Patches cradled in his arms.

“Poor Patches,” snorts Dream. “We’re just passing her around like a furry football.”

George looks appeased by her company, seeming to tune out the others as he affords her his undivided attention.

“She doesn’t mind,” says Nick. “She likes hanging out with us.”

“She’s so spoiled,” Dream says, feeling fond, watching the way she preens at George’s attention. “Look at her — she thinks she’s, like, queen of the Dream Team house.”

“That would be you, actually,” says George.

They all laugh.

“So, what —” laughs Dream — “she’s, like, the princess?”

“Princess Patches,” says Nick.

“Sapnap is our court jester,” says George.

“You’re such a little liar, George,” says Nick. He stands on a stool to reach the highest shelf. “I’m literally the king. George is just saying that because *he’s* the court jester.”

George scoffs. “That’s exactly what the court jester would say.”

“What are you, then, George?” asks Luke.

“I’m obviously king,” says George. “I already have, like, *kingly experience* from being king on the Dream SMP.”

Dream hums indulgently, shelving a box of pasta. “That’s true, George.”

“Not anymore, you’re not,” says Nick.

“Whatever,” says George. “Dream was never queen on the SMP, but he’s still the queen of the Dream Team house.”

“Can I be, like, a knight visiting from another kingdom?” asks Luke.

“You don’t have to be from another kingdom,” says Dream.

“Yeah, dude,” says Nick. “As long as you’re under this roof, you’re part of the Dream Team.”

“Aw,” says Luke. “Does that mean Patches is part of the Dream Team, too?”

“Obviously,” says George.

“You could be a knight, too, Nick,” says Dream. “You can protect us. You can protect Patches. That’s, like, the knights’ job — to protect the princess.”

“What, so George gets to be king and not me?”

“He had a pretty good point about the SMP lore,” says Dream.

“I’ve been here longer,” says Nick. “The king is around for longer than the knight.”

“You’re wrong,” says George. “You’re an idiot. If the current king dies, and his son is really young, he still becomes king. He could be, like, less than a year old — as long as his dad dies while he’s alive, he inherits the throne. And then if one of the current knights was around during the dead king’s reign, he’d have been around a lot longer than the baby king.”

“That’s you,” says Nick. “The baby king.”

Dream hums.

“So you admit that I’m king?” says George.

“I’m saying if you *were* king —“

“You said, ‘That’s you — the king!’”

“You did kinda say that,” Dream chimes in.

“A baby,” says Luke, “but a king nonetheless.”

“Whatever, dude,” says Nick. In a mockery of George’s accent: “You’re such a li’l Brit! You and your Queen Elizabeth!”

“George is on good terms with Queen Elizabeth, last I heard,” says Luke.

“Oh, they’re on *very* good terms,” says Nick.

“What — are they, like, friends?” Dream asks, frowning playfully at George.

“I’d say we’re a little more than friends,” George leers.

“Best friends?”

“George is cheating on you, Dream,” says Luke. “He’s hanging out with another queen.”

“It’s a little more than hanging out,” says George.

“You’re *cheating* on me?!” Dream demands.

George snorts nervously, giddily. “You don’t *own* me, Dream.”

“Eh. Well.” Dream shrugs a shoulder. “That’s not what you said earlier.”

“*Woah*,” says Nick, “what?!”

Luke laughs, watching them.

“You’re delusional,” scoffs George.



“Well, I’m not,” says Dream.

“Dude,” says Luke, sipping casually at his beer, “George is his own person. He’s not, like, an object you can own.”

“Yeah, Dream,” says George. “Stop objectifying me.”

“How am I objectifying you? You objectified yourself! You’re the one who said I own you.”

Nick glances between them warily.

“Yeah, right,” scoffs George. “You wish.”

“I don’t have to wish,” says Dream. “You already said it.”

“Mm, I really didn’t.”

“You really did.”

“In your wet dream, maybe,” says George.

Dream squawks, outraged; Luke laughs and laughs.

“*What?!*” cries Dream.

Patches squirms in George’s arms, so he bends to let her go.

“Look,” says George. “You scared Patches.”

Dream scoffs. “You were the one holding her!”

“Mm,” says George, bracing his elbows against the counter so that his hips jut forward, blithely arrogant. “She’s disappointed in you for lying. We both are.”

“Dream,” says Nick, “are there any bags left in the car?”

“Uh, no,” says Dream. “George and I got everything. Right, George?”

“No harm in double-checking,” says George, flicking his bangs to the side.

“Yeah, no, I’m not listening to you,” Nick snorts.

“What? Why not?”

“‘Cause you’re probably lying. You’re saying that so I’ll go out and check, and then there’s not gonna be anything there.”

“Why would I lie? What’s the incentive there?”

“The incentive is that you’re a little bitch,” says Nick.

“That’s true,” says Dream. “George is bitchy.”

George snorts. “That’s rich, coming from you. If anyone’s a bitch, it’s you, Dream. You’re *my* bitch.”

Luke cracks up.

“What the hell, dude?!” groans Nick.

Dream is blushing, smirking. “Calling me a dog?”

“You act like one,” says George.

“Dream has, like, golden retriever energy,” says Luke.

“He’s a dogboy,” Nick says in an undertone.

George snorts, lips twitching dangerously. Then: “We should put him on a leash.”

Luke laughs. Nick is silent.

“No, really,” George continues. “He’s a dirty, disgusting dog. He, like, pees on fire hydrants and sniffs people’s butts.”

Dream slams his fist on a closed cabinet door, cheeks flushed with humiliation. “*George!*”

George bites his lip, giggling and thrilled. “What? It’s true.”

“George, what the hell?” laughs Luke.

Nick groans loudly. “I’m going upstairs. Punz, you coming?”

“We’re bailing? Alright,” says Luke. He grabs his beer from the kitchen island. “Hey,” he addresses the other two, “are you guys gonna join us for our stream later, now that Dream has face revealed?”

Nick stands tense in the doorway, and Dream knows that he’s debating whether or not he’ll answer for them.

“Nah,” Dream says instead. “Still have two days left before I said I’d come back, you know? Gotta milk it for what it’s worth.”

“Oh, yeah,” says Luke. “You’re off ’til Monday, right? How’s that been going?”

“Good,” says Dream. “Really good, actually.”

“How long has it been? Like, two weeks?”

“Yeah,” says Dream.

“Since I got here,” says George.

“Makes sense,” says Luke. “Do you guys still play games off-stream?”

“Sometimes,” says Dream.

Nick snorts. “Chess doesn’t count.”

“Chess is a game!”

“Not a video game.”

“We played Mario Kart the other day!” says Dream.

“What else have you been up to?” asks Luke. “Like, you only just face-revealed, so were you guys just holed up inside until then?”

“We’ve gone out to eat a few times,” says Nick.

“We’ve been shopping for groceries,” says George.

“Huh,” says Luke. “Don’t you guys get stir-crazy, stuck in the house with no work to do? I feel like I always have to be doing something.”

Dream hums. George is looking at him.

“They’ve just been chilling,” says Nick. “George needs time to settle in. He’s delicate.”

George scoffs, but he doesn’t argue.

“It’s not like there’s no work,” says Dream. “I mean, I’ve been cooking a lot, doing laundry, cleaning. And we were moving George in for a few days, just getting his boxes unpacked and everything.”

“We did some Dream Tech stuff last week,” George puts in.

“Yeah,” says Dream, smiling at the memory; how George had been so sweet and rumped, so cannily clever, sat cross-legged in a pair of Nick’s pajama pants and sorting parts on the living room rug. “That was fun.”

“Well, we all miss you guys,” says Luke. “It’ll be good to have you back. People keep asking about you.”

“Yeah, Nick told us about that.”

“Especially since you face-revealed,” says Luke. “Did you see the Twitter trends yesterday?”

“No,” says Dream, laughing through a stab of anxiety.

“We haven’t been on our phones much,” says George. “You know, since we’re taking a break.”

“Fair enough,” says Luke. He smiles and swigs his beer.

“So what are you guys streaming today?” asks Dream, desperate to get rid of them.

“Valorant,” says Nick. To Luke: “You coming, dude?”

“Yeah, yeah, I’m coming,” says Luke. “Dream, great to finally see you, man.”

“Hey, it was great having you!” Dream reaches out to pull him in for a brief, one-armed hug. “Now you know what my face looks like!”

“It’s a great face,” says Luke, grinning. He nods at George. “You, too, George. You’re even cuter in person.”

George snorts. “What.”

“Later, dudes,” says Nick, pitching his voice amusingly.

Luke follows him out, waving.

“Bye, Punz,” says Dream.

“Bye, Punz,” George echoes him.

When they’re out of sight, Dream looks across the kitchen at George. George’s head is bent, but he lifts his eyes to Dream’s, seeming to anticipate his stare.

Neither of them speaks for a moment. Dream feels — unreasonably tense. Murky, like he’s lost his sense of direction. He searches George’s expression, his body language, finding his mouth very still, his shoulders tense, his feet fidgeting. His eyes, doe-like and dark.

“Are you hungry?” asks Dream.

George shrugs. “A bit.”

Distantly, Nick and Luke erupt in whooping cheers.

Dream clears his throat. “The walls are —“

“Thin,” George finishes. “Right.”

“Well, they’re not — they’re not, like, unusually thin. Like, they’re thicker than most walls.”

George straightens up, fiddling with his hands. “Your office is soundproof.”

“It is,” says Dream.

“It has a couch,” says George.

“It does,” says Dream.

George regards him. “But...”

“But,” Dream agrees, “it doesn’t have a bed.”

George hums thoughtfully, glancing away. “There’s a guest room in the basement.”

Dream chews his cheek. “It has a vent that connects to the upstairs bathroom.”

“*Among Us*,” George mutters at once; and then he puts his hands in his hair, tips his head back, and groans. “I can’t believe this,” he whines quietly. His eyes close in real anguish. “Fucking Punz fucking cockblocked us.”

Guilt rolls through Dream’s chest. “I’m an idiot,” he sighs, running a hand through his hair as he begins to pace. “I should’ve — I don’t know — booked a hotel or something.”

George snorts fondly. “Don’t be ridiculous. We had to get home eventually; our phones were here.

Dream makes a pained sound. “I should’ve brought my phone along. It was irresponsible to leave it here.”

“Neither of us brought our phones, Dream,” George reminds him. “We were only going to the grocery store.”

“What if something happened? Something bad? And nobody could reach me?”

“We were only gone for half an hour,” says George. “If we go on another outing for longer, we’ll

make sure to bring a phone along. Okay?”

“We should always have a phone on us,” says Dream. “Just in case. It’s too risky not to.”

“Fine,” says George, “we will. I’ll make sure of it. We can put a note up so we always remember.”

“Okay,” says Dream, pausing to lean against the kitchen island, hand to the cool marble. He lets his heart slow, breathing deeply. “Okay.”

He feels George’s hand touch his bicep, sees his socked feet sidle up beside his own. Dream turns to him, arm curling instinctively around him. George presses his ear to Dream’s chest, listening.

“You didn’t do anything wrong,” George says quietly.

He strokes Dream’s arm with his thumb; Dream lowers his face to George’s hair, breathing in the sweet smell of him. George sort of nuzzles in, toeing closer, sighing. Flush against the guilt in Dream’s chest is a blooming bubble of warmth; it seems to issue from the very place George touches him.

“George,” he whispers.

“Dream,” George whispers back.

“Punz was right.”

“About what?”

“That you’re cuter in person.”

George giggles. “Thank you, Dream.”

Dream hums, pulling him closer. George does the same. He’s warm and firm all over.

“It’s true,” says Dream. “You’re like a teddy bear.”

“A teddy bear,” George scoffs.

“I like holding you,” says Dream.

George sighs quietly, shakily. “Mm,” he says.

Dream hesitates. In a whisper: “I got kinda jealous. When he said that.”

George whines quietly, so Dream holds him tighter.

“Yeah, uh — I wished you were standing next to me.”

“What would you’ve done?” George murmurs into his chest.

“I wanted to put my arm around you,” says Dream. “Around your waist, like — lower down, near your hips.”

“That’s so specific,” says George. “Why not my shoulders?”

Dream tuts. “That’s different. That’s, like, *friendly*.”

George makes a pleased little noise, bringing his own arms down to settle over Dream’s tailbone.

Dream snorts, struck by a thought. “What if I’d put my hand on your ass? You’d have decked me, probably.”

George scoffs, moving to stand on Dream’s toes, shifting his weight like he’s trying to crush him. He’s so slight and harmless that Dream just giggles and takes a step.

George yelps, clinging to Dream with all his strength. “*Dream!*”

Dream takes two shuffling steps forward and bends back, lifting George clean off the floor. George shrieks and clings harder.

“What the hell!” he laughs after a moment, sounding delighted, and Dream spins them around once, twice. “Put me down, idiot!”

Dream is giggling, wheezing, and when he sets George down and pulls back to look at him, George surges up and kisses him on the mouth.

And Dream kisses back, kisses and kisses, and brings his hands up to hold the sides of George’s face, fingers sliding up into his hair, holding him. George slides his hands down to cover Dream’s ass.

“Mm,” says Dream, speaking against his lips, “what if I’d done that?”

Dream feels him smile. “I’d have probably decked you.”

George’s voice is even lovelier up close. Dream has always had a thing for George’s voice — maybe because it was the first part of George he got to know.

“You’d hate it, huh?”

George makes a sound, kissing Dream and squeezing his ass. “I didn’t say that.”

Dream moans and sucks on his tongue. They’re both hard, bumping up against each other. It’s too good.

“We have to stop,” George whines quietly, panting against his cheek. “That’s —“ he laughs, glancing down — “this is so embarrassing —”

“Oh my god, no, me too,” Dream whispers, and they both start giggling together.

George quietly clears his throat. “We could — uh — We don’t have to wait.”

“What do you mean?”

“Like — in case you thought I’d be disappointed, or something, if you didn’t fuck me for the first time on a bed. Back in the car — All I said was that I wanted this to be more than you getting your dick wet.”

“It is,” says Dream. “That was just — I was trying to reassure you, but I think it came off as, like — like it didn’t mean anything to me. And it does, George.”

George smiles. “I know that, silly.”

“I’m literally in love with you. Like, I’m *so* in love with you.”

“Okay, okay,” George laughs, blushing deeply. “I get it.”

Dream wheels them around, making George yelp and giggle as he backs him into the counter.

“Say it back,” Dream threatens.

“It back,” says George.

Dream looms over him, thrilling in the heat of George’s expression. “*Say it.*”

“*No,*” says George.

Dream winds a hand in his hair and kisses him.

“Don’t make me punish you,” he pulls back to whisper. “I’ll fuck you right here over the kitchen island.”

George gives a high, muffled whine. “Wait, but —” he begins, looking a bit dazed — “but they’ll hear us from upstairs.” Dream watches him figure it out. “*Oh.* You — That’s the punishment.”

Dream smiles.

“What if —” George trails off.

“What if you’re good? What if you say it back?”

George meets his eye.

“If you’re good,” says Dream, “I’ll fuck you in my office.”

“On the sofa?”

“On the sofa.”

George rises up on his tiptoes and tugs Dream down to whisper in his ear:

“Dream.”

“What?”

A pause, and then: “I’m in love with you.”

When George pulls back, his cheeks are very pink. He takes one look at Dream and starts laughing.

“Fuck off,” Dream snorts, drying his eyes with the heel of his palm. “Stop making fun of me.”

“I’m not making fun,” George scoffs quietly.

He pulls Dream’s hand away from his eyes, taking over with his own gentle thumbs. He laughs, looking so fond. Dream snuffles.

“I didn’t think you were actually gonna say it,” he murmurs. “Thought you were gonna make a joke or something.”

George hums, mouth twitching as he watches Dream. “I thought about it.”

“Why didn’t you?”

“I dunno,” says George. “I want you to fuck me in your office, that’s why.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah,” says George. “Want you to picture it every time you’re in there.”

Dream huffs, heat twisting through him. “You’re cruel.”

“Mm,” says George, plucking at Dream’s shirt, wrist resting on his sternum. “You’re worse.”

“What did *I* do?”

“You haven’t fucked me yet,” says George.

Dream’s office is occupied.

“Shit,” says Nick, once he’s muted himself. Dream sees Valorant open on the screen; Luke’s avatar is running around nearby. “Sorry, dude. Were you guys gonna work in here?”

“It’s fine,” says Dream, struggling to keep the irritation out of his voice.

“You haven’t been in your office in, like, weeks,” says Nick. “Sorry, I should’ve asked first.”

“You should have,” Dream agrees. He feels George place a cool hand low on his back.

Nick winces, grimacing in apology. “Is it something you could do on George’s setup?”

“The, uh — There are files I need.”

“I can send them through the server,” Nick offers.

“It’s fine,” George speaks up, voice a little tight. “We’ll do it later.”

Dream turns to him, frowning.

“Seriously, it’s fine,” says George, glancing pointedly at Dream. To Nick, he says: “Ask first next time. And like — get an actual response from us before going ahead. Like, with Punz? You can’t just send off a text and have that be enough.”

“How was I supposed to reach you when you didn’t have your damn phones?”

“Just *wait* next time,” George snaps. “For fuck’s sake, it’s not that difficult to just wait. Have some fucking patience.”

Nick scoffs. “You’re, like, the most impatient person I know, dude.”

Dream can feel the way George seethes at those words, tension held in the lines of his body.

“Okay,” Nick amends almost instantly, “maybe not the *most* impatient.”

“Fuck you,” George snaps. “You’re gonna call me *impatient*? Really, Sapnap? You can’t wait five fucking minutes to see Dream in person? I waited *years*. I waited so long it nearly killed me.” His voice shakes, and Dream feels his hand fall away. “It’s — it’s my turn to have him, now.”

“I never *had* him, dude. I — Hold on,” says Nick. He types out a message in Discord before turning back to face Dream and George. “What do you mean, it’s your turn? We can both spend time with him. Like — in different ways, obviously, but —“



“Hey,” says Dream, snaking a cautious hand around George’s waist. George melts against him, so he leaves it there. “Let’s talk about this later, okay? Nick, you should get back to your stream. You can tell chat I said hi if you want.”

He soothes a thumb over George’s side; Nick’s eyes fall to track the movement before darting rapidly away. Dream is grateful.

“Okay,” says Nick. “Whatever, bro. As long as George stops looking at me like he wants to chop me up into tiny little pieces.”

George snorts but pointedly does not deny this.

“Okay,” says Dream, squeezing George’s hip, “we’re going. Love you, Nick.”

“Love you, brother. Love you, too, George, you dick.”

“Love you,” George grouses with obvious reluctance.

When the door is closed behind them, Dream turns to George.

“Are you okay?”

George laughs wetly. “Why are you asking me that? I was being an idiot.”

Dream tucks back a strand of his hair. “So was I. So was Nick, to be fair.”

“That’s true,” says George. “Ugh. This is so messed up. You promised you were gonna —”

“Wait, wait, shh,” says Dream, pressing a hand over George’s mouth. “Let’s go to my room. We can talk in there.”

George sits on the bed and crosses his arms indignantly. Dream paces the bedroom, hands on his hips. They don’t say anything for a moment.

George is the first to speak. “I hate this,” is what he says.

Dream makes a noise of distress.

“I’m still hard, by the way,” says George. “And I don’t feel like taking a shower, so I’ll probably just have a wank in here. You can just sit and watch if you want.”

Dream tuts. “I don’t wanna watch. I wanna put my dick inside you.”

“Well, tough,” says George. “You’re just gonna have to wait, because there’s no way we can be quiet enough to have full-on dick-in-ass sex with two other people down the hall.”

“What if I put my hand over your mouth?”

George groans. “Maybe. I dunno. What about you? What are you gonna do to keep quiet?”

“I can stay quiet,” says Dream.

George scoffs. “Yeah, right.”

“What?” Dream frowns at him, affronted. “You don’t believe me?”

“I think you’ll get maybe two inches inside before you cum so hard and loud that somebody calls the cops.”

“You’re an idiot.”

“I’m right,” says George.

“Do you wanna get fucked or not?”

“Oh, I’m *dying* to get fucked,” says George. “If you don’t care who hears you scream my name at the peak of orgasm, then neither do I.”

“You are such a brat,” Dream laughs helplessly, shaking his head.

He stops to kneel at George’s feet, smoothing his hands over the tops of his thighs, down his hairy calves, kissing each of his kneecaps worshipfully.

“Simp,” George murmurs.

Dream hums. “I wish we could mess with their stream somehow,” he says. “Like... Okay, I — Okay, we could, like, tweet something out. Oh, but that would be so messed up, if we got everyone to — I don’t even know what. I don’t know how Valorant works.”

George hums, and then he smiles so mischievously that Dream gasps.

“What?” he demands.

“I have an idea,” says George. He puts a hand in Dream’s hair, petting him. “It’s still kind of messed up, but it’s fine, because we won’t get caught.”

“Yeah? What is it?”

George bites his lip. “Punz doesn’t know much about code, does he?”

## Chapter End Notes

lololol yall thought this was gonna end once they confessed but we're just getting started baby!!!!

## Denial-of-Service

### Chapter Notes

as promised <3

“This might be the most fucked-up thing I’ve ever done to get laid,” says Dream.

George scoffs. “That *you’ve* ever done? You’ve done nothing but sit here and distract me.”

“I made tea,” says Dream.

“Yes,” George concedes. “Thank you for making tea whilst I launch an attack on our IP address.”

“You’re welcome.”

“And stop —“ George swats Dream’s hand away from his inner thigh — “*fondling* me, or I’ll banish you to the beanbag chairs.”

Dream whines. “But you’re wiggling all over me.”

George tuts, but Dream catches the sly curve of his smile. “I’m just making myself comfortable, idiot. Your stupid boner is poking me.”

“I’ll poke you,” Dream mutters.

“*Behave*,” George scolds him, but he leans forward in Dream’s lap to get a better look at the monitor, and his ass is right there in his basketball shorts, fat and wide and tempting, and it would be so easy for Dream to pull his cock out and jack himself off over that smooth, pale strip of exposed spine.

“How much longer,” he murmurs.

“Almost there,” George sighs. “Wish I’d known when we picked out a router that I’d need to hack into it eventually.”

“It’s good stuff, huh?”

“Mm,” says George, and Dream hears the smile in his voice. “The best that money can buy.”

Dream moves his hands to rest lightly at George’s waist, framing him, admiring the picture he makes.

George hums. “Alright, it’s basically done, now. I’ve just got to run the program, and it’ll create all sorts of lag for them until they can’t do anything on the IP. I’m gonna turn off the monitor once it’s running in case one of them comes in here. We should stay so they don’t try and use the computer.”

“You’re so smart,” Dream whispers, squeezing him.

George huffs, but he leans back into Dream and allows himself to be kissed.

“We should pretend to be sleeping,” George murmurs, “so they’ll leave us alone.”

“What — on your bed?”

“Mm,” says George. “You can, like, spoon me.”

Dream hums, considering. “Nick would make fun of us,” he says at length. “But I wouldn’t mind if Punz caught us together. Serves him right.”

“Ew, *what*?” says George, blushing and feigning to cringe. He twists around in Dream’s lap to glare at him. “What is *wrong* with you?”

Dream snickers, feeling his heart swell with fondness at George’s expression.

“You’re such an idiot,” George snorts, eyes flicking down to Dream’s lips before he returns his attention to the monitor. “I’m just gonna —” He hits enter, and Dream watches a wall of code appear in the terminal. “There.”

“Remember when we talked about going to Def Con together?” Dream muses.

George snorts. “God. This is so illegal.”

“Well, I mean, we’re hacking ourselves. It’s not like we’re — hacking *Twitch*, or something.”

“That was my first idea,” says George. He switches off the monitor and, regrettably, stands from his perch in Dream’s lap. “Come along,” he says, putting out the lamp. Dream stands to join him on the bed. “Put your arm over me — There. Now just — pretend to be asleep.”

A door opens down the hall. “*Nick*?”

“Dude, Dream’s setup just completely crashed.”

“So did yours,” says Luke.

Dream feels George shaking with silent laughter; he presses a smile into his neck, shuffling closer in the dusk. The scent of his skin is warm, strong, heady.

“What the hell, dude,” says Nick. “It doesn’t make any sense — Dream got all this expensive shit to prevent this kinda thing from happening. We just got a new server and everything.”

“Does that make the wifi stronger or something?”

Nick snorts. “Fuck if I know.”

“Maybe there’s a storm heading our way.”

“Maybe,” says Nick, though he sounds unconvinced. “We might need to, like, reset the router.”

“I’ll send out a Tweet,” says Luke.

“Okay, include me on that.”

“What should I say? Like, the power went out? Network issues? What?”

“Whatever you want, dude,” says Nick. “Say Patches chewed through the cables or something. I don’t know jack shit about this stuff. Dream and George could fix it, though.”

“Are they still downstairs?”

“They came by the office, like, twenty minutes ago or something,” says Nick. In a softer, barely audible voice: “They might be in George’s room.”

“Oh,” says Luke. “Are they —?”

“They might be on George’s computer,” says Nick. “Actually, probably not. I don’t know why they needed the office. Probably just ‘cause it’s soundproof.”

“Oh,” says Luke.

There’s a lot of mumbling, and then a knock on the door. Dream fits a hand over George’s mouth, shushing him.

“George?” says Nick. “Dream?”

“Let me handle this,” Dream breathes, and George kisses his palm.

There’s another knock, and then the doorknob twists, and light is spilling in across the far bedroom wall. Dream curls his hand against George’s mouth, thumb pressed to his lips and knuckles gently stroking his chin.

“Oh, shit,” Nick whispers. “They’re asleep.”

“Let me see,” Luke whispers back. “Oh my god, dude, that’s adorable.”

“Okay, let’s go,” Nick whispers. “Come on.”

“Wait, shouldn’t we tell them that the wifi’s all fucked?”

“*You* can wake up Dream if you want,” says Nick. “Be my guest. *I* am not touching that bastard with a ten-foot pole. He’s like a dog with a bone. He’ll, like, growl at us if we get too close to him and George right now.”

Dream makes a show of snuffling, shuffling, groaning. “F’ck off, Nick,” he grumbles.

“Fuck,” Nick hisses, “close the fucking door.”

When the sliver of light shrinks and disappears — once Dream and George are safely in the dark again — George turns in bed and meets Dream with a smile that thrills him to his core.

“Yeah?” Dream whispers, not even really sure what he’s asking.

Nick’s voice carries softly through the bedroom door. “Let’s just go to your place.”

George’s smile grows.

“Okay, yeah,” says Luke. “Should I say bye to the cuddlebugs?”

Dream blushes and hides his face in a pillow.

“‘*Cuddlebugs?*’” George echoes, laughing quietly.

“No, dude, what?” Nick hisses. “Were you even listening to me? No fucking way are we waking up Dream right now!”

“Okay, okay,” says Luke. “Just tell them I said thanks for having me, or whatever.”

Nick scoffs. “What about *me*? Aren’t you gonna thank *me*?”

Their voices carry down the hall, growing fainter beneath the sound of their descent to the living room. When the front door closes, Dream and George both let out a breath.

“We’re geniuses,” says George, reaching out to him, giggling. “*Dream*. We’re *cracked!*”

Dream turns his face from the pillow to look at George, inches away and smiling. The joy bubbles up in him and spills from his mouth as laughter, sparkling and helpless, and he puts a hand on George’s face and brushes his hair back, adoring. Something whispers darkly to him, pleased at having George all to himself, goading Dream to possess him entirely. The air is dim and soft and still all around them. Dream traces the shell of George’s ear with his thumb, memorizing the sight of him in the dark.

“Take me to your room,” George murmurs, and Dream smells his breath, sweet and humid as a rainforest flower.

“We could stay here, if you want,” Dream offers, voice rasping quietly.

George rises up on an elbow and puts his mouth to Dream’s ear.

“I want to cum in your bedsheets,” he says.

Dream swallows. “Okay,” he says, and that’s that.

They start kissing in the hallway.

Dream gets him flattened up against the wall, crowding him, pinning his elbows up by George’s ears to make him feel small. It’s working: George blinks slowly up at him with those big syrupy eyes and presents his mouth for kissing. Dream indulges him.

“God,” George shudders out, flushed brilliantly pink when Dream pulls back to kiss down his jaw, his neck. “*Please.*”

He cants his hips out to brush their erections together, but Dream catches him by the waist and forces him back against the wall. It feels good — looming over him like this. Dream hums pleurably, knotting a hand in George’s hair and tugging until he bares his neck. George makes feverish little sounds as Dream latches onto the hollow of his throat and abuses the skin there. He wants to leave a mark.

“Dream,” George whimpers, hands crawling beneath Dream’s collar, down his broad back.  
“Dream. Dream.”

“You’re like a ragdoll,” Dream murmurs thickly. “Look at you, all eager for me. *Such* a good boy.”

George’s face contorts like he’s about to cry.

“Oh, baby,” Dream breathes, pulling him into his arms, kissing his silky mop of hair. “I’m gonna take such good care of you. Gonna fill you up so good, George, I promise.”

“Now,” George dry-sobs into his chest. Dream rubs his back over his t-shirt, soothing him. “I’m so hard. I’m so hard.”

“I know, honey,” says Dream, clicking his tongue in sympathy. “I’m gonna carry you in, okay? Let me pick you up, c’mon.” He moves George’s arms to wrap around his neck, then bends to boost him by the thighs. “Mm, good boy, Georgie,” he praises, kneading his ass, aching at the press of George’s cock against his stomach.

George kisses his neck and clings to him whorishly as Dream walks them into the bedroom, pausing only to kick the door shut and set George down on the bed. George scoots back against the headboard, already pulling off his shirt.

“Someone’s excited,” Dream teases, crawling over to him.

“Yeah, you,” scoffs George.

Dream hums and kisses his collarbone. “Do you need to go take a shit or are you good?”

George laughs loudly. “Oh my god. Um, yeah, I guess I’d better at least try, right?”

Dream shrugs, stroking his cheek. “You tell me.”

George sighs and kisses him on the mouth. “I’ll be right back,” he says, and he kicks off his shorts as he leaves. Dream rubs himself over his own shorts, watching.

While George is in the en suite, Dream is struck by inspiration and spends a few minutes lighting the candles in his room. He chokes back the shame he feels in how much he wants this — sex with George, the cheesy candles, all of it. When George steps out of the bathroom, he looks around the room and grins all slow and sexy.

“Wow, Dream,” he purrs, snapping his own elastic waistband as he moves toward the bed. “Is this all for me?”

“Yeah, obviously,” says Dream, eyes roaming all over him, touching every valley and peak. “Any, uh, updates?”

“On what?” George snorts. He crawls up and straddles Dream where he sits against the headboard. “My bowels?”

“I mean, do you feel like you still wanna have sex?”

George scoffs, flushing. “Would I come over and sit on your lap if I didn’t want you to put your dick in me, Dream?”

“That’s — Okay, that seems like a dangerous assumption to make —“

George kisses him. “Take off your clothes, idiot.”

Dream takes him by the hips and runs his hands up and down his sides, relishing all his soft, naked skin. George creeps his hands under Dream’s t-shirt and starts tugging it up for him.

“Off,” he insists, and Dream pulls back to whip it over his head.

He returns to George’s body instantly, feeling up his thighs, the swell of his ass. George’s hands are roaming all over Dream’s chest, making him shiver and sigh. They’re both tenting up their pants, twitching slightly. Dream hooks into George’s waistband and tugs his boxers down.

George makes a breathy sound and lifts up, so Dream slides his hands down over his bare ass, moaning at the feel of him, almost dizzy with relief.

“Fuck,” he hisses, and George leans forward in his lap to fit his nose against the crook of Dream’s neck, breathing open-mouthed against him, whining.

Dream lands a slap on his ass, and George makes a desperate little sound, arching into him.

“Hurry up,” he begs, but Dream isn’t finished enjoying him.

“Shh,” he says, “let me take my time with you.”

He hears George swallow. “Touch my hole,” he breathes.

Dream thrills with pleasure. He’s proud of George for asking so explicitly, wants to reward him for it, so he slides his hands down his ass and slips a dry, cautious finger between his asscheeks, pressing gently on the pucker of muscle he finds there.

George arches into the touch, moaning gratefully. “Thank you,” he gasps, sounding on the brink of tears. “Thank you, thank you.”

Dream hums and kisses his cheekbone. “You like it when I touch your hole, baby?”

“Yes,” George sighs, grinding back on him. “Inside, please.”

“Yeah?” Dream plays with the muscle, soothing it with the pad of his finger, feeling it flutter at the touch. “You want me to finger you?”

“Open me up,” says George. “Please. Please.”

Dream gathers him up and holds him so close, chests flush together, nosing at George’s shoulder.

“I like you so much,” he whispers, overwhelmed with it. Tears spring to his eyes, sudden and humiliating. He tries to stay quiet and still, hiding his face in George’s hair, squeezing him so tight. If his words are just breath, George won’t hear the pain in his voice. “It’s embarrassing,” Dream continues. “I don’t know what to do with myself.”

George squeezes him back just as tightly. It’s reassuring.

“Don’t do anything with yourself,” he says. “Do it to me.”

“You don’t understand,” Dream whispers. And he gets the sense that George knows he’s crying, so he lets himself sniffle quietly. “I like you so much that I want to hurt you. It’s — That’s horrible.”

“Not horrible,” says George, petting Dream’s hair, now. “I want you to hurt me.”

Dream sobs quietly into his shoulder, and George just holds him, pets him, kisses his neck.

“Dream,” he whispers. “I want to hurt you, too.”

Dream sniffles as something raw and sparkling blooms through his body.

“Does that scare you?” George gently inquires.

“Yeah,” Dream says honestly. “But — not in a bad way.”

George kisses his cheek.

“Are you scared?” asks Dream.



“No,” says George. “I used to be. Maybe I still am, a little. But I want it too much, now. I want it more than I’m afraid of it.”

Dream digests this, stroking both hands over George’s back.

“I like your shoulders,” he murmurs, kissing one. “They’re beautiful.”

George hums, and then they’re kissing again, open-mouthed and restless. Dream takes him by the hips and turns them over until George is the one lying back.

George kicks his boxers off, and Dream unbuttons his shorts, each of them fumbling as they watch the other undress. Dream feels wave after wave of relief wash over him, like his body is thanking him for getting naked, for touching George’s skin. Like this, he feels how starved he was, how his nerves lap up the sliding of skin, the sheer bodily contact.

Dream leans over George and kisses him, kisses him, erections dragging over hairy thighs and stomachs, legs slotting together, hands clinging. This was all he wanted. It’s so good.

“So good,” he breathes, nosing against George’s cheek.

George draws his legs up and folds them around Dream’s lower back, trapping him. Dream runs his hands over his thighs, down to his hips, curving his hand around to brush his knuckles over his balls and thumb at his taint.

George makes a quiet, needy little sound. “Please hurry.”

*I don’t know where to begin*, Dream realizes, stunned by the force of his own desire, but he falls back on the version of himself that does know.

“I’m gonna take my time, actually,” he murmurs, pressing down on his taint so that George squirms and moans. Dream smiles. “Yeah, you feel that?”

“S good,” gasps George. “Fuck me.”

“Not yet, honey. Give me a second to enjoy you, first.”

As Dream massages him, George gives a frustrated groan.

“Lube,” he demands. “Get the lube.”

Dream shushes him, pushing his legs together and folding them up to get a better view of his ass. He rubs soothing circles on one pale ass cheek, cooing at him: “Soon, baby. Be patient.”

George sobs. “I’ve *been* patient!”

“I know,” says Dream. “I know you have. Just a little longer, okay?”

Dream bends and sucks the skin of his left thigh between his teeth, working a bruise there, marking him. George bucks up, but Dream holds him steady.

“The only reason you’re on top,” George gasps, “is ‘cause you’re stronger than me.”

Dream hums, kissing his spit-slick skin. “That’s not the only reason.”

“It is,” George insists, whining as Dream brushes his lips over the thin skin of his balls.

"I'm also bigger than you," Dream points out, kissing him there.

"Doesn't matter anyway," George says in a high, shaking voice. "I'm the one in control here. I'm the one calling the shots."

"Then why haven't I fucked you yet?"

"Cause you're scared," says George. "You think you're gonna mess it up."

Dream fits his face between George's thighs, breathing him in, his heavenly musk. Listening.

"You're scared," George repeats. "You're scared of me."

"I'm not scared," Dream lies, holding tight.

"You are," says George. "You said so."

"I love you," says Dream.

"You're afraid of me."

"I'm both," says Dream, and he noses down to kiss him on the entrance to his body. He tastes the salt of his sweat there, the bitterness of soap. "I want you, George," he tells him, as George gasps and shakes.

"You have a funny way of showing it," he snaps.

Dream picks a hand up and slaps him on the ass. "Shut the fuck up."

George yelps and pushes back against him, cock leaking onto his stomach as Dream restrains him.

"*George*," he commands, allowing himself to be firm; and George shrinks back, compliant at last. "Good boy. Do as you're told."

George shivers, glaring at him. "*You* do as *you're* told and put your stupid dick in me already, how about that?"

Dream squeezes and spanks him, laughing wily. "You're such a fucking brat," he says, planting a kiss on the head of George's cock.

"Fuck," George gasps.

"I spoil you, don't I?" Dream murmurs against him. "Everyone does. They take one look at those dumb, pouty lips of yours and give you anything you want. You just — You *expect* that kind of treatment. You expect everyone to go nuts for you, to — to trip over themselves for the chance to fuck your pretty little hole."

George whines, high and teary-eyed. Dream lands another slap on his ass.

"You can't believe I haven't fucked you yet," he continues, "because you think everyone's just *dying* to fuck you. You think anyone else would slobber at your feet like a dog. Anyone else with my money and influence would shut down the city to get you alone. I wouldn't do that, George."

"Yes, you would," George weeps.

Dream pulls his legs down and turns him over on his stomach. "On your hands and knees," he

orders.

George scrambles shamelessly to obey.

“Such a slut,” Dream snickers, palming his ass with fondness. “You think I’m gonna fuck your tight little hole now, don’t you?”

“You’d better,” George grumbles.

Dream reaches up and grabs him by the hair. “Not another fucking word out of your mouth.”

George pants quietly, eyes squeezed shut.

“There we go,” Dream praises, scritching his head. “Just like that, baby. Let me take care of you.”

George’s back heaves with his breaths, cheeks scorching pink. Dream runs a hand up his spine, soothing him. He presses a long, soft kiss to his lower back.

“Beautiful,” he says to his tailbone.

Dream runs his hands down his ass, his thighs, his calves, his ankles, landing on his heels. As promised, he leans down and kisses him on every toe, feeling like a fool, doing it anyway. When he’s done, he rises from the bed.

“Wait there,” he quietly commands as George lifts his head from the pillow.

Dream rolls open the top drawer of his bedside table and chooses a somewhat-sticky bottle of water-based lube.

“No condom?” he checks. “You can answer.”

“Do it raw,” George says softly. ‘

“Alright,” says Dream, smirking as he shuts the drawer. “You want me to cum in you, is that it?”

George whines; Dream climbs up on the bed and starts slicking up his fingers. When he’s done, he sets the lube aside on the mattress and puts his dry hand on George’s hip, squeezing him.

“I’ve got you, honey,” he coos. “I’m gonna get you all nice and full. This is gonna be a little cold, okay?”

And he touches three lubed fingers over George’s asshole. George gasps loudly, jerking forward before pushing eagerly back.

“Fuck,” he says, craning his neck to look back at Dream. “Please.”

Dream shushes him, rubbing circles over the throbbing pucker of muscle and soothing him with his other hand. “C’mon, baby, be a good boy.”

George spreads his knees, arches his back and *moans*.

*Fuck*, Dream thinks, struggling to keep his composure. His own cock is shiny-wet with precum, flushed purple and bobbing up against his belly button. He gives in and lubes up his pinky, tucking his thicker fingers away for later.

Dream presses his cheek to him, rubbing circles over his hip, before pressing instructing softly,

“Push back now, okay?”

So George bears down, moaning, and Dream fits in the tip of his littlest finger.

“Good,” Dream praises, kissing him and marveling at the squeeze.

George is already trembling, sinking down to pillow his head in his arms, still ass-up and whining for it.

Dream pushes his pinky in farther, watching raptly as George’s body swallows him. The lube makes the journey sweet and slick, and the muscle is so tight, so searing warm, and it feels like a tunnel to hell.

“Doing so good, honey,” Dream soothes him, pushing in and out a little, kissing his spine. “Just relax. You’re in good hands; I’ve done this to myself.”

George hums and melts further into the mattress. Dream smiles, rubbing a hand between his shoulder blades as he pistons his little finger.

“Good boy,” Dream praises in his most honeyed voice, grateful to George’s body for its easy acceptance, its approval. “I’m gonna switch out the finger now, okay? Gonna use a bigger one. You tell me if it’s too much.”

George makes an anxious sound as Dream pulls out and gently, carefully squeezes in his lubed pointer finger.

“S good,” George moans quietly, rocking back on him. “More, please.”

“Hold your horses,” Dream laughs, spanking him lightly as his finger moves inside him. “Let me stretch you properly.”

George whines his complaint.

Dream crooks his finger down and delights in George’s reaction.

“That’s — oh my god,” he gasps.

“Yeah?” Dream smirks, thumbing at his taint, squeezing.

George cries out, low and tortured. He’s white-knuckling the pillow and rolling his hips back desperately.

When Dream squeezes in his middle finger, George’s back goes tense.

“Shh, you’re okay,” says Dream, rubbing his hip again. “I’m gonna hang out here for a sec, okay? You let me know when you’re ready for me to start moving.”

George pants shallowly. “M ready,” he insists.

Dream squeezes his asscheek, cock twitching at the sight of his own fingers stuffing him. He wiggles them a bit, listening to George gasp.

“Mm, not yet,” Dream decides, stilling again.

George makes a sound of acute distress, but Dream just keeps shushing him, rubbing his back.

"I know you, George," he murmurs. "I know what you need."

George melts down and falls silent. After a moment, Dream starts moving his fingers.

George quivers beneath him like a bowl of jelly, eyes closed and cheeks flushed, looking utterly mindless as he rolls his hips back to the rhythm of Dream's fingers. Dream reaches out to hold his hips steady, digging into his prostate and scissoring his fingers apart to stretch him open. George's mouth falls open at some point, lax on the pillow. He may as well be drooling.

Dream squeezes out some more lube. "One more," he murmurs, and then he's stuffing George with a third finger, kneading his ass when he groans. "So good," he praises. "Taking it so well, baby. This is it, and then I'm gonna fuck you, okay?"

"Yes," George groans. "Please, please, please, please —"

"I know," Dream soothes him. "It's gonna be so good, honey." He starts gently twisting his fingers, fucking into him. As he presses against George's prostate, George shudders and wails into the pillow. "I know, baby, I know."

"Fuck me," George sobs, "fuck me."

Dream's cock twitches. "Mm," he says. "Get up on your hands, George."

George struggles up, gasping.

"Good," says Dream, and he gives George a light slap on the ass before pulling slickly out of him.

His hole gapes like a hungry mouth. "Now," George begs tearfully. "Inside."

"Shh, George," says Dream, as he pours lube out over the length of his own cock.

It's thick and heavy in his hand, and Dream thinks that it will fit well inside George's body, that it will feel good and right to sheath himself in that warm, secret part of him. He coats himself in a generous amount of lube and squeezes the base of his cock hard enough to force back the urge to cum fast and hard. When he presses his cockhead to George's fluttering asshole, the sight alone is enough to make him pause, concerned for his own dignity.

"I'm not gonna last," he says faintly, watching his precum smear over George's hole.

"Yes, you are," George insists, his voice hoarse with pleasure. "You're gonna fuck me and you're gonna make us both cum because you promised."

"Did I promise that?" asks Dream, spreading his ass open with both hands.

"It was implied," says George, and Dream guides his cock and breaches him.

They both gasp.

"Shit," says Dream. "You okay?"

"Just go slow," George breathes, and Dream puts his other hand on George's side, rubbing up and down, passing circles over his lower back as he eases in slowly, so slowly. "Wait," George gasps when Dream's halfway in, "wait there a second."

So Dream pauses, wiping the sweat from his brow with the back of his wrist.

“You’re — you’re big,” says George, his voice shaking.

“I know,” says Dream, clicking his tongue. “I’m sorry.”

George snorts weakly. “No, you’re not.”

“Do you need to stop?”

“No,” says George, immediately. “Just — how much is left, now?”

“I’m — I’m about halfway in,” says Dream.

George hisses out all the air in his lungs. “Okay. Keep going, then. Just — slowly.”

Dream gets another inch in, and they have to pause again. Another inch in, pause. Dream reaches around and starts playing with George’s cock to loosen him up a bit, biting back a groan when George clenches around him. He can feel George’s thundering pulse where they’re connected, or maybe that’s his own heartbeat. George’s back is slick with sweat where Dream touches him, sparkling in the dim light filtered through the window. As Dream finally bottoms out, hips snug against his ass, George lets out a thrilled little mewl.

“Yes, yes, God,” he says, “is that all of it?”

“Yeah,” says Dream, panting. “You took it all, baby. Fuck, can you believe that? Look at you, you’re like —“

“*Full*,” George whines, and Dream drapes himself over George’s back, holding him.

“Fucking amazing,” he whispers, kissing the nape of his neck. “Feel so fucking incredible, George.”

“More,” says George. “Tell me more.”

Dream holds his hips and fucks him slowly, gently. “You take me so well,” he grits out, feeling George throb around him. “You’re so, so good, George.”

“Best?” George gasps out.

“The best,” Dream confirms, angling down. “Better than anyone.”

George moans, tilting his hips back. Dream takes it as invitation to fuck him a little harder; when he does, balls slapping against him, George keens long and low, fucking his hips back against Dream.

“Good boy,” Dream rasps, grabbing his cock again as he fucks him. He feels himself rambling nonsense, taking him harder, still angling for that sweet spot. “Just like that, honey. Take it. Take it.”

As Dream fucks him from a steeper angle, George cries out and arches his back whorishly. His face is bright red, mouth hanging open as he fucks himself on Dream’s cock. Dream grins, delighted, and hits that same spot again and again, relentless.

“Please, please, please, please, please —“ George is chanting, cheeks wet with tears, ass flushed and clammy.

Dream pulls George’s hips back against himself, fucking him like a doll. George moans and

moans, mindless.

“Yes, baby,” Dream rasps. “Just like that. So good for me. So fucking good.”

“*Dream*,” George sobs, making punched-out little sounds with each time Dream impales him. “Full. Full.”

“Yeah, you’re all full of me, huh?” Dream grunts, biting his lip and sweating with exertion.

He rolls his thumb over George’s glans, spreading precum down his shaft and jacking him off. George jerks forward into his fist, then back on Dream’s cock, trapped. He moans endlessly.

“Close,” he whimpers, sounding terrified, and Dream gathers him up as he sits back on his haunches and fucks up into him, one hand on his cock and the other pressed flat against his chest, his beating heart.

“Good boy, George,” he hisses in his ear. He brings his hand up to George’s neck, cradling his throat. George whines long and low. “Cum for me, baby. Anytime you want.”

And George cums. He cries out, clenching, bouncing in Dream’s lap, and it’s so good that Dream seizes up and starts cumming right along with him. His vision whites out, ears ringing, and all he hears is the rush of his blood and their wails rising together, George’s voice vibrating in his hand, stopping and starting as his orgasm drags on. Dream finishes, shaking; but even as he runs out of semen, George keeps cumming, and cumming, and cumming. His body shakes, mouth open in a silent scream, and then he’s whimpering, whining, his voice so high and sweet, flushed down his chest and curling in on himself. Dream keeps thinking he’s finished, and then George will push back on his cock, making some pathetic little noise, until Dream is forced to pull out and plug him up with three fingers, digging slickly into that sweet spot inside him through the soupy mess of his own cum. It leaks down his hand, viscous as honey.

George is writhing on his stomach when he finally curls his hips away from Dream, legs kicking out as he reaches for him.

“C’mere,” he rasps, voice wrecked, and Dream obliges him.

They lie together, legs tangled over the bedsheets. Dream traces patterns on George’s back and shuffles close enough to breathe the same air. George’s eyelashes flutter open and closed; he smiles every time he catches Dream looking at him.

“What?” George laughs when this happens for the fifth time.

Dream hums. “Nothing.”

“You’re staring at me.”

“Yeah,” says Dream, reaching out to touch his cheek. “So what?”

“So, you’re weird,” George whispers.

His cheeks are flushed, eyes bright. He’s beautiful.

Dream shuffles closer, drawing him in by the waist. “That’s —“ His eyes fill with tears.

“Oh,” says George. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean —“

“No,” Dream laughs wetly, “it’s fine. I don’t know why I keep — Ugh.” He scrubs at his eyes,

vaguely frustrated with himself. “It’s just — I’ve never felt like that before, you know?”

George rubs his arm. “Yeah,” he agrees. “Me neither.”

Dream snorts. “You just kept cumming and cumming and —“

George presses a hand over his mouth, scowling. “I hate you.”

“No, you don’t,” says Dream, muffled.

George takes his hand away and kisses him.

Dream sniffs, smiling. “Can I, uh — run you a bath?”

“Will you join me?”

Dream snorts. “I don’t need a bath. I mean, I’ll shower later. You should take a bubble bath, and I’ll start the lasagna.”

“Hm,” says George, playing idly with Dream’s hand. “You should take a bath with me.”

“Aren’t you hungry?”

“Obviously,” says George. “Can’t you just bring something upstairs for us to eat in the bathtub? Like — bananas, or crisps, or something?”

“*Crisps,*” Dream snickers. “Alright, George, bananas in the bath it is.”

George grins. "Knew you'd come to see it my way."



# River of Grass

## Chapter Notes

sorry about the delay!

TW

moved out of abusive home + still figuring things out with the hospital. ptsd has been kicking my ass like nobody's business. life is a mess. hope this chapter brings some joy to u guys like writing it did for me. <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream wets a washcloth and spends minutes bent between George's legs, tenderly wiping their mess away. He gets his sticky, softening dick and the cum smeared around his bellybutton; and then, once George is lying happily on his stomach, Dream opens him up and catches the lazy trickle of cum from his gaped asshole, touching only with the corner of the cloth, so gently that George shivers and hums. His thighs are a mess, shaky and sticky and bruised, and his ass is red from being spanked. Dream carries him to the en suite and deposits him carefully in the bathtub.

George watches, flush-faced and starry-eyed, as Dream moves the candles from the bedroom to the wide, tiled lip of the tub.

"How's that for temperature?" Dream asks as the water rises.

"Good," George says in a soft, hoarse voice. "What is that?"

"Epsom salts," says Dream, adding a cupful to the bath. George is sitting on his hands, legs kicked out and swishing in the water. His long pale toes point and flex lazily. "They help with, like, bruises and stuff."

"Hm," says George.

His hair is fluffed and curling lushly with sweat and steam. Dream stirs the salt with his hand, moving in broad strokes around George's body.

"And this is cocoa butter," says Dream, scraping some out into the tub.

"Pleased to make its acquaintance," says George.

Dream smiles. "It's for your ass."

"It's *for* my ass? It is in favor of my ass?"

"That's what I said," says Dream. "You like lavender, right?"

"I do," says George. "I like it."

They both giggle happily when the lavender bubble bath produces a roaring, frothy flush. George shapes a tower of foam over his dick and balls, then looks to Dream for his reaction.

"What the hell," says Dream.

“It’s my bubble buddy,” says George, utterly dry.

“Like in Spongebob?”

“My bubble boner,” says George. His expression falters, mirth shining through. “And my bubble balls.”

“Huh,” says Dream. “What happens if they pop?”

George scoffs quietly. “That’s obviously not going to happen.”

“Well, it could,” says Dream. He reaches out to touch.

“Stop,” George scolds him, swatting his hand away. “You’re a menace.”

“I just wanna be its friend,” says Dream.

“Well, tough,” says George. “It’s loyal to me. It does what I tell it to.”

“Tell it to be my friend.”

“No,” says George.

“What? Why not?”

“Because I said so,” says George. “That’s why.”

Dream frowns silently, watching the frothy water lick up George’s body. He reaches out to touch his chest, and this time, George lets him. There are goosebumps on his skin where the water doesn’t reach.

“Chilly?” Dream asks quietly.

“No,” says George.

Dream trails his fingers over George’s collarbone, his shoulders, his sternum, tripping delicately over his piqued nipples and dragging blunt fingernails over the damp heat of his armpits. George folds his arms up behind his head and allows it.

“Get in the tub,” he says, his expression utterly calm and unselfconscious.

“I will,” says Dream, thumbing at his stubbly chin, his bow-shaped lips. “I’m gonna get bananas first.”

“Hm,” says George.

Dream leans over and kisses him, and George opens his mouth all lazy and lush, and Dream licks sweetly inside of him.

“Water,” George says when they separate.

“I’ll get some water,” Dream agrees.

He pushes George’s hair back and kisses him on the forehead. George’s hand flies up to clutch Dream’s wrist and hold him there.

“George,” Dream laughs, tugging gently to no avail. “I’ll be right back, okay?”

“Hurry,” says George.

“Two minutes, tops,” says Dream.

“I’ll time you,” says George.

“Good,” says Dream. “Time me. Two minutes, or I’ll — I’ll owe you something.”

“Two minutes or I put you in a collar, how about that?” George murmurs.

Dream smiles. Heat mottles him like a rash, burning beneath the skin.

“Two minutes,” George suggests, “or I get to Tweet something from your phone.”

“Fine,” says Dream, to both options, to either. He’ll have no way of knowing if George counts too fast or makes up a number entirely.

When he returns, George raises his eyebrows at him and watches silently as Dream sets their snack on the bathtub rim and steps into the water.

“You’re late,” says George, both of them squeaking and sloshing around as they coordinate their entanglement. “Stay there, like that,” says George, when Dream is sitting back against the wall of the tub.

George straddles him and, reaching over, takes a long drink from the bottle of water Dream brought. He smacks his lips and passes it to Dream.

“Thanks,” says Dream, watching George peel a banana.

“Mm,” says George. He takes a big bite. “Does this turn you on?”

“Kinda,” says Dream.

George holds out the half-eaten banana to Dream, who takes an even bigger bite.

“I was so hungry,” he says through a mouthful.

“Me, too,” says George. He pops the last little bit in his mouth and drapes the peel along the edge of the bath. “Are we still having lasagna tonight?”

“Up to you,” says Dream. “Depends on how much energy you have.”

“How much *I* have? Aren’t *you* meant to be the one doing the cooking?”

“What?” Dream scoffs, a little distracted with running his hands over George’s hairy thighs. “How?”

“You’re the one who promised to make it.”

“Hm,” says Dream, like he isn’t bound to capitulate. “And where will you be?”

“On the couch,” says George. “Watching Sapnap’s stream.”

“Isn’t the network down?”

George makes a face.

“You’re such an idiot,” Dream laughs. “I can’t believe you did that.”

“You didn’t seem too upset about it earlier,” quips George.

“Well, yeah, ‘cause I’m not.”

George snorts, eyes flicking warmly all over him. He moves to lie on top of Dream, ass-up and clutching him like a life raft. He pillows his fluffy head on Dream’s chest and sighs.

“You feel nice,” Dream rumbles quietly, running his hands over George’s wet back, soft and slick.

He reaches up to turn off the faucet, and the room falls abruptly quiet: there is only the slow, final drip of water from the spout and the gentle cadence of their breath. Dream closes his eyes and imagines they’re floating together in a great vat of nothing, buoyed only by each other’s clinging touch.

“Dream,” George murmurs.

“Mm,” says Dream.

“You would make a good boat,” says George. “Like a canoe.”

“Aren’t canoes kind of hollow?”

“I’d hollow you out,” says George. “Scrape your guts out like a pumpkin.”

“What the hell,” Dream murmurs.

“I could use your arms as oars,” George continues. “I’d sail you around in the everglades.”

“Mm. Lots of alligators out there.”

“You would protect me,” says George.

“Obviously,” says Dream. He smiles, struck by a thought. “Did you ever read any Greek myths growing up?”

“What — like Percy Jackson or something?”

“No, yeah, I know you’ve read some of those,” says Dream. “I just meant, like — When I was a kid, my mom would read to us from this big book of Greek myths. I was just thinking, like, the position we’re in right now is kind of like Gaea and Ouranos.”

George taps his cheek. “Sorry, what? Something gay about your anus?”

Dream snorts loudly. He can feel George smiling against him. “You’re such an idiot.”

After a moment, George says: “Well?”

“What?”

“Go on,” George says impatiently. “Finish your thought.”

“No, that’s all. Just that — Alright, so, Gaea is the earth, and Ouranos is the sky, and I remember this illustration from that book of myths where Ouranos is sort of stretched out over Gaia like a

dome.”

George hums. “I don’t think I’m physically big enough to stretch over you like that.”

Dream parts his legs under George, cradling him snugly between his thighs.

“Can I tell you a secret?” Dream whispers.

“Yes,” whispers George. “What is it?”

Dream cups his wet hand around George’s ear and breathes out: “I like that you’re smaller than me.”

“Hm,” says George, and when Dream pulls back, he sees him biting down on a smile. “That’s weird.”

“Oh, it’s weird, huh?”

Dream puts a hand in George’s hair, trailing a foot down the back of his calf.

“Yes,” says George, hiding his flushed face in Dream’s collarbone. “Extremely.”

George’s hands slide to Dream’s shoulders, his biceps, feeling him up almost timidly. Dream feels him hold his breath and release it in a long, shivering stream.

“Your dick is being annoying,” George murmurs at length.

“What? Oh, sorry.”

Dream tries to shift away, but George just clings to him.

“Stop,” says George, so Dream stops. After a minute or so, George says, “The water’s getting cold.”

“Oh, yeah,” says Dream, clearing his throat, and he leans up to twist the drain open and let in a stream of hot water. “There we go,” he murmurs, wafting the warmth towards George with his hand.

George sighs blissfully, shuffling around a bit to make himself comfortable. Dream makes a quiet, involuntary sound.

“Dream,” George giggles.

“Shut up,” Dream whines. “I can’t help it.”

“Obviously not,” says George. “That’s why it’s funny.”

Dream hums, distracted. George laughs and reaches up to close the faucet and the drain.

“Dude,” says Dream, when he feels George’s erection poke stiffly at his thigh.

“‘Dude,’” George mocks him. “Don’t call me that *ever* again.”

Dream laughs a bit hysterically. “Holy *cow*, I am so into you, George, I —” He claps a hand over his face, mortified. “Uh, oh my god. I’m really sorry, I don’t know why I —”

“Yeah, you *should* be sorry,” says George, brushing his knuckles over Dream’s side. “You’re

actually messed up for saying that.”

Dream laughs, letting his head tip back against the lip of the bathtub. George leans up and kisses him on the throat, nipping and sucking at the delicate skin there.

“Dream,” he murmurs, sighing heavily.

Dream has one hand in George’s hair and the other on his back, petting him gently. George hooks his fingers on the rim of the bath and levers himself up, shifting his body over Dream’s so their dicks slide together. Dream groans and squeezes his thighs around him.

“Slippery,” gasps George, as he does it again.

Dream pants, mouth open and eyes squeezed shut, clutching him.

“Put your —“ George breathes — “put your hands on my ass. You can — you know —“

“Oh,” says Dream, gasping as he slides his hands down and cups him, slick and plush and familiar. “Oh, fuck. Am I hurting you?”

“Feels really good,” George grunts, which could mean anything. His glutes flex as he ruts against him.

Dream pulls George’s hips against his own, guiding him by the ass as they frot mindlessly. The water sloshes around them, waves rolling across the surface as though battered by a storm.

George is panting warmly right up against his ear, proof that they’re alive. The sound of it surrounds him, seems to enter through the ear canal and burn in him like a star.

“Dream,” says George, shuddering, “where should I cum?”

“Uh.” Dream holds him there, catching his breath. “Just like this, I guess.”

“Yeah?”

Dream kneads his ass, rolling their hips together. “Yeah, c’mon. We’ll clean up after.”

“‘We,’” George scoffs.

“Shh,” says Dream, and he slips a finger down to rub against his used hole.

George chokes out a moan and seizes up against him. “Dream.”

“Good boy,” says Dream. “I’ve got you.”

Abruptly, George shudders and cums.

His semen pulses out of him and lands in clumps on Dream’s stomach. Afterward, still twitching, George sticks his hand underwater and starts jacking Dream off with breathless determination.

“You look dirty like this,” he says in a light, rasping voice. “All covered in my spunk. You’re disgusting.”

Dream moans dizzily, loving this side of George. He bares his neck, deferential.

“Who do you belong to?”

Dream whimpers.

“Answer me,” George snaps.

“You. I belong to you. I’m yours.”

“You’re my what?”

Dream sobs. “Your bitch. I’m your bitch.”

“Again,” says George.

“I’m your *bitch*,” Dream howls.

“That’s right, Dream,” says George, black eyes shining, flushed mouth twitching cruelly. “You’re my bitch.”

And Dream loses it, jerking and whining as he pumps another load out on his own stomach. There isn’t much there — they both milked themselves nearly dry the first time around. George stares at him as he cums, his gaze bright and unflinching, and doesn’t stop touching him until Dream shoves his hand away. George dives down and kisses him fiercely on the mouth.

“I love you,” he tells Dream’s soft palate.

After a minute, still catching their breath, George stands and climbs out of the tub. He shakes and drips everywhere, still unsteady on his legs and shivering in the AC.

“Come on, Dreamy,” he murmurs, watching as Dream swirls the cum on his stomach curiously.

“It’s like primordial soup,” says Dream, and then he does get out of the bath.

“You’re so long,” says George, handing him a towel.

“Huh?”

“You’re *long*,” says George. He winces a bit as he pats down his own body. “Like a legume.”

“Does your butt hurt?”

George snorts.

“Your *bum*, whatever.”

“My *butt* will be just fine,” says George.

Dream twists the drain open.

“No, don’t,” says George. “We could sell that.”

Dream wheezes. “*What?*”

He picks up the banana peel and drops it in the trashcan under the sink, landing a pinch to George’s side as he passes him.

George laughs. “No, but actually, can you imagine how much money we’d make?”

Dream hums his assent, but the thought of it doesn't sit right with him.

"What?" says George.

"What? Nothing," says Dream. *I don't wanna share this*, he thinks, but it's too embarrassing to say out loud. "Here, you can wear my bathrobe."

George shrugs it on gratefully, swallowed up in terrycloth. "Is it green?"

"Yeah," says Dream. "It suits you."

George hums. "Shall I blow out the candles?"

"C'mere first," says Dream, and he takes each of George's hands in his and folds the sleeves up until they fall comfortably at his wrists. "There you go. Don't forget to make a wish."

"Where's your phone?" asks George.

He's sitting at the kitchen island with Patches in his lap while Dream cooks them dinner. He's still swaddled in Dream's bathrobe; Dream is wearing a pair of sweatpants, and only that, because he likes it when George stares at his chest.

"Should be on the counter," says Dream. "It was there when I came down earlier."

"Can you bring it to me?"

"Get it yourself," scoffs Dream.

"Dream," says George. "I'm petting Patches right now. Be reasonable."

"She can handle you getting up for five seconds."

"She can't," says George. "She's delicate."

Dream hides his smile, heart fluttering. "She's not."

"She *is*," George insists. "Dream, come on."

"Why do you need my phone, anyway?"

"I'm cashing in on that Tweet you owe me," says George. "Since you took so long earlier."

Dream sighs, abandoning the Dutch oven on the range to bring George his phone.

"Happy?" he snarks, sparing each of them a kiss on the head before returning to the lasagna.

"Very," says George, already distracted.

Dream lifts the cast-iron lid and pokes around at the ground beef cooking inside. Patches meows.

"She likes the smell," George laughs, petting her.

Dream smiles. The meat has browned, so he spoons out a lump of it into a shallow dish and sets it on the ground for her.



“Wow,” says George, grinning as she leaps instantly to the floor. “Someone’s spoiled.”

“It’s true,” Dream sighs. “I spoil her rotten.”

“Hm,” says George. “Network’s still down.”

Dream salts and peppers the larger part of the beef chuck and upends it into a glass bowl. Patches chirrup happily at his feet.

“Will it be up by tomorrow?” asks Dream.

“Should be,” says George. “We still have cellular, anyway.”

“That’s all we really need until Monday,” says Dream. He laughs. “Poor Nick, though.”

George snorts. “I found Punz’ Tweet. They’re saying Patches chewed through the cables.”

“She would never,” says Dream. “Alright, she — she would, but she *didn’t*.”

“Mm,” says George.

Dream drops a hunk of butter in the pot and sets about sautéing the vegetables. The carrots and onions go in first, and then the garlic. George shuffles up in his seat and leans over to have a look.

“That smells good,” he comments.

“It’s the garlic,” says Dream, because his mom taught him that cooking with garlic is a sure way to draw children out of their rooms, that nobody can resist the smell.

“Huh,” says George. “It smells like what you made for us my second night here.”

“Garlic bread,” Dream remembers. “You liked that.”

“I did,” George merrily agrees. “It was scrumptious.”

While the lasagna is baking, Dream and George retire to the living room to watch Nick’s well-loved Ghibli Collection DVD on the flatscreen. Dream is leaning up against George, having his hair played with and his head scratched like a lapdog. He hasn’t opened his eyes in at least five minutes when George stiffens and bursts into giggles.

“Hm?” says Dream, blinking sleepily.

“Karl replied!”

“Huh?”

“To your Tweet!”

“What — Which Tweet?”

George laughs. “The one I did earlier.”

“What’s it say?” asks Dream, craning his neck to peek at the phone screen.

George turns the screen to him.

“George, what the hell!”

George laughs giddily. “Look at what Karl replied.”

*so what ur saying is that gnf is still available*

“Give me that,” says Dream.

“No, wait, let me reply,” George whines.

“You got one Tweet! That was the deal!”

“No, I mean I’ll use my account,” George scoffs.

“What are you gonna say?”

“Wouldn’t you like to know,” George mutters, already logging in. “Oh, look,” he says, when his feed loads, “there’s a drawing of you.”

“Huh.”

“You’re bigger than that in person,” says George, and he taps on the Dream Tweet at the top of his feed, turning the phone away so Dream can’t have a look.

Dream is blushing. “You said that to distract me,” he accuses.

George hums and says nothing, resuming his one-handed ministrations to Dream’s scalp. Dream tucks his nose into George’s clothed armpit, eyes leaden, heart aloft.

“Tell him to fuck off,” he says, muffled.

“Wait,” says George. He laughs. “Punz replied. He beat me to it.”

Dream lifts his head. “But he’s streaming with Sapnap,” he says faintly. Then: “What’d he say?”

George sets the phone down on the arm of the couch, guiding Dream’s head to lie back against his chest and cradling him with an air of motherly devotion.

“Nothing interesting,” he sighs. “He was just like, ‘*Don’t even joke, dude.*’”

“Mm,” says Dream, more peaceful than he can recall ever being. “Good.”

“You’re glad he cleared that up, huh?”

George scratches at the base of his skull, sending shockwaves of bliss to Dream’s farthest extremities.

“Mm,” Dream says again, shuffling a bit, sighing. “Should thank him.”

George presses a kiss to his forehead. Dream smiles.

“How should we thank him?” George murmurs.

Dream makes a whiny sound. “Don’t say it all sexy like that.”

“My mistake,” says George, indulgent. “What do you think, in any case?”

“I dunno,” says Dream, yawning. “We’ll figure it out after dinner.”

“Mm,” George softly intones. “Bet that lasagna’s gonna taste good, huh?”

“It’d better,” Dream grumbles. “Took over an hour to make.”

George thumbs at his ear. “And you were so sweet and stoic about it, weren’t you?”

Dream hums his agreement.

“Yes, you’re very sweet,” says George, fondly patting his cheek.

“The sweetest?” Dream inquires.

George hums like he isn’t sure. “I don’t know if I’d go *that* far —“

“*George*,” Dream complains.

“I’m kidding,” George placates him, returning his hand to Dream’s hair. “I’m only kidding, silly.” His voice goes very soft: “Of course you’re the sweetest.”

Dream’s heart flutters painfully. He lets it out in a quiet noise, burrowing his face away in his own robe, clinging to George’s body. George opens up the collar of the robe with one hand and nudges Dream’s face over with the other, slotting him up against that freshly exposed skin, warm like metal in the sun and faintly hairy. Dream rubs his cheek against him, humming with joy. He hears and feels George’s sweet, rasping chuckle.

“You’re cute,” says George.

Dream kisses his chest. “We should do that thing,” he murmurs.

George is quiet, listening.

“That other thing you said you’d do if I — if I didn’t come back in time.”

George doesn’t respond right away. “The collar?” he asks finally, his voice a little clearer than before.

“Yeah,” says Dream. He feels small and wobbly and held. “Kinda think I’d like it.”

George hums. “‘Kinda?’”

“More than kinda,” Dream amends.

“Okay,” says George. “We’ll order one tonight.”

“From Amazon?”

“I was thinking Etsy.”

“Okay, see, that’s what I’d normally do, but then it’s gonna take longer to arrive.”

George touches his nose. “In a hurry, are we?”

“Well, now that I’m thinking about it, it’s like — How am I gonna wait that long?”

“Patience is a virtue,” says George. “And sometimes waiting for something makes it all the more special.”

“You’re so hot,” Dream sighs. “Can you just wrap your hand around my neck for now or something?”

George’s breath hitches audibly, but he acquiesces and rests his delicate hand over Dream’s exposed throat. Dream lolls his head back in invitation, and George’s touch becomes firmer, surer, fingertips sinking into his soft, pulsing arteries and squeezing.

Dream hums, blissfully light-headed.

“God,” George breathes, letting up on the pressure.

“Again,” Dream croaks. He misses it already, feels lost without it. “Please, again.”

So George does it again, a little harder this time, a little longer, and Dream lets his face fall lax and soaks in the pressure like it’s sunlight, like it’s pure energy.

“That feels so good,” he says when George releases him.

“Yeah?” says George, sounding shy.

“Yeah,” says Dream. “Can you just —“

George wraps his hand around his neck, holding without squeezing. “Like this?”

“Yeah,” says Dream. “If you could just keep it there for a while — until dinner’s ready —“

George kisses his head. “I can do that.”

“Alright,” says Dream.

George makes his grip just a little firmer. “This good?”

“Perfect,” Dream murmurs thickly. He swallows with some difficulty. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome, baby,” George says in his softest voice.

Dream closes his eyes, breathing evenly through his nose, feeling floaty. The air smells heavenly and the lights are warm and low and George is holding his head up, petting his hair, laying kisses on Dream’s face as the movie plays on. They’d chosen at random — it’s *Spirited Away*.

“This No-Face guy reminds me of you,” George whispers. “He has a mask like yours.”

Dream hums, complacent. His vision is pleasantly foggy; he can see his pulse throbbing in his peripheral vision.

When the kitchen timer goes off, George loosens his grip and kisses Dream on the mouth.

“Good?” he asks.

“Mm,” says Dream, sighing, missing the pressure already.

George rises and pads off to disable the alarm.

“Where are we eating?” he calls out to Dream.

“Uh,” Dream rasps. He touches his neck, shivering. “Back patio?”

“Sure,” says George. “Can you come get the lasagna out of the oven? It looks heavy.”

Dream groans and stretches as he stands from the sofa.

“I’m coming, Georgie,” he yawns, ambling over. “I’ll save you from the big bad lasagna.”

“What if,” George begins, speaking through a mouthful, “we get the collar custom-made with a little dog tag that says ‘Property of George.’”

Dream nearly snorts up his water.

“Why are you laughing?” says George. “I’m being serious.”

“No, you’re not,” Dream scoffs dismissively. He kicks George’s foot under the table; George kicks back. “Or — Okay, maybe you *are* being serious, but you just wanna do it for the meme. Or you want Nick to see it just to, like, mess with him.”

“I don’t understand,” George deadpans. “Those are valid reasons.”

“Eh,” says Dream. “Like, alright, they’re *valid*, but what does that even mean? Like, they’re valid because they’re *your* reasons. They’re not — based in logic; they’re just based on your opinions and your reasoning.”

“They could be your reasons, too,” says George. “You could choose to be reasonable.”

Dream snorts and spears a lasagna noodle.

“What would you put on the tag, then?”

“Nothing,” says Dream. “No tag. Just a plain leather collar.”

“What about a leash?” asks George. “Should we get you a matching leash?”

Dream blushes hotly. “Up to you,” he says evasively.

“So that’s a yes, then,” says George. “Will you wear it to Disney World?”

Dream bursts out laughing. “George! That’s, like, sacrilege!”

“Let’s get you a Mickey Mouse-themed collar,” says George. “Like, maybe the little ring in front is shaped like his head. Or there’s, like, a button you can press that says one of his catchphrases. *Aw, gee! That sure is swell!* And you’re like, choking on my dick in a themed bathroom stall at Magic Kingdom.”

Dream wheezes. “Stop, stop! I’m gonna throw up!”

“What?” George chokes on his own laughter. “You don’t think that could be kind of hot?”

“Oh my god,” says Dream, wiping his eyes. “That’s so fucked. There are — There are *kids*! So many kids! And their poor parents!”

“That’s on them for bringing their kids to Disney,” says George. “I would never do that to my kids. I’d take them to Harry Potter World, easy.”

“Hey, what?! Disney can be fun!”

“For adults, maybe,” says George. “Too scary for kids. It’s like Five Nights at Freddy’s, with all those animatronics.”

“It wasn’t too scary for me,” says Dream. “I loved Disney as a kid.”

“Well —“

“Also! You’ve never even been! So you can’t say anything yet!”

“Hm,” says George. “Have you bought the tickets?”

“When would I have bought them? I’m with you all the time.”

“Buy them now,” says George. “Are we going to Epcot?”

Dream lays his phone on the table between them. When he gets past the lock screen, he sees the Twitter thread that George had been looking at earlier.

*don’t even joke dude... dream will wrestle u and win*

And a new reply from Karl — just a pair of those emoji eyes.

“Can I Tweet something from your account?” asks Dream.

George hums. “No.”

“Fine, can I like something then?”

“Punz’ reply?”

“Yeah.”

“Go ahead,” George says airily. “It’s what I would’ve Tweeted, anyway.”

## Chapter End Notes

here is the recipe for the lasagna dream is making: <https://blog.williams-sonoma.com/english-family-lasagna/>

# Green Gown/Blue Movie

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

They spend over an hour outside, eating and laughing and planning their day at Disney, until the moon rises over the palm trees and fireflies wink and wander around the yard. When George touches Dream's hand, or his arm, or the bare skin of his back, it's as though his very pores react upon contact and twinkle with bioluminescence.

At some inaudible cue, they both decide they're finished and begin bussing their empty plates to the kitchen, still arguing about theme parks. Dream can tell that George doesn't actually care about the point he's trying to make, but it doesn't matter — he meets Dream hit for hit, irritating him as effortlessly as he turns him on.

They rinse the dishes together — George with his green sleeves bunched like cabbage at the elbows — and then move together into the foyer, compelled.

"Wait, where are we going again?" asks George.

"Oh," says Dream. He scratches his chest. "I don't know. Are we — Were we going on a walk?"

"Sure," says George, so each of them slips into sandals and exits through the front door.

"Wait," says Dream, as they're walking down to the front gate, "should I bring my phone?"

"I've got it," says George, patting the pocket of Dream's robe. "Told you I'd remember."

Dream smiles, surprised. "You did."

He looks down at their hands hanging beside one another. George is so, so much smaller.

"It's so nice out tonight," says Dream. He takes George's hand and slots their fingers together, palms pressed like stomachs, like they're still having sex. "Makes me wanna sleep outside, or something."

George snorts. "You *would* want to sleep outside."

"Maybe I would," says Dream.

They slip out to the sidewalk, wide and well-maintained, where the road stretches on past sprawling estates and gated compounds. Their neighborhood is silent tonight except for the buzzing locusts and the bullfrogs croaking down by the grove with its manmade lake. They begin walking in that direction.

"When I was a kid," says Dream, "I would go sit out on the roof of our old house a bunch. I could get to it from my bedroom window, so I'd just take my DS with me or whatever and hang out."

"Did you ever sleep out there?" asks George.

"Nah," says Dream. "I was afraid that I'd, like, roll over in my sleep and fall off the edge."

"Haven't you ever slept in a bunk bed?"

“Those have guardrails,” says Dream.

“Hm,” says George. “Did your parents know?”

“I think so,” says Dream. “I think my mom knew about a lot of stupid stuff I got up to and just learned to pick her battles.”

“Your poor mum.”

Dream snorts. He thinks about the time his mom came over last week and made them all French toast for breakfast. Dream had never seen George so anxiously well-behaved; even Nick’s ribbing failed to get a rise out of him, though George did kick him hard under the table when Nick threatened to share an unflattering story.

It was all a bit silly, because of course Dream’s mom knows all kinds of unflattering things about George — she keeps up with Dream Team content, generally, and Dream has spoken at length about him besides.

“Did I tell you what she said to me?” asks Dream. “After meeting you last week?”

“Mm, no,” says George, frowning like he’s worried.

Dream squeezes his hand. They reach the treeline and wander down to the wide flat lake. There are waxy yellow windows glowing through the trees, and there is the moon and its reflection, and these are the only lights to see the trail by. George is so beautiful in the green bathrobe that he hardly looks real.

“I guess you and Nick must’ve been in the other room,” says Dream. “She —” He laughs a bit. “Okay, the first thing she said is that you’re *cute*, that you’re very *handsome*, of course —”

George laughs loudly. “What?” And again, to himself. “Actually? You didn’t tell me about this.”

“Okay, wait, that wasn’t even the part I wanted to tell you about. She was like — ‘Oh, his accent, his smile, blah blah blah,’ and then she also said this really nice thing that I’ve been thinking about. We were talking about the transition to doing more stuff outside, and she was like, ‘I can see why you waited for him.’ And she said that the house seemed full, like it was all filled up the way it wanted to be.”

“Full,” George echoes.

Dream snorts. “You know what I mean,” he says quietly, and he knows that George does.

George is silent for a moment as they pause to stand at the lake’s edge.

“She’s so nice,” he says at last. “I thought I’d have to try harder to win her over.”

Dream tuts. “She knows you.”

“Hm,” says George, and he smiles.

He moves to sit, so Dream does, too, each of them kicking off his sandals and leaning back on the grassy shore. They’re hidden out here, alone, and Dream’s eyes are adjusting to the dark, and he can see George looking at his bare chest and stomach.

“She made you,” says George.



Dream snorts, surprised. “She did, yeah.”

“That’s... epic.”

Dream laughs. “You’re such an idiot.”

George wiggles over until their sides are flush; Dream winds his arm around him, delighting when he rests his head on Dream’s shoulder.

“What are the bullfrogs saying?” asks George.

“Hm,” says Dream. “Maybe that weird sound is their mating call, or something.”

George’s hair is soft and ticklish; a mild breeze raises goosebumps all over the skin of Dream’s back. George is turning, leaning into him, twining his fingers in the drawstring of Dream’s sweatpants. Twisting and untwisting.

“Hm,” says George. “What are they *saying*, though?”

“Probably something gross.”

“Like what?”

“Well,” Dream yawns, “I guess they’re probably hitting on each other.”

“Hm,” says George, also yawning. “What — are they pick up artists?”

“Yeah,” says Dream. “No, yeah, they’re super horny.”

“They’re like, *Hey, baby, let me take you to the crafting table.*”

“*C’mon, let’s put our beds together, it saves space.*”

“That’s what they always say,” George sighs. “What about the crickets? Are they being gross?”

“Oh yeah,” says Dream, squeezing him. “The crickets are even hornier.”

George shows him his thumb, the little ant crawling there. “What about him?”

“Okay, *do not* let that *freak* get inside your robe, George.”

George giggles. “He likes me.”

“He doesn’t,” says Dream. “He’s a disgusting pervert.”

George hums. “No,” he muses, “I think he wants to take me out to dinner.”

“And then ravish you in his filthy ant hill!”

“Ant,” George snorts. “Antfrost.”

Dream groans. “Okay — stop, or I’ll actually get jealous.”

“Okay?” George is grinning. “And how is that my problem?”

He nudges the little ant off on the lawn and nuzzles into Dream’s side, unbending a leg to sling it over Dream’s. Dream puts a hand on his knee, holding him there.

“Don’t you wanna be nice to your sweet boyfriend who loves you?”

George giggles warmly. “I thought we were partners.”

“Oh,” says Dream, blushing. “I dunno, it’s like — there isn’t really a good word.”

“Wow,” says George. “We’re, like, unlabelled.”

And it isn’t actually that funny of a joke, but Dream wheezes.

“Shut up,” he manages, shaking against him.

George laughs along, delighted. “No.”

They grow sleepy, loose, and Dream lies back on the green grass, and George lies halfway on top of him. The breeze whispers sweetly through the trees, the smell of it mossy all around them. Dream has never, not once, felt this close to another person.

“Open your robe up,” he murmurs, tugging a little at the belt.

“Wow, already?”

“No,” Dream laughs quietly, pushing his own sweats down to the knees. “Just wanna feel you.”

When their bodies touch, unimpeded, and the green robe fans over them like a pair of wings, Dream slips his hands over George’s naked back, dragging the heels of his palms down his bumpy spine again and again. George melts on him like a pat of butter.

“Hm,” he sighs, hands resting delicately above his armpits.

Dream holds him and thinks. Monday niggles at him like a bad memory.

“Kiss me, George,” he whispers, and George turns his fluffy head and obeys.

Their mouths drag lazily together, wet and uncoordinated, hanging there for a moment just to share breath. George makes a sleepy little sound and nips at his upper lip.

“Do that again,” Dream murmurs. “Bite me.”

So George scrapes his teeth over Dream’s lower lip, dragging it out, letting it snap back like elastic. And then he touches Dream’s chin with a finger, tipping his head very gently to open up the expanse of his neck.

“C’mon,” Dream whines, antsy.

George huffs and sucks the skin of his jaw long and hard enough to bruise. It’s good. It isn’t enough.

Dream groans, and suddenly George is pressing a hand over his face, forcing his cheek to the ground.

“Quiet,” he says.

Dream spits out the taste of dirt, cringing, grateful. “I can’t stop thinking.”

“About going back?”

“Yes,” he breathes. “God. What are we gonna do?”

George kisses the space between his thumb and forefinger, somewhere close to his ear. “What are you afraid of exactly?”

Dream sighs. “Who said I was afraid?”

“Me,” says George.

Dream clears his throat. “We’re gonna have to stream together.”

George hums.

“We’ll be in separate rooms.”

“We will,” says George, abrupt and unhappy.

“Don’t do that,” says Dream, eyes closed. “Distract me.”

George smushes him into the dirt. “Fine, idiot,” he snaps, and then he bites Dream’s ear hard enough to make him flinch.

“George,” he whimpers.

“I own you,” George hisses.

“I know,” says Dream, eyes welling. “I know you do.”

“You’re mine,” George continues. “You’re my *thing*, and I *own* you.”

“You own me,” Dream echoes him wetly. “You own me.”

“And everyone knows it.”

George moves his lips down to a ticklish spot on Dream’s neck and sucks the skin between his teeth.

“Thank you,” Dream gasps, squirming, as the suction becomes unbearable.

George pulls off with a loud, moist sound.

“Everyone will see it,” he murmurs to the slick, cooling skin. His moving lips are ticklish.

Dream puts his hand in George’s hair and pulls him in, impatient; but George catches him by the wrist and digs his nails in.

“Stop it,” he says.

Dream releases him. “It’s too soon,” he weeps.

George rubs his nose along Dream’s jaw, inhaling him. “Stop,” he hoarsely repeats.

“Everything’s gonna change,” says Dream, shivering.

“Everything *has* changed,” says George. “It’s not gonna go back.”

“I don’t wanna see you on camera again,” whispers Dream. “I don’t wanna hear you in a call. It’s like — That’s taking steps *backward*.”

“I know,” says George, kissing him solemnly. “I know.”

*I’m overreacting*, thinks Dream, but George hasn’t teased him yet.

“Keep going,” he whispers. “Make it hurt, so it’ll last longer.”

It’s past midnight when they cross the threshold and slip their shoes off in the dark foyer. They don’t bother turning any of the lights on, moving by feel alone to the laundry room, where they strip their dirty clothes off for the next load. They leave naked.

“You have a nice butt,” George whispers as he follows Dream up the stairs.

“You can’t even see it,” says Dream.

“I can,” George insists. “My eyes have adjusted to the dark. It’s very nice.”

Dream hums. “Thank you for whispering,” he whispers. “The baby is sleeping.”

“Where is she?” asks George. “I didn’t see her in the living room.”

“I think she’s sulking in the closet,” says Dream, holding his bedroom door open for George.

Dream crouches by the closet door and peeks inside: sure enough, there’s a warm loaf of cat curled up on a sweater that fell from its hanger. George comes up behind him and coos.

“Do you think we’ve traumatized her by leaving her alone?” he whispers, his small hand finding its way to Dream’s arm, his shoulder.

“Nah,” says Dream. “She’ll just be a little grouchy in the morning.”

“Serves us right,” George sighs. “She must think we’ve forgotten all about her.”

“Never!” Dream gasps, knocking him with his elbow.

George takes his elbow and kisses it. “We’ll make it up to her,” he promises. “Get her some catnip, or something.”

Dream hums, placated. “We can go shopping tomorrow,” he says. “I need to get ingredients, anyway.”

“Oh, for that breaded chicken thing?”

“Yeah,” says Dream, trailing his hand down George’s spine, squeezing his ass absentmindedly. “You’re gonna do a taste test. It’s me versus McDonald’s, remember?”

“Mm,” says George, pushing his hips out a bit. “I’ve already tasted your meat.”

Dream tuts. “This is serious stuff, George.”

“I’m *being* serious.”

“Okay, let’s —” Dream yawns — “let’s go brush our teeth. I’m exhausted.”

“I wasn’t done talking about your meat,” says George, though he does follow Dream into the bathroom.

They take turns peeing while the other washes up at the sink.

“You didn’t flush,” Dream accuses through a mouthful of foam.

George clicks his tongue. “It’s just piss. It’s a waste.”

“Flush it,” says Dream.

George sighs.

“And wash your damn hands before brushing your teeth, for god’s sake, you were just touching your dick.”

“Wouldn’t be the first time I got dick in my mouth,” George quips.

“Your own, though? Really, George?”

“Fuck off,” says George, pinching Dream’s ass as he spits in the sink.

Dream rises and kisses him on the mouth. “Thank you for flushing.”

George huffs. “See, now you’re just gonna piss and flush all over again. It’s wasteful.”

“I don’t like the smell, okay?” Dream moves to take his turn at the toilet. “And it’s weird to mix pee like that.”

“But we’re literally having sex with each other,” says George. He keeps glancing at Dream’s cock. “We mix all kinds of things.”

“Hm,” says Dream. “How’s your ass feel, by the way?”

“Fine,” George speaks around his toothbrush. “Sore muscles, I guess. Feels good.”

“You like the pain, huh?” he says quietly.

“Don’t you?” says George, looking at him, as Dream flushes the toilet. “You were asking me to bite you.”

“I do like it,” Dream admits. George moves aside for him to wash his hands at the sink. “I like it a lot. But not — not hitting, or anything.”

George nods, careful. “Okay. But you — When you spank me, is it —?”

“Oh, no, that’s fine,” says Dream. He smiles a bit, catching his eye. “I like that.”

“Okay, good,” says George, eyes bright and cheeks blooming in the lamplight. “I like it, too.”

In the morning, Dream wakes to a knock at the bedroom door.

“Dream?”

He shuffles, groaning. George sighs against him, cheek pillowed on his chest, dick half-hard

against his thigh. Dream rubs his nose in his hair, squeezing him.

“Dream, is George in there with you?”

Dream frowns, then stiffens. It’s Nick.

“Tell him to fuck off,” George mumbles.

Dream tugs the blanket up to their armpits. “What do you want, Nick?” he rasps.

“Can I come in?”

“What?” Dream grouches, sitting up in bed. George moves his head to Dream’s stomach, playing idly with his belly button under the covers. “Just — Why can’t you just say it through the door?”

“I need to get Patches,” says Nick.

Dream peers into the closet. “She’s sleeping,” he says. “And so was I.”

“She has to go to the vet, dude,” says Nick. “Remember?”

“Shit,” Dream breathes, rubbing his face. He’d forgotten. “Alright,” he says, louder, “hold on a sec. Stay there.”

“I’ll get her,” says George, yawning.

He kisses Dream on the stomach and stumbles, bare-assed, out of bed. Dream watches him slip into a pair of his own boxers and an OU sweatshirt that’s been lying on the floor. It’s big enough to hang past the tent in his pants.

“The network was down last night, by the way,” Nick is saying. “We should get that checked out. Punz and I had to finish streaming at his place.”

“Is it back up now?” asks George. Dream watches him scoop Patches carefully into his arms, stroking her and murmuring sweetly when she meows.

“Uh, yeah,” Nick says at length.

When George opens the bedroom door, Nick looks at Patches, then Dream, and then, rapidly, at George, who is kissing Patches soundly on the head.

Dream clears his throat. “Can you ask the vet if she seems, like, sad or bitter or anything?”

George tuts as he hands Patches off to Nick. “You’re so ridiculous,” he says. “You said she’d be all grouchy today, but you’re the old grouch here — not her.”

“You’re the one who said she felt abandoned!”

Patches purrs in Nick’s arms, butting her head against his hand.

“Look, she’s fine,” says George, gesturing at them.

“Can you guys shut up for a second?” Nick interrupts. “Me and Patches have gotta skedaddle.”

“Ask the vet!” says Dream.

“Okay, bro,” says Nick, shrugging, “I’ll ask the vet if Patches seems depressed.”

“Some cats need to take meds for that stuff,” says Dream. “She might need, like — like a special doctor, or something.”

“What — a psychiatrist?” George laughs.

“We’re going now,” says Nick. “Say bye-bye, Patches.”

“Bye, Patches,” Dream and George chorus.

“Oh, and uh —” Nick frowns, solemn — “we’ll be back in like, two hours. Until noon. So.”

Dream closes his eyes, face burning. “Thanks, Nick.”

“Don’t hurry back,” says George, and Dream hears Nick laugh before the door snicks shut.

When Dream opens his eyes again, George is tugging off his clothes. His hair sticks up at odd angles, erection flagging from the brief exchange, face endearingly puffy, pink all over. He crawls onto the bed and perches at Dream’s side, gazing down at him.

“Can I help you?” Dream murmurs, affecting a glare.

George’s mouth twitches for a moment. Then: “You’re cute.”

Dream scoffs, fighting a smile. His heart flutters madly. “You’re annoying.”

“Mm,” says George, peeling back the covers over Dream’s naked body.

Dream watches, amazed, as George’s cock fills up just looking at him. George finally lays a hand on Dream’s bicep, stroking along the muscle.

“I feel kinda guilty,” Dream blurts.

George sighs, meeting his eyes briefly. “I know,” he says, “but you shouldn’t.”

“But I do,” says Dream.

“Patches is fine,” George says softly. “We were only out for an hour or so last night. She was probably having a nap.”

Dream takes George’s hand, holds it tight. “I didn’t kiss her goodbye.”

“I did,” says George. “And I don’t know if you noticed, but I whispered in her ear that it was from the both of us.”

Dream scoffs, rapt. “No, you didn’t.”

“I did,” George insists. Dream looks at his petal-soft under eyes, the cleft of his cupid’s bow. “And when she gets back, you can remind her.”

“Okay,” says Dream, swallowing.

“Yeah?” George squeezes his arm. “We’ll get her something nice from the store, later. Some fish, or something.”

“I don’t know how to tell you this,” Dream says at length, “but you’re kind of hot when you’re worried.”

George laughs a bit, frowning. "You're the one who's worried," he says.

"About Patches, yeah," says Dream.

"What am I so worried about, then?"

Dream smiles. "Me."

George rolls his eyes, but he's blushing. "What? You're so dumb."

"I feel bad for your dick," says Dream. "It keeps getting all excited, and then I let it down somehow."

George snorts, smirking. "Yeah, you're such a disappointment," he murmurs, resuming his sensual investigation of Dream's left armpit. He's still half-hard; so is Dream. "You really let me down."

"I guess it was more Nick the first time," Dream muses.

"Mm," says George, palming over his nipple. "But the second time."

George swings his legs around to straddle Dream's hips, ass poised inches above his balls, erections bumping gently together.

"That was me," Dream gasps. "You were looking at me all — all *dirty*, and everything, and then —"

"You just *had to go* and feel *guilty*," George tuts in a low, leering tone. "You ruined everything, Dream."

"I know," says Dream, cock twitching. "I'm sorry."

"Apology not accepted," says George.

"Please."

"You're a disappointment," George sighs.

Dream whines, breathy and high, as George tweaks his nipple. "George," he pleads in his smallest voice.

"What," says George. His hand slides up and settles on his throat.

"Touch me," says Dream.

"No," says George, his expression utterly bored. "Put your hands up."

Dream whimpers, but he complies.

"Hold those bars in the headboard," George instructs him. "Yeah, like that."

"George," Dream tries again, cock straining. He moves his legs around, trapping his own cock and squeezing his legs together.

George notices. "Stop," he says, tightening his grip, and Dream stops.

"I really wanna cum," says Dream.



“Okay?” scoffs George. He spits in the palm of his free hand and takes his own dick, handling it with familiarity. “Not my problem.”

Dream’s hips twitch up, restless. “God,” he breathes, “you’re so fucking hot like this.”

George blushes. “Idiot,” he mutters, thumbing at his wet glans. He shuffles up and lowers himself to sit over Dream’s diaphragm. “Am I — Can you breathe like this?”

“Yeah,” says Dream, palms itching with the want to touch his soft, hairy thighs. “Feels good.”

George relaxes down onto him, becoming heavier. “This okay?”

Dream grunts, shuddering. He can feel George’s balls resting on his bare skin — can smell him, dirty and warm.

“Yeah,” he grits out. “Yeah.”

“Good,” says George, and he starts stroking his cock over him.

A drop of precum rolls out and lands in the valley between Dream’s pecs. Dream moans, surprised, and curls his toes in a show of restraint. He feels his cock twitch, though he can’t see it past the vision of George’s body, soft and compact all over. Something about the shape of him — the angle of his bones, the particular places that fat collects on his body — makes Dream feel like little more than an animal, like everything he’s ever achieved in life is Monopoly money, like this — lying under George, being used — is the only thing he was ever meant to do.

George’s grip on his neck is tightening, and he doesn’t seem to realize it. His fist flies over his cock, fast and rough like he can’t help it. Dream’s vision blurs, pulse throbbing in his periphery, and lets out every strangled sound that occurs to him. George is looking at him like he’s horrified, like he’s watching a car crash, and his hand is growing tighter, and he yowls when he cums.

It gets all over Dream. It gets on his chest, his neck, his chin. When George releases his throat, Dream gasps, moaning hoarsely, and licks the semen off his lips.

“Fuck,” George pants, watching him.

He spends a minute or so scooping his load off of Dream’s body and conveying it to his eager mouth. Dream hums and sucks around his fingers, savoring the tang, the salt.

George’s eyes are dark and dewy. When he leans down and kisses Dream on the lips, his mouth is feverishly warm.

“God,” he murmurs, still catching his breath, “it’s so good with you.”

And Dream, desperate, kisses him back, bringing his hands down from the bedframe to finally caress George’s thighs, his waist, his heaving chest. There’s sweat where their bodies meet, warm and slick. George trails a hand over his chest and neck, ever-so-gentle.

Dream clears his throat, swallows. “Please touch me,” he rasps softly.

“Hm,” says George. “No.”

“*Please*,” Dream moans, throwing his head back.

His cock feels leaden where it throbs on his belly. George’s ass — his asshole — is so close, so naked, and Dream can viscerally recall the way it felt to slip inside. Some terrible part of him itches

to manhandle George, bring his ass down over Dream's cock so he can rut between his asscheeks and drag George's narrow hips back and forth over himself, give both of them burns from the friction. Dream's hands fit easily around George's waist, thumbs nearly touching. It would be so easy.

George leans down and kisses the sore spot on his neck. "Where's your laptop?" he asks.

"What?" Dream whines, confused. "Why?"

"We're gonna get you your collar," George says simply.

Dream strokes himself idly while George scrolls through Etsy listings. He's holding off on letting himself cum until he has George's full attention — it just isn't as fun, otherwise.

"How about this one?" George is saying. "It comes with a leash included."

"I liked that green one," Dream offers.

"Yeah?" George clicks back to the velvety green leather collar. "It gets good reviews."

"Buy it," says Dream. "Buy it now."

George smiles, glancing at him. "Alright, alright," he teases, "I'm buying it."

"Get overnight shipping," mumbles Dream, pressing his cheek to George's shoulder.

"It doesn't work like that," George tuts. "They have to make it by hand."

Dream groans loudly. "*George.*"

"Look," says George, "it comes with this sort of chain. Is that the leash? It's fancy."

Dream bites his shoulder very gently.

"Stop it," George huffs, bringing a hand up to pet at his hair. "You're, like, rabid."

"I wanna take a bite out of you," Dream whispers.

"I know, silly," says George, still petting him. "Okay, there. All done. It'll be here by the end of the week."

"The end of the *week*?"

"Should we get you a day collar as well?" George muses, ignoring him. "You'd look cute in a necklace. You could wear it on stream."

Dream rolls away and stuffs his head in a pillow, defeated. He hears George typing and clicking around for a few minutes as Dream twitches lazily into the mattress. The pillow smells like George. Dream kicks a leg out and hooks an ankle over his, dying for some sort of bodily contact. Arousal glows and abates in the depths of his belly, warming him like fever. He thinks about how good it felt to watch George in the shower and touch himself like a libertine. Guilt rolls through him, nauseating. He is so, so attracted to him.

He turns on his side and looks at him. George has his lip between his teeth, brow creased in focus.

His profile is arousing in a way profiles usually are not, and the stubble on his jaw evokes sex, as well as the softness under his strong chin, the dark hair curling at the pale nape of his neck.

George looks at him. "You good?"

Dream swallows. George shuts the laptop, sets it aside, and suddenly Dream's pulse is tripping over itself.

"What is it?" asks George. "You want to cum?"

Dream grits his teeth, embarrassed.

George rests a hand on his side. "Do you want to cum on my face?" he asks quietly, solemnly.

Dream stares. "Yes," he grits out. "Obviously."

"Come here," says George, smiling a bit. He lies back on the bed and pats his own chest, beckoning. "You can put your cock in my mouth, if you want."

Dream scrambles to obey. When he's hovering over George, watching his own thick cock bob and drip over George's chin, George grins at him and cocks an eyebrow.

"Well?" he murmurs.

It does not take long for Dream to tip over the edge. When he does, moaning quiet and hoarse, he gives George a pearl necklace, and it looks and feels like he owns him.

## Chapter End Notes

guys i have a curious cat now please ask me questions :O shoutout to the fella who clocked me as a lesbian bc the hbs ass-eating scenes just reek of emotional cunnilingus  
<https://curiouscat.live/ovanilinavo>

"I'd always wanted to do a movie that was pure fucking, nothing else"  
- andy warhol on "blue movie"

# Blue Lotus

## Chapter Notes

some family content :o)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Every time they've cum together has felt like the last time.

Dream makes George wear his cum until it liquefies and drools into the bedsheets. And then Dream rises, dizzy, and finds a washcloth in the en suite to run under hot water and wring out, damp. George is patiently compliant, lying still as Dream cleans his neck, his chest, and then — with an unsullied corner of the cloth — the spot of semen that landed on his chin.

He looks at Dream with deep, still eyes, glossy and dark, all-seeing and all-loving.

"I still get surprised," he says, which surprises Dream. George is touching his hip; the washcloth is flung out on the floor somewhere. "Like, when you get a spot or something, the way that I would."

"Why is that surprising?" Dream huffs, soft.

George shrugs a bit. "Just is," he says. "Didn't expect it."

"You didn't expect me to get pimples?"

"I dunno," says George, drawing five-point stars on Dream's shoulder. "Like, you have this mole on your back that has a hair growing out of it. I didn't expect that."

Dream snorts, sheepish. "Wait, what? Is it gross?"

"No," George scoffs. "It's good. I didn't mean it like that."

"Hm," says Dream, looking down the long line of George's body. "You have — On your ass, you have these little, like, bumps. I think — I mean, I think most people have them."

George snorts. He's blushing.

"I like how they feel," Dream admits. "It's hot."

George looks down, hands curled around a pillow, smiling. "Okay, Dream," he says.

"What? You don't believe me?" Dream puts a hand on his waist, sliding back and down to his asscheeks, squeezing. "I wanna cum all over them and take a picture."

George scoffs again. "You're ridiculous," he murmurs.

His eyelashes are sooty and long, fanning over the ripe roses in his cheeks, and Dream is filled with a liquid sort of love that sloshes around in him, overfull.

"We should do something fun today," he says.

George blinks up at him. “Like what?”

“I dunno,” says Dream, and then he realizes how dumb that sounds. “I mean — We should go somewhere.”

“We’re going to Disney tomorrow,” George points out.

Dream hums, considering. Then: “Oh, shit,” he says, eyes wide as the thought occurs to him, “I should probably call my mom.”

They amble downstairs in boxers and t-shirts to fetch Dream’s phone and put food in their stomachs. Dream tasks George with making toast for the both of them while Dream scrambles eggs in a frying pan. He puts his mom on speaker and sets his phone face-up on the counter so that the three of them can all hear each other talk.

“What was that, George?” her voice rings out, soft and southern, like a little bird. “Did you say Clay is forcing you to make him breakfast?”

“No, what?” scoffs Dream. “Mom, come on.”

George cackles. “At knife point,” he quips, though he’s the one holding the knife, cutting pats of butter to lay between the slices of hot multigrain toast. Dream’s eyes keep catching on the curve of his lower back.

“Which one of us made lasagna last night? Huh?”

“Did you make lasagna?” his mom crows, impressed.

“I did!” says Dream. “And it was delicious!”

He sees George smirking and knows implicitly that he would make some sassy comment if Dream’s mom weren’t on speakerphone.

“Which recipe did you use? The one we do at home?”

“Yeah, uh, I subbed out some of the meat, but it was mostly the same.”

“He’s making scrambled eggs right now,” George puts in mildly.

“Of course he is,” she says, and George grins like he’s relieved.

“He makes a lot of eggs,” says George.

“Eggs are good for you!” says Dream.

“George, honey,” says Dream’s mom, “when Clay was a teenager, he shot up like a beanpole almost overnight, and all he ate was egg after egg after egg. I made him eggs for breakfast, eggs for dinner. Eggs for an afternoon snack. He needed all the protein he could get, the way he was growing. He was so hungry, the poor thing, he’d scarf down his meals like a starved dog!”

“I was a growing boy,” Dream grouses.

George is clutching his stomach in helpless, hysterical laughter. “Oh my god,” he chokes out.

Dream's face feels hot with embarrassment, but some part of him thrills at George's reaction.

"Yes, you were, honey," she laughs. "And boy, did you grow!"

Dream sighs, smiling. The scrambled eggs are turning just brown, so he takes the skillet off the heat and shakes the eggs out on a couple of plates.

"Mom," he says, "we were all thinking we'd make a daytrip to Disney tomorrow. Just wanted to say that Drista is invited — she'd probably wanna tag along with Nick and Luke to Magic Kingdom, but she's welcome to come with me and George to Epcot, if she's up for it."

"Now hold on," she says, "I'm confused. What's this about y'all splitting up? Why not just go all together to one park or the other? You can hit both of them in two days, easy — why not just do that?"

"George can't go to Magic Kingdom," says Dream. "He's afraid of the animatronics." George throws him a look of such outrage, such betrayal, that Dream laughs and hurries to correct himself. "Just kidding. No, we're just — I just think he'd enjoy Epcot more. It has all that science-y stuff, you know?"

"And what you're saying is that Nick and Luke don't wanna come along with y'all?"

"We can go to Magic Kingdom," says George. "I don't care."

Dream frowns.

"Now hold on, honey," his mom says, "you should go to Epcot if it's more up your alley. I'm just trying to figure out why Nick doesn't wanna come with y'all."

"He thinks Epcot's boring," says Dream.

"And what about Luke? What does he think?"

"Uh, I mean," Dream clears his throat, "he's just there for Nick, really, so he'll just do whatever Nick does, I guess."

His mom snorts. "You guess? Have you spoken to this boy about what he wants to do?"

Dream cards a hand through his hair. "Uh. No, I mean, I just figured Nick would talk to him."

"You're talking about this poor boy like you hardly even know him!"

"The trip isn't for him," Dream huffs. "Or for Nick. They're just —"

"They're third-wheelin' for you, aren't they?" she laughs. "You goobers!"

Dream flushes hot, feeling or imagining George's eyes on him. "What?" he scoffs, picking the phone up off the countertop, turning down the volume. "Mom, can you just — Look, I just wanted to keep you in the loop, but I'll reach out to Drista directly —"

"Oh, come on, I was just teasin' ya!"

"I know, I know," says Dream, gently. "It's — It's nice talking to you, mom."

"Aw, now you're rushing me off the phone. Okay, I get it, I'll go."

Dream tuts. “No, that’s not what I meant.” More quietly, embarrassed: “I just feel like we haven’t talked in a while.”

“Not since that handsome boy moved in,” she teases. “Okay, okay, I’ll stop.”

Dream clicks his tongue, smiling as he turns to hide his face from George. “Miss you,” he says.

“I miss you, too, sweetheart,” she coos. “Aw, you’re such a little lovebug. Will you tell George that I’m sending lots of hugs his way?”

George mouths, pointing at himself, *Tell her me too!*

“George — George doesn’t want your hugs, Mom. He says they’re not good enough.”

“I —” George glares at him. “I did not say that!” he says loudly.

“Now, Clay,” his mother chides him.

“I said I’m sending hugs, too!” George insists. “Lots of them!”

Dream giggles, overjoyed. “What? Mom, seriously, George just came over here and whispered to me — he was like, ‘I don’t want her hugs. Her hugs are *mid*.’”

“Oh, my god,” George groans, as Dream’s mother laughs over the phone.

“Aw, George,” she says, “I’ll give you a better hug next time we see each other. It’ll be great — you’ll see.”

“It was great last time!” George tries, flushing with embarrassment.

Dream walks over with the phone and winds his arm around George’s middle. George melts back against him, though he shuffles and pouts in his seat on the bar chair like it’s a great inconvenience to him.

“Oh,” Dream’s mom is cooing in that silly voice she does, “aren’t you just the sweetest things. When am I allowed over again to see you boys, huh?”

“Anytime,” says Dream, soothing George’s chest over his t-shirt. “Drista could bunk here, if you want, and then on Monday —” He pauses at the coil of stress in his stomach. “Well, we — we have to get back to work that day, probably do some meetings and stuff, but... I dunno.”

“How about breakfast one of those days? I’ll just swing by and cook something up for y’all. We can all catch up for a bit, and then I’ll be out of your hair so quick you’ll think I was nothing but a ghost.”

George giggles.

“Yeah,” says Dream, “yeah, how about Monday, when you come by to pick up Drista?”

“Sounds good to me,” she says. “Anything you want me to bring for y’all? Groceries? Toilet paper? You want me to bring over some old photo albums to show George?”

“*Mom*,” says Dream.

“*Yes!*” cries George. “Please, oh please, will you bring them? He won’t show me anything!”

“Well ain’t that a shame,” she says. “Clay was *such* a cute kid. Strangers would stop us in the street — no, I’m serious — They’d stop us and go, ‘*Ooh, those eyes! Look at those eyes!*’”

“And they still do,” Dream says solemnly, which cracks all of them up.

“Well?” says George.

“What?”

“Is it —” George clears his throat timidly. “Can your mum bring the albums with her?”

Dream breathes in the sweet, clean smell of his hair. “Fine,” he sighs, squeezing him.

George’s hands find his where they bracket his waist. They’re small and warm and soft and dry and Dream takes both his hands in one of his and uses the other to shuttle a buttery piece of toast to George’s mouth. George hums and takes a bite.

“Alright,” Dream’s mother laughs. “Alright, you two. I’ll bring some baby books along.”

“Thanks, mom,” says Dream, knowing that she means to say goodbye. “I love you.”

“I love you!” she returns warmly, and the sound of it makes him hold George a little tighter. “Both of you!”

“Oh,” says George, softly.

“Bye, Mom!”

“Bye, you two!”

“Bye!” says George.

When the call ends, George turns his head, eyes falling somewhere low and bashful.

“Sorry,” he says.

“Hm? What?” Dream squeezes his hands, putting the toast down to touch the center of his chest. “Why’re you sorry?”

“I didn’t say it back,” says George.

It takes him a moment to catch on. He laughs. “George, it’s okay. It’s — Look at me.” His eyes are dark, anxious, almost cynical. “Hey. You’ll have other chances.” Then: “You’ve never worried about that with me.”

George rolls his eyes, lips twitching at the corners. “Yeah, ‘cause you already know, idiot.”

Dream hums, staring down at him. “Know what?” he says softly.

George scoffs.

“Know what, George?”

“Stop,” George mutters. He hasn’t looked away from Dream, has hardly blinked.

Dream leans closer, watching George’s eyes flicker rapidly down to his mouth. “What do I already know?”



When they kiss, George sighs out through his nose, a warm breath that lingers and smells like his skin, like milk and honey and mud. Dream licks into his mouth, tasting toast, sucking gently on the muscle of his tongue.

“Mm,” he says, pulling away with a slick sound. “You taste good.”

George snorts at him, cheeks glowing with that secret smile he reserves for Dream. “Again,” he murmurs, so Dream takes his jaw and lets their mouths meet again. And again.

Morning light filters in through the wide kitchen window, bathing them, and Dream coaxes George apart like he’s picking a lock, stroking his pressure points so his jaw falls open on its hinge. Dream has no intent of taking it further, and George seems to understand this, falling limp in the arm Dream winds around him and sighing, sinking into the earnest exploration of his mouth.

Dream’s stomach growls, and he finally, regretfully, pulls away.

“Hungry,” he rasps, still holding him.

George noses at him. “Mkay,” he says, his voice very soft and open.

Dream kisses his cheek tenderly, then wrenches himself away to drag a barstool over with his foot. Once he’s sitting, George leans on the counter and slings both his legs over Dream’s, practically sitting in his lap. They eat off each other’s plates.

This is the position Nick finds them in when he returns with Patches shortly thereafter. George refuses to move his legs off Dream’s lap, even as Dream jostles anxiously him with his knees — though he doesn’t try very hard, to be fair.

“Mm, something smells good,” says Nick, eyeing the evidence of their breakfast. “Any leftovers?”

“Uh, no,” says Dream, blushing furiously. “Sorry. I figured you’d get something for yourself on the way back.”

“Was gonna,” says Nick, scouring the cabinets for food. “Didn’t wanna keep Patches in the car for too long. Are we out of grape nuts?”

George snorts. “Nuts.”

Dream squeezes his knee. “Might be. Check in the basement, though — we still have some boxes of Oh Dreams in the merch room.”

Nick groans. “I’m sick of those, dude. I need, like, a couple months to recover from how much I’ve eaten. I’m seriously gonna turn green.”

“Where’s Patches?” George asks suddenly.

“She ran off to the living room,” says Nick, opening the fridge. “Poor thing. She hates that new vet, got all hissy at him when he tried to check her teeth.”

“Hm,” says George. “I don’t think anyone likes getting poked and prodded around like that.”

“No,” Nick agrees. “She was a good girl after that, though — they let me hold her when it was time to give her the vaccines. She’s all up to date, now, by the way. Doesn’t have to come in for a year.”

“Did you —” Dream clears his throat. “Did you ask about her mood?”

Nick snorts, pulling out the leftover lasagna. “The vet said she seems really good. And she said you should stop worrying so much about her, or Patches will pick up on it and then she’ll get stressed.”

“Oh,” says Dream.

George is grinning. “The vet said that?”

“Yeah,” laughs Nick. “She said that Dream needs to chill out, basically.”

Dream clicks his tongue, sighs. “Alright, well. And she said Patches looks healthy? Her diet’s okay?”

“Yeah, dude, she’s healthy as a horse.”

“Told you so,” says George, playing with the collar of Dream’s t-shirt.

“We should get her something nice from, like, PetSmart,” says Dream.

Nick sits down across from them with a bowl of the granola Dream’s mother bought. He keeps glancing between the two of them, smiling a bit.

“I’m down,” says Nick. “I can drive.”

“I call shotgun,” George says instantly, and Dream pouts at him, betrayed.

“Come on,” he says. “That’s not fair. I don’t fit in the back — I’m too tall!”

“And how is that my problem?” George scoffs, still thumbing at Dream’s t-shirt. “Just adjust the seat, idiot.”

“It doesn’t work like that,” says Dream. “One of you will have to roll your seat forward.”

“Not me,” says Nick. “I’m driving.”

“But you’re shorter than me,” says George.

“Tough,” says Nick, flashing George a goofy grin. “Deal with it.”

“He’s gonna kick my seat like a toddler,” George grouches.

Dream smiles, tickled. “I will if you piss me off.”

In fact, what ends up happening is that George rolls his seat forward and sticks a hand back to hold Dream’s hand. Dream gives him his foot.

George’s profile crunches with silent amusement. Nick is leaning forward in his seat, squinting through the glare as he fumbles for a pair of sunglasses. Dream wiggles his toes.

“What station is this?” Nick asks idly.

“80s,” says Dream, as George squeezes his big toe. Dream’s foot is objectively huge, and George’s hand is small even compared to the rest of him, and the image they make together is striking. Dream pulls out his phone and takes a picture.

“No, I mean,” Nick huffs, “can we hook up a phone to the aux? I feel like I’m in my dad’s garage right now.”

“I’ll do it,” says Dream, opening Spotify.

“Play ‘Roadtrip,’” says George.

Dream huffs quietly.

“Play ‘Heatwaves,’” he tries again.

Nick snorts, smiling wide, saying nothing. Dream puts one of Nick’s playlists on shuffle, and Nick squawks when the first song to play is ‘goosebumps.’

“What the hell, man,” he laughs.

“I put your playlist on shuffle!” says Dream.

George catches his eye in the rearview mirror, grinning.

Nick clucks his tongue. “I just can’t catch a damn break from you idiots, can I?”

“What,” George snorts. “If you’re so sick of us, move out.”

“Fuck off, bitch,” Nick says without heat. “It’s not like I care.”

Dream watches his profile. “You don’t?” he prods gently.

They reach a red light, and Nick takes the opportunity to sink back in his seat, sighing, and crack his window open a couple of inches. He cranes his neck back to look at Dream head-on.

“I mean,” he says casually, “I wish y’all would talk to me about it, but I get that it’s your business. Just —” he glances at George — “I’m not gonna go broadcasting your private shit, okay? Have a little faith in me, damn.”

They’re all silent for a moment. When the light turns, Nick clicks his tongue and eases onto the gas.

“It’s not that we don’t have faith in you,” George says finally, sounding sheepish. “It’s just —” He trails off.

“It’s new,” Dream supplies.

“I get that,” says Nick, still a little edgy. “And, let’s be really clear — I’m not asking y’all to tell me all the sexy details.”

George huffs a laugh.

“But,” Nick continues, “we should have some kind of system, right? Sock on the door? A little warning?”

“But you haven’t — *seen* anything,” says Dream, though it comes out as more of a question.

Nick laughs abruptly. “Dude. Y’all are *loud*.”

Dream freezes. Blood leaks into his face, hot and miserable. “What,” he croaks.

“Shut the hell up,” George snaps at Nick, laughing. “We are not.”

“George,” says Nick, “you don’t even sound *human*. It’s like — Oh my god, dude, I was afraid something was wrong, the first time I heard you. I seriously got, like, fight or flight response.”

“He’s lying,” George informs Dream, tugging his foot a little closer. “Sapnap, don’t say another word, if you know what’s good for you.”

Nick scoffs. “What are you gonna do, bitch? Cum in my bed? Clay won’t let you — he’s too possessive. You’ll make him sad.”

“Okay, that’s —” Dream stutters. “Okay —”

“I’ll do worse,” says George, in a low, brutal tone that strikes and settles at the base of Dream’s spine. “I’ll make you wish you’d moved out when you had the chance.”

“Okay, you’re actually hurting my feelings, dude,” says Nick. “Do you actually want me to move out?”

“Of course he doesn’t,” says Dream, at the same time as George says, “Maybe.”

“He doesn’t,” Dream repeats. “He’s just being an idiot. You both are.”

George lets go of Dream’s foot to cross his arms over his chest. Dream pokes at his thigh, beseeching.

“George,” he whispers.

“Look,” says Nick, “all I know is I saw this coming, and like, I’m happy for you idiots, but I just think we need some boundaries in place. Like, as roommates, you know?”

“Maybe you wouldn’t have such a stick up your arse if you were getting your dick wet,” quips George. “Maybe you’re just jealous of all the action we’re getting.”

Nick laughs. “How the hell would *you* know if I was getting any?”

“You’d tell us,” George says confidently.

“Yeah, like we’ve been talking so much, lately,” Nick scoffs. “All you do is eat, sleep, and fuck all day and night. Like a couple of animals.”

“That’s not true,” Dream cuts in, still blushing fiercely. “We’ve only been — It’s only been a few days.”

“I guess,” Nick says dully. “Feels like longer. You’ve been attached at the hip since George got here, anyway.”

Dream and George are silent. They both know he’s right.

“I don’t really mind,” Nick continues at length. “You guys have always kinda been like that. It’s just different in person. It’s like you’re not even separate people.”

Dream reels at this comment, feeling the truth of it. Even now, without George’s hand on his foot, he feels full of regret, like every moment apart from him is a moment wasted. George’s hand finds his ankle, and Dream knows he feels the same.

“Is this going to be a problem?” asks George, low and stern.

Nick makes a noise of frustration. “Dude, I just said that I don’t mind. I said I’m *happy* for you.”

Dream knows what George will say before his mouth opens. “You understand,” says George, “don’t you, why we need to be together like this?”

Nick is silent, frowning.

“You realize how hard it was? You should know, better than anyone.”

“I know,” says Nick. His hands tighten on the wheel. “I know, dude. You don’t have to tell me.”

George shoves his free hand under his knees, beginning to look a bit sheepish. “What, are you — Do you feel left out, or something?”

Nick shrugs. “I don’t know,” he says. “It’s kinda hard to explain.”

He pulls into a strip mall parking lot and starts cruising around for an empty space. When he finds one and backs into it, craning his neck around to look out the rear window, he doesn’t meet Dream’s eyes.

It isn’t until they’re inside the PetSmart that Nick starts talking again. They’re all standing in front of the fish tanks — George is crouching to take a video of a clown fish. The AC is so strong in here that Dream’s arms erupt in goosebumps. There’s a pervasive smell of hay, or maybe it’s wood shavings.

“I keep having these weird dreams,” Nick says casually, examining the Spongebob-themed tank decor. “We’re usually at home. One time we were hiking on this mountain for some reason.”

“The three of us?” asks Dream.

“Sometimes Punz is there, or Karl or something,” says Nick. “But yeah, it’s usually just us. But that’s the weird part, dude: It’s like — it’s not *three* of us. It’s two.”

“What — you’re saying you’re left out or something?” says George, standing.

“No,” says Nick. “We’re all there. I’m there. I’m like my usual self. But you guys are this — crazy mix of each other.”

“What,” George laughs.

“Yeah, dude,” says Nick. “It’s kind of freaky. In one of the dreams, you guys were like one body with two heads. Like conjoined twins or something. But usually it’s just that there’s one person who doesn’t really look like anything, and in the dream, like, I *know* that it’s both of you.”

“That’s weird,” George says at length.

“Yeah,” says Nick. “It doesn’t feel weird in the dream, though. You know what I mean?”

“Dreams are like that,” says George. “They make sense when you’re inside of them.”

Dream makes a quiet, amused little sound. George catches his eye, lips quirked.

“I mean,” says Nick, “are you guys — Do you think it’s always gonna be like this?”

“Like what?” Dream asks quietly.

“Like you have to be together all the time,” says Nick. “Twenty-four-seven.”

George is chewing his cheek, holding his own hands. Dream wanders closer to him under the guise of examining a tiny, glittering school of fish.

“I don’t know,” he says, brushing their hands together. “Maybe.”

They buy Patches so many toys and treats that presenting them to her feels like a holiday; of course, she’s most interested in the catnip-lined toy mouse, but she also seems especially fond of the feathery bird on a stick. George, adorably, seems almost more interested in the sushi plushies than Patches, and keeps trying to push them on her as Dream and Nick look on from the living room sofa.

“We should make her some actual cat sushi,” says George, sitting back with a sigh as Patches leaps after a stray, tinkling ball. “She’d love that, right? Can cats eat rice? We could make sashimi.”

Dream hums his agreement, head pillowed on an arm, watching him.

“That would make a good video,” Nick comments, scrolling through something on his phone. He yawns. “The fans would love that.”

“Hm,” says George. “Is Patches camera-ready, though?”

“Are you?” asks Nick, setting his phone down. “It’s been a while.”

“Well, it’s not like we’re jumping right into streaming on Monday,” says George.

“We could,” says Nick.

Dream reaches down to put a gentle hand on George’s back. His spine is bumpy and warm beneath his t-shirt.

“Why?” asks George. “Are you planning something?”

“Not really,” says Nick. “Karl was asking about coming down to visit soon to do a group stream. A few people were, actually.”

“Really?” says Dream, frowning. He rubs George’s back idly. “When?”

“It’s all on the Discord,” says Nick.

Dream sighs.

“We should watch a movie tonight,” says George. “After dinner.”

“Oh,” says Dream, blushing. “We should — I need to change the sheets.”

Nick groans. “Dude.”

George giggles. “Let’s just watch it down here.”

“Fine,” says Nick. “I don’t wanna cuddle in your sweaty sex bed, anyway. There’s gonna be, like,

sperm lying around, and it's gonna get all over me and make me pregnant."

"Ew," Dream laughs, "what the hell?"

"We won't know who the father is," Nick continues. "We'll have to do a paternity test."

"You're disgusting," says George. "You're not allowed in that room anymore."

"It's not even your room," Nick scoffs.

"It basically is," Dream murmurs.

"What," says Nick, "so now George has two rooms?"

"The other room is like his office," Dream supplies.

"Why don't I get an office?"

Dream hums impatiently. "You can have an office if you want one."

"Fine," says Nick.

"Fine," says Dream.

"Fine," says George, with particular drama, and Dream leans down and kisses the crown of his head as they all dissolve into laughter.

## Chapter End Notes

according to heliopolitan creation myth, the god "atum" (and/or "nefertum") was the first creature to exist, having risen independently from the primordial waters that stretched infinitely at the dawn of time. atum then split into the god shu and the goddess tefnut, or in other versions, spat them out of his mouth or released them by masturbating. shu and tefnut gave birth to the earth (geb) and the sky (nut). according to some versions of this myth, atum split up geb and nut out of envy of their "constant copulation." nefertum (an aspect of atum) was notoriously lonely.

atum/nefertum is said to have willed himself to existence by uttering his own name or to have emerged from an egg, or a blue lotus flower. he is described as being both the creator and finisher of the universe, as his intent was to eventually return the world to the "watery chaos" from which it began.

<https://ancientegyptonline.co.uk/atum/>

<https://ancientegyptonline.co.uk/nefertum/>

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Atum>

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nymphaea\\_nouchali\\_var.\\_caerulea#Uses](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nymphaea_nouchali_var._caerulea#Uses)

# Primordial Unity

## Chapter Notes

hope everyone is doing ok! <3 i was not a twitter user before feb of this year so im not really used to how much stuff is happening constantly. anyway. i'm not gonna explicitly discuss what went down very recently but i hope that u the reader are doing okay and that this can be a nice little pick-me-up.

### CONTENT WARNING

from the lines "He has a dream that night..." to "...and relieves himself" there is some body horror, idk how intense it would feel to other people but u can DM me on twitter (@ovanilinavo) if you have questions :o) i also put little asterisks (\*\*\*) at the beginning and end so it's easier to spot!

last little thing is there might be a break between this chapter and the next as there's a bed open now at that inpatient program so i'm gonna be there for a week at least, probably longer idk how long they usually keep people there. anyway enjoy & love u all so very much! xoxoxo

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream and Nick make oven-fried chicken for dinner while George perches on the countertop and reads out instructions from his phone. Occasionally, when Nick's back is turned, Dream will lean over to squeeze George's knee, else kiss him soundly, silently, on the mouth.

"You're gonna dent the wood," he scolds when George won't stop swinging his heels against the cabinets.

"How," George scoffs. "It's not like I'm whacking it with a hammer."

His hair is uncombed, fluffy, and his socked feet look small and soft as kitten paws. It would be easy to pick him up and wrestle him onto the couch.

Dream catches his eye. "George," he says firmly. "That's enough."

George flushes, purses his lips, and brings his kicking to a halt. Dream smiles at him, pleased.

"Good boy," he murmurs as he passes him.

"I heard that!" squawks Nick.

"Sorry," he sings, only meaning it a little.

Nick scoffs. "No, you're not."

"Can I talk?" asks George.

"No," says Dream, for no particular reason, and George falls silent.

"What the *hell*, dude?" says Nick. He laughs, back turned as he inexpertly coats raw chicken strips



in a slimy bath of eggs. “Why is he listening? Dude, what if *I* started ordering Gogy around, huh? What then?”

“He wouldn’t listen to you,” Dream says easily.

“George,” says Nick, “get me an Arizona.”

George remains motionless, regarding Dream with a silly expression, like he’s enjoying this.

“*George!*” Nick repeats in his most commanding tone. “Get me an Arizona *now*, bitch.”

“Stop,” says Dream, irritated. “He’s not gonna do it.”

“Yes, he is,” says Nick. “He’s my bitch and he’s gonna do what I say.”

Dream feels his nostrils flare. “Shut up, Nick,” he rasps, laughing without real humor.

“Geooorge,” Nick sings, coming closer. “George, come on. Don’t you wanna be a good kitten for your Daddy-Waddy?”

“*Nick,*” snaps Dream. He hates the way he feels — desperate, edgy, inflamed like an open wound. “Seriously, cut it out.”

“Okay, chill,” says Nick, finally backing off a bit. “Just messing around, bro.”

Dream leans against the counter opposite George, watching his hands twist sweetly in his lap.

“No more,” Dream says shortly. “It’s — I don’t like it.”

“Okay,” says Nick, hands up. “I hear ya.”

“Dream,” says George.

Dream looks at him, gulping, hangdog. “What?” he says softly. “You can talk.”

Nick snorts.

“No, nothing,” says George. “I don’t know. Obviously I’m not gonna — whatever.”

Dream searches his eyes. When he finds what he’s looking for, he clears his throat. “I’m sorry,” he tells Nick. “You didn’t — You’re fine.”

Nick eyes them both. “Okay,” he says at length. He gives a forced-sounding laugh, cutting through some of the tension. “Whatever, dude. I don’t give a shit. Just don’t come after me like I’m trying to steal your man.”

George snickers, looking more than a little pleased.

“I know,” sighs Dream, feeling something in his chest uncoil. George’s smile soothes him. “Sorry, I know.”

“Just chill out, dude,” says Nick, laughing a bit, seeming to relax. “Literally everyone knows that you guys are, like, each other’s.”

George hums, agreeable. “True,” he says simply.

Dream’s chest goes warm and tight. He wants to touch him.

“I need to go clubbing, dude,” Nick sighs. “This is seriously getting sad.”

“You should invite Karl down,” Dream ventures.

Nick laughs. “What, to get laid?”

Dream shrugs, smiling, though that wasn’t what he’d meant.

“I wish,” Nick drawls, returning to the strips of chicken. “He could be my wingman, though. He’s such a homie hopper, but at the end of the day, dude’s like the best wingman fucking ever. He, like, hypes you up and shit. And he *knows* what the ladies like. He put me in some of his drip last time I visited and, like, swear to god, I’ve never gotten that much action in my life. Man knows what he’s doing.”

While Nick’s back is turned, Dream beckons George with his eyes, until George gives in and slips quietly off the countertop to stand in the circle of his arms. George turns so that his back is pressed up against him, warm and reassuring.

“He dresses well,” Dream absently agrees, running his hands over George’s chest and stomach, chin to his fluffy hair and sighing with relief at the feel of him. “He, like — He paints his nails and stuff.”

“Yeah, dude,” says Nick, “it’s awesome. I tried doing it on my own and I fucked it up. It looked so bad. I need Karl to do it for me again. He has steady hands.”

Dream snorts very quietly.

“Well, we obviously have to invite him, then,” says George, dry as a bone.

“We should invite Quackity, too,” says Nick.

“And Tina,” says Dream. “We have to invite Tina.”

“Well, if we’re inviting Tina, then we’ve gotta invite Foolish,” says Nick.

“True,” says Dream. “Would Bad wanna fly out, do you think?”

“We could ask,” says Nick. “No harm asking. He’ll want Skeppy here, though.”

“Skeppy,” Dream laughs. “Hell, we’ll invite him, too.”

“Do we have enough rooms in the house?” asks George, his laughs racking through his body, vibrating against Dream’s chest.

“I think so,” says Dream, squeezing George round his narrow hips, frowning as he counts off their friends.

“Punz could host a few people,” says Nick.

He picks up the finished tray of chicken strips and turns to put them in the oven; his eyes catch immediately on Dream and George, but he only smirks and looks away.

Dream clears his throat.

“But he doesn’t have furniture,” says George.

“He has a shelf,” Nick says defensively.

“Where are people gonna sleep? The floor?”

“Whatever, George,” scoffs Nick. “We all know you’d make them sleep in a hotel, if you had it your way.”

“How is that worse than sleeping on Punz’ disgusting carpet?”

“Some friend you are,” Nick continues, blithely ignoring him. “Clay, how long do these bad boys need to bake?”

After dinner, they all pile onto the living room couch to watch the new A24 movie that everyone’s been talking about. Dream lies with his back propped against the arm of the sofa and George cradled snugly between his legs; both of them have their feet kicked up in Nick’s lap.

Dream has a hard time paying attention: he can tell the movie is good, but he’s so comfortable and full that he finds his eyes closing at intervals as he drifts peacefully along, basking in the peace of this moment, family close at hand, well-fed and well-fucked and in love. Life is so good when it’s like this, he thinks, with Nick within reach and George tucked up against him, his weight and warmth as essential to Dream as any nutrient.

He tries to recall a time he felt better than this. Hitting a million subs — that was incredible. That was everything he’d ever wanted, until now. Now, he thinks, it might be runner-up.

He turns his face into George’s hair, his favorite place on earth; holds him a little tighter to squash the guilt blooming in his throat. Those other moments had been fleeting — intense, incredible, but fleeting. This is a different feeling altogether, he thinks.

*It’s better.*

“George,” he whispers, too quietly for Nick to hear over the television.

“Dream,” George murmurs, faint and calmly inquisitive, more relaxed than Dream has ever heard him.

“What’s the verdict?” whispers Dream. “My meat or McDonald’s?”

George only breathes against him for a moment. Then, twisting round to whisper, giggling, in Dream’s ear: “I think I might need another taste, if you catch my drift.”

Dream snorts, struggling to keep quiet. “Oh, yeah?”

George is so close to his ear that it feels like his laugh is kissing him. “I’m not full yet. Saved some room for dessert.”

And Dream breaks, shaking beneath him with the force of his mirth. It isn’t even that funny. He knows that.

“*You’re so dumb*,” he giggles, wheezy, catching the way George’s eyes fall to his smile.

“What’s funny?” asks Nick, sounding distracted. His eyes are glued to the flatscreen, rapt. “Do I wanna know?”

“No,” says George, quite certain, and then he cracks up as well.

Nick just shakes his head, not even bothering to look at them. His eyes are smiling. “You two,” he mumbles. “Ridiculous.”

In their bedroom, later on, Dream lights the bedside lamp and watches waxy yellow light bathe George’s face where he kneels, eager, on the floor.

“Good boy,” Dream praises as he sits on the edge of the mattress, framing George’s folded body with his legs. He puts a hand in his thick hair, petting him. “You want it, huh?”

George just presses into his hand, eyes closed. When Dream tugs a bit, George’s mouth melts open on a sigh.

“Look at you,” Dream murmurs. The shape of his face is jewel-like, surreally beautiful. “So good, honey. Like you were made for it.”

George makes a tiny sound. “For you,” he says, moving to drag his nose over Dream’s clothed thigh.

“You were made for me,” Dream infers, like it’s a question, and George answers by scooting up and mouthing at his inner thigh. Dream tightens his grip, pulls him closer by the root of his hair. “You were made for me,” he repeats, more certain.

George whines. “Dream,” he says.

He puts his narrow hands on Dream’s waist, fingertips dipping into his waistband, a request. Dream reaches back and grabs a pillow.

“Here, George,” he says, “put this under your knees. You’re gonna fuck up your joints like that.”

George hums passively and complies. He looks so little when he sits back on his heels, hands twisting in his lap as he blinks up at Dream.

“Can I get naked?” he asks.

Dream smiles. “C’mon, up,” he says, leaning down to help George out of his t-shirt.

George emerges flushed, hair mussed, and shimmies out of his boxer shorts. He’s already chubbed up; his nipples pique in the AC. Dream takes him by the shoulders and slides his hands down his warm, smooth back, following the bumps of his spine until George shivers and dips his head. Dream can see his ass like this, the way the fat of it spreads at the bend in his hips, how his heels dig into the flesh.

“C’mere,” says Dream, gathering him close so he can slide his hands down and cup him there, supple and cool to the touch.

George’s front is pressed against the bed, head bowed over Dream’s crotch, gasping hot and cold. Dream covers his ass with his broad palms and squeezes.

“Dream,” George whimpers, and Dream feels it in his cock. “I’m so —” he trails off, nuzzling him.

“What?” Dream asks quietly, spreading him gently just to hear the hitch of his breath.

“I’m horny,” George whispers, and he giggles a bit. “You’re really — God, you’re really hot.”

Dream snorts, breathy, heat torching up his chest. George’s hair is so glossy in the lamplight, his skin satiny and vast, uncovered.

“Yeah?” Dream murmurs, kneading him, gripping at the warm, damp flesh between his ass cheeks. “Were you thinking about this?”

“Mm,” George sighs. He rubs his cheek against Dream’s obvious erection, sending volts of arousal to that low, sweet spot in his belly. “On the couch. Was thinking — it would be so easy to get you hard. Just — grind against you, or something. Imagined, like, you’d pull my shorts down in the back and just shove it in me.”

“Jesus,” says Dream, shivering with pleasure. “No lube?”

“No, like —” George pushes the leg of Dream’s boxers up to kiss along his bare thigh — “in the fantasy, I’m already prepped and everything.”

“Oh,” Dream sighs, cock twitching at the thought. “What about Nick?”

“What about him?” George asks blithely, quirking one dark eyebrow up at him. “He wouldn’t know. We’d be quiet. We’d just lie there with your massive cock in me, and — and we’d just stay like that. Not even fucking.”

Dream slides his hands up to hold George by the head, one at the nape of his neck and the other twining snugly in his silky dark hair. He tugs him in, hips twitching forward to push his cock against that pretty face.

“That’s so messed up,” he breathes, as George moans against him.

“Dream,” says George, his voice all muffled and whiny, and Dream pulls him in harder, rubbing his face in it.

“Shut the fuck up,” he snaps. “You want me to stuff you with my cock? Is that what you want?”

George groans, nodding vigorously.

“Yeah?” Dream swallows. “Gonna be a good boy and sit still while I fuck your mouth?”

George shuffles closer. He finds the wet spot where Dream’s hard-on is leaking through his boxers and mouths at it, sucking at the soaked fabric like he can’t bear to waste a drop.

“Nod for me,” says Dream, spreading his thighs a little further. “You gonna be good, honey?”

George nods, breathless, and hooks his fingers again into the waistband of Dream’s boxers, tugging impatiently.

Dream chuckles and lifts his ass off the bed. “Take ‘em off,” he encourages, and George does.

When his cock is out, flushed and wagging against his stomach, George slides his hands up under Dream’s t-shirt with his eyes all big and imploring — so Dream strips that off, too.

George stares at him for a while, and Dream says nothing, indulgent when George’s small hands squeeze gently at the meat of his thighs, the creased flesh of his belly. When George meets his eyes, thumbing at the hair beneath his belly button, Dream can tell that he wants to say something. He doesn’t let him. He doesn’t know if he has it in him to hear.

George drops his gaze; rises up and kisses him where his thumb was. And then he kisses there again. And again. And Dream understands.

*I like this part of you,* George is saying. *It's good enough to kiss.*

Dream combs a hand through his dark hair, speechless. George gives a blissful little hum and licks up the line of hair, dipping into his navel, nipping at him.

“Oh god,” Dream gasps, abs flinching at the touch.

When George starts sucking at the skin below, Dream feels it in his cock. He hears himself panting, his breaths shallow and uneven. George keeps pulling back to inspect the mark he's made, returning to coax it darker. It hurts. Dream forgets that he's supposed to be in charge.

There's a well of emotion in his chest; he isn't sure where it's coming from. George moves in a way that is distinct and familiar and terribly endearing; and it's these little tics of his, these mannerisms that attract Dream — maybe above all else. It's the curve of his spine, the set of his shoulders, the way he folds his little feet underneath himself. It's his big, dirty mouth and his delicate hands. It's the way he fixes his fringe when he comes up for breath — a gesture that is so boyish, so *George*, that it sends a little frisson of want through him.

Dream drags him down by the hair until George's mouth is flush against his cock. George moans, mindless, and slips his tongue out to lave at the spongy glans, bringing a hand up to hold the base steady. He dips the point of his tongue into the slit, lapping up the shiny precum, and presses a wet, smacking kiss there.

Dream feels the sweat prickling in his armpits, at his hairline. He nudges George down until he opens up and seals his lips around Dream's cockhead, swirling his tongue and sucking tenderly. Dream jerks forward on a punched-out moan.

“Oh my god,” he says hoarsely.

George takes his time. One of his hands spreads precum and spit down the length of Dream's cock; the other rests on his belly, soothing him there with slow strokes of his thumb.

George bats his eyes up at him and pulls off to spit on his cock: It drips from his red lips in a viscous, pearly efflux, not dissimilar from cum. He spreads it down the shaft with his delicate fingers, breaking the dirty string of spit still clinging to his lip.

*He's not even human,* Dream thinks for a wild moment. *He can't be real.*

“I want to ruin you,” he blurts quietly, rasping, and George looks up at him with those big Bambi eyes and sinks down the length of his cock. “Oh, *shit* —“

George hums, lips stretched taut around the girth of him. He pulls off, drooling, and then he takes him down again to the hilt. Dream watches his throat work, accommodating him. He's wet and warm and hollowing his cheeks just for Dream, eyes watering and moaning like a whore when Dream tugs him down by his hair.

“Oh, good boy,” Dream praises him breathlessly. “Good boy, George. *Look* at you.”

George closes his eyes for a moment, moaning like he can't help himself, before relocating his soft, warm hands to Dream's inner thighs and kneading there as he bobs on his cock.

“George,” Dream shudders out, toes curling, fingers tight in his hair. “Oh, God. Oh, honey, I'm not

gonna last.”

George groans at that, shuffling on the floor. Dream cranes his neck and sees him fully hard, flushed and leaking against his own stomach. George is squeezing at the fat of his thighs, almost tickling. One of his hands creeps down to cradle his balls. Dream collapses back on an elbow, one hand still fisting George’s silky mop.

“Look at me,” he manages, and George meets his eyes instantly.

He’s wet all over, chin slick and forehead shining, eyelashes spidery with tears.

“Oh, shit,” Dream gasps, pitch rising as he grows desperate. “You’re so gorgeous. You’re so gorgeous, oh my god. Can I — Where should I cum?”

George pulls slickly off his cock and clears his throat. His mouth is a swollen, sloppy mess.

“My face,” he croaks, voice ruined. “Cum on my face.”

Dream has to close his eyes for a second. “Holy shit,” he says faintly, squeezing his slick cock around the base. “Okay. Okay.”

So George sits back, and Dream jacks himself rabidly over George’s face, so patient and wide-eyed and imploring, looking almost saintly, looking for all the world like he wants Dream to render him dirty, disgusting, used.

His doe eyes are what get him, in the end.

“Oh, fuck, holy fucking shit,” says Dream, or something equally ridiculous, as his orgasm crests like a plane taking off; as, through the assault of endorphins, he watches George close his eyes at the last moment, taking pump after pump of hot cum on his faultless, smiling face.

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He has a dream that night — the first he’s had since the eve of George’s arrival, or at least the first since then that he’s remembered in the morning.

He finds himself in a bedroom that he’s never been to but which he recognizes as his own. In the dream, he knows how to find the living room, and the kitchen, and that there are knives in the drawer beneath the toaster.

At one moment, he’s cutting himself open, painlessly but with the sensation of pressure, like the area’s been numbed; at the next, it’s more like a door that he’s opening by a brassy knob where his belly button should be. He can’t see inside — he can’t bend over and look, for some reason — but he can stick his hand inside and feel himself plunging past his own intestines, searching for something.

It isn’t there. A terrible pain slices through his gut, like he’s been stabbed. He falls to his hands and knees, door flapping open, as he dry-sobs to the laminate floor. His hands are wet, but not bloody. Tears pool beneath him — not from his eyes, but his stomach. When he touches his own slick interior again, he feels the loss like he’s miscarried. He finds he has to keep his own hands in here, or the pain returns two-fold.

After what feels like an eternity, he feels a touch on his curved back.

“*Dream*,” he hears, as though from underwater.

His eyes are closed, but he sits up on his knees and feels another hand join his own inside his body. It feels exquisitely warm and full, enough to break him open.

It grows. He feels another hand enter him, and then a head. He withdraws his open hand, satisfied, and helps the body climb inside of him. It seems the space inside of him opens to allow this intrusion, as though it were always meant to be there. Its arms fill his arms; its legs fill his legs. Pain begins to itch at him, a nuisance.

*Leave us alone*, he tries to say aloud, and then his body wrenches him awake.

“Oh, fuck,” he gasps, stomach rolling horribly, and he sees that the bed is empty beside him.

The bathroom light is on; he can hear George wretching.

“I need the toilet,” Dream croaks, delirious, and George flushes and moves to sick up in the sink. “Sorry,” says Dream, touching George’s sweat-slick, shivering back before he collapses onto the toilet and relieves himself.

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George disappears at some point and returns with one of Dream’s glass water bottles. He’s wearing a huge sweatshirt of Dream’s and some fuzzy socks; Dream has been sitting on the cold floor, head in his hands, waiting to see if his body is finished turning itself inside-out.

George sinks down beside him and puts a hand on his head, scritchng at his sweaty scalp. Dream shivers violently and drops his head on George’s shoulder, humming at the welcome touch. It’s the only pleasure he’s felt in the past hour.

“Have some water,” George whispers, still carding through his hair almost protectively. “You’re dehydrated.”

Dream complies. “Sorry,” he rasps, when he’s gulped down half the bottle.

“For what?” George asks neutrally.

Dream flushes, ashamed. “Do you think it was the chicken?”

“Must’ve been,” says George. His voice sounds destroyed — he keeps dropping back into a whisper. “God, I hope Sapnap is bursting out of both ends. Fucking idiot. How the hell did he fuck that up so bad?”

“I helped,” Dream sighs.

“Only a little, though,” says George, moving his hand to trace delicate shapes down his spine. It feels heavenly. “He’s the one who set the oven, anyway. It was probably undercooked.”

Dream sighs. “How does your throat feel?”

“Like hell,” says George, wincing as he laughs.

Dream makes a sound of sympathy, nuzzling his neck, kissing him softly. “I’m so sorry.”

“It’s fine,” says George, pressing a kiss to his head. “I don’t really mind. I’m pretending it’s just from having your dick in my mouth, and that makes it better.”

Dream snorts. “You’re an idiot.”



“Mm,” says George. “How’re you?”

“Exhausted,” Dream sighs. “I don’t really feel awake yet. Oh, God, and I had such a weird dream.”

“Dream had a dream?” George whispers. “I had a weird dream, too. I think that happens, when you’ve a stomach ache whilst you’re sleeping.”

“What was your dream?”

“Can’t remember,” says George. “Except — I think Patches may have mauled me.”

“Oh my god,” Dream laughs, shocked. “Are you scared of Patches?”

“No,” George scoffs. “She’s too silly to be scary. Even though cats supposedly, like, eat your corpse if you die at home.”

“I read that, too,” says Dream. “I wouldn’t mind if she did that to me. Like, I’d want her to have something to eat until somebody came and found her, you know? She’d starve, otherwise.”

George hums. Dream can feel him smiling into his hair. “What did you dream about?”

Dream frowns, trying to recall. “I know that I was, like — I was opening up my stomach. It had a door on it.”

“What?” George laughs. “Like there was a room inside you?”

“Kinda,” says Dream, smiling now. It seems funny, not as serious now that he’s telling George. “I think — I was carrying you around in it.”

George giggles wildly. “Like a *kangaroo*?”

“Yeah!” says Dream, wheezing a bit, then clutching his stomach when it hurts. “Ugh, I hate this.”

“Have more water,” says George, so Dream does.

“I’m so sweaty,” he complains when the bottle’s empty. “I should probably take a shower, right? My sister’s coming soon. What time is it?”

“Dunno,” George yawns, “but we’ll check in a minute. How’s your stomach? Do you want a Tums?”

“I’m good,” says Dream. He yawns, too. “Did you take one? You’re supposed to after barfing. Cancels out the acid, or something.”

George snickers. “Yeah, silly, I did.”

“Good,” Dream sighs, shuffling closer. “Have to protect that smile of yours.”

## Chapter End Notes

i'm gonna do such a bad job explaining this but i wanna know if any of u have heard of the "abject" or "abjection" in terms of like queer theory and abject bodies etc

my s.o. took a class that dealt a lot with this theme and they related some of it back to me.. i don't know how to explain but basically we as human beings -- idk if theorists think particularly in the u.s. or the "west" or whatever -- are socialized to conceive of bodies as these controlled/ordered/independent units that constitute the "self" (as opposed to "other") and that we feel a certain horror when faced with the sight or experience of expelled bodily substances or whatever because it blurs the distinction between self and other. once it leaves the body it becomes dirty. and because it comes from the body it is part of the self and we feel shame in ourselves because we cannot completely separate ourselves from it, we can't safely compartmentalize it as "other," and we feel that we are dirty. so it's like profoundly alienating i guess. but there's this great quote from this great essay about the abject here it is:

"One does not know it, one does not desire it, one joys in it. Violently and painfully. A passion."

(<https://www.thing.net/~rdom/ucsd/Zombies/Powers%20of%20Horror.pdf>)

so essentially we feel drawn to/fascinated by the abject as much as we feel horrified. i have a friend who preserved their wisdom teeth in epoxy resin lol

anyway there's a lot more to say about the abject in terms of queer bodies and us-versus-them rhetoric etc but i just thought this little bit was kinda relevant to my smutty minecraft youtuber fanfic so ya

also i don't wanna rant for much longer but here's a teensy bit on apollonian/dionysian balance and primordial unity i feel that it applies:

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Apollonian\\_and\\_Dionysian](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Apollonian_and_Dionysian)

<https://www.fau.edu/athenenoctua/pdfs/Lori%20Dilican.pdf>

omg you guys are gonna be sick of me after this

# Utopia

## Chapter Notes

hope everyone is doing ok :o) missed you guys a lot

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They return to bed for a few hours before Dream rises, restless, and strips down for a shower. George joins him after a few minutes, yawning and puffy-eyed.

“Time ’s it,” he rasps, moaning quietly as the hot spray hits his back.

Dream puts his broad hands on his shoulders, feels his wet skin. “I dunno,” he says. “Sun hasn’t been up for long.”

“Mm,” says George. His eyes are closed. He looks as exhausted as Dream feels. “Hey —“ the corner of his mouth ticks up — “your sister’s coming over.”

“She is,” Dream agrees, happy. “Are you excited?”

George blinks his eyes open. “Yes.”

They look at each other for a while, and then Dream takes the shampoo from the wire rack and starts massaging it into George’s scalp. George hums as the suds thickens in his wet-black hair. There’s a bubbly clump sliding down his forehead that Dream redirects with his thumb, away from George’s pretty eyelashes.

“Feels nice,” George sighs, as Dream guides his head back for a rinse. His throat moves as he talks. “Wanna do yours, now.”

“Sure,” says Dream, some part of him busy cataloguing George’s expression: bliss. “Anything you want.”

“This is what I want,” George mumbles, dopey with content. His spine curves like he’s settling into the balls of his feet, rooting himself where Dream can reach him. “What we’re doing.”

“Okay,” says Dream, rubbing George’s ears between his fingers, pleased. Then: “What if you can’t reach my head?”

George yawns. “Get on your knees,” he suggests, so that’s what Dream does: ear pressed to his wet belly, listening to the gurgle of his gut.

Nick is already eating his breakfast by the time Dream and George amble into the kitchen. There’s an open can of Monster by his elbow and a box of Oh Dreams.

He grins when he sees them. “You two look like shit.”

George frowns. “And why are you so perky?”

“I’m excited for Disney,” says Nick. “How much sleep did you get, dude?”

“Not enough,” Dream sighs. “I thought you were sick of those.”

Nick shrugs, swirling his spoon around in the cereal bowl. “Figured I wasn’t being supportive enough. Or something.”

Dream picks his phone up off the counter: it’s dead.

“Shit,” he says. “I need to charge this.”

“Drista’s on her way,” Nick supplies through a mouthful. “She called me, like, half an hour ago.”

“Did she say when she’ll get here?” asks George.

“Probably ten minutes or so, now,” says Nick. “Dude, drink some water or something. You sound like death.”

“Fuck you,” says George. “I was on my knees for hours.”

“What the hell?” Nick cringes. “You don’t have to paint me a picture. I get it.”

Dream laughs.

“Grow a pair,” George snaps at Nick. “It’s not like you could’ve been any better last night. We all ate it.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?” says Nick.

“The meat,” says Dream. “He’s talking about the meat last night.”

“What about the meat?” says Nick.

Dream begins pulling ingredients out of the fridge. Tomatoes, onions, tortillas.

“It was raw, idiot,” says George.

“Dude,” says Nick, still laughing, “like, I’m sure it was. Good for you, or whatever.”

George scoffs. “Don’t you feel a little ashamed? It’s your fault. You’re the one who prepared it.”

“*What?!*” Nick yelps.

“Don’t even try to blame it on Dream,” says George. “He barely did anything to it.”

“Well,” says Dream.

“He hardly even touched it,” George insists.

“It’s too fucking early for this,” says Nick. He pushes his bowl away, looking vaguely nauseated. “I love you guys, and I’m seriously so fucking glad that you’re happy, or whatever, but like — we’ve gotta have some boundaries around here. I did not — I do not want *anything* to do with Dream’s meat. With either one of your meats.”

“What?” George squints at him. “You’re being so weird. You literally slathered it in raw eggs.”

“Ew, dude, what the —” Nick’s voice cracks. “Wait,” he says.

“The *chicken!*” Dream wheezes, nearly dropping an egg on the floor. “The chicken! The meat!”

“Oh my god,” says George.

The doorbell rings.

“I’ll get it,” Nick says hoarsely.

When it’s just the two of them, Dream clears his throat.

“I’m making huevos rancheros,” he says. “Have you — I mean, you’d like that, right? It’s good protein.”

“Sure,” says George.

“Long day ahead of us.”

“Is my voice really that bad?”

“Yeah,” says Dream, apologetic. “You sound — I mean, my sister’s gonna think you have Covid, or something.”

“I’ll just tell her that Sapnap poisoned us,” says George.

“Yeah.” Dream swallows, looking at him, the length of his throat. “Good plan.”

“It’s the truth,” says George.

Dream’s sister sits herself down at the island bar and hounds Dream while he cooks breakfast.

“Braid my hair,” she demands for the fifth time.

“I’m *busy*,” Dream repeats. “Leave me *alone*.”

She groans loudly. Nick pours her a glass of chocolate milk.

“Nick,” she says, “can *you* braid my hair?”

“Probably not,” says Nick. He sits down in the seat to her left; George is seated to her right, sipping his apple juice quietly. “Like, I can try, though.”

“No,” says Drista, “now I’m afraid you’re gonna tie a knot in it or something.”

“What? Dude, I would *never*.”

“I don’t know,” she says warily. “You didn’t sound very confident.”

“Don’t trust him, Drista,” George pipes up. “He gave us food poisoning.”

Nick scoffs. “Yeah, keep telling yourself that.”

“George,” says Drista, “are you good at braiding?”

Dream watches the shift in George’s expression.

“Uh,” says George, “I used to braid my sister’s hair.”

“Are you *good* at it?”

“Yeah,” says George, shrugging. “I’m goated.”

Dream catches his eye: they share a secret smile. His heart wobbles in his chest.

“What kinds of braids can you do?” asks Drista. She takes a big gulp of her chocolate milk.

“I dunno,” says George. “What are the different types, again?”

“French braid,” offers Dream. “Dutch braid. Four-strand. Fishtail. Waterfall.”

“Do I have a milk mustache?” asks Drista.

“Yeah,” says George. “I can do a French braid and — and, like, a regular braid. Whichever is the normal one. I can do that.”

“Okay,” says Drista, mopping at her upper lip with the back of her wrist. “Give me two French braids. One on either side. Got it? And then you have to make them into buns, so it looks like Minnie Mouse.”

“Okay,” says George. He grins. “I can do that.”

It takes George long enough that Drista begins eating her breakfast while George hunches stubbornly over her, frowning, blowing the fringe out of his eyes as he sticks her with bobby pins.

“Food’s getting cold,” Dream reminds him.

“I’m busy,” George grunts.

“Take a break,” says Dream.

“No,” says George. “I’m nearly done.”

Nick finishes his portion quickly and moves to help Dream with the dishes.

“Can you handle this?” asks Dream. “I need to put on her sunscreen for her or she won’t wear any.”

“Yeah,” says Nick, “I’ve got you, bro.”

“Leave me alone, Clay,” says Drista. “I’m getting my hair done.”

“Yeah,” says George, “leave us alone, Clay.”

Dream scoffs, catching the smirk George tosses him. “‘Leave us alone, *Clay*,’” he mocks.

“You’re gonna burn to a crisp without sunscreen, dummy,” says Nick. “It’s gonna get into the nineties later.”

“Maybe I wanna be crispy,” says Drista.

“Ew, what?” laughs George. “What is wrong with you?”

Dream stalks over with a tube of Supergoop and begins applying it to Drista's cringing face.

"Stop," she groans, "ew, I hate it."

George snickers, eyes twinkling when he glances at Dream.

"You might hate it now," says Dream, "but you'll thank me later."

"You sound like Mom," Drista accuses. "It's like having two moms right now. One braiding my hair, one forcing me to wear sunscreen."

"What about me?!" Nick demands from his station at the sink.

"You're like my aunt," says Drista. "Or a fairy godmother. That's way cooler than a mom."

"Fine," says Nick, sounding pacified. "I can live with that."

"There," says George, when he's finished with the braids. "That's as good as it's gonna get."

Dream grins; Nick walks over, gives a low whistle.

"Damn, George," he says. "You're kinda good at that."

George preens. "Give me your phone," he says. "I'll take a picture of the back so she can look."

"Yeah, Nick," says Drista. "I wanna see."

"Looks really good," says Dream, wiping his hands on a dishtowel. He bends to kiss George on the head.

"Ew," says Drista, frowning at them. "Never do that again."

George takes a picture of her Minnie Mouse braids; Dream hangs off his side, shameless. Plants a kiss on his cheek, his shoulder.

"Stop," Drista groans. She pushes at Dream, wrenching awfully.

"Stop being such a hater," Dream teases her. He tugs George close, catches the curve of his smile. "It's like you're homophobic or something."

"Oh, that looks really good," says Drista, when George shows her the photograph. "George could probably do better than you," she tells Dream.

George laughs.

"Shut the hell up," Dream mumbles. "I know."

"Aren't you glad you're spending the day with me instead?" says Nick. "Huh?"

"Yes," she sighs. "Obviously. As long as you and Punz don't start randomly making out or something, pretty much anything's better than third-wheeling for these idiots."

"You've got your cellphone?"

"Yep."

“Debit card?”

“Yes.”

“Mace?”

“Oh my god.” Drista rolls her eyes hugely. “Who’s gonna jump me? Mickey Mouse?”

“Do you have it?”

“Yes, Clay.” She reaches into her backpack and shows him the little pink keychain. “I have it. Even though they’re probably gonna confiscate it at the bag check. Jesus.”

“It’s legal,” says Dream, appeased. “They’re not gonna confiscate it.”

“They might,” she insists.

“Whatever,” says Dream. “You brought your water bottle? Visor?”

The sky is cloudless, blazing blue, the sun so high and naked that Dream can feel the heat of it itching at his forearms. He’ll need to put more sunscreen on in the car; he’s already got some on his nose, a big tan bucket hat pulled snug over his ears.

“It’s on my head, stupid.”

“Oh.” Dream frowns. “Extra cash?”

“I should be asking you these questions,” she says. “You’re the one who hasn’t touched grass in fricking years.”

“She’s got a point,” says Nick. “Do you have your phone, Clay?”

“Yes,” says Dream, impatient. “George and I both have our phones.”

“Fully charged,” George puts in.

“And what are you gonna do if you get spotted?” says Nick.

“Take a couple of pictures,” Dream recites. “Ask them to wait before posting.”

“And if you get mobbed like One Direction?” says Drista.

Dream laughs. “We’ll be fine,” he says. “I’m more worried about you guys.”

“We know you are,” says Nick. “Relax, bro. I’ve taken Drista to Disney before.”

“Not to Hollywood Studios,” says Dream. “It’s not too late to change your mind, you know. You could go to Magic Kingdom instead. Don’t you wanna see Cinderella’s castle?”

“How old do you think I am?” Drista scoffs.

“Just don’t ride the Tower of Terror,” Dream implores. “C’mon. It’s not even cool.”

“Isn’t it based on *The Twilight Zone*?” George pipes up.

He’s got both hands on his left hip, frowning thoughtfully in cotton shorts and his t-shirt with the smiling globe. Dream’s carrying their backpack — full of sunscreen, hand sanitizer, protein bars,



charging cords, sunglasses, masks, and a big Nalgene bottle to share.

“Exactly,” says Dream. “That’s, like — That’s what *Mom* used to watch as a kid. It’s all black and white and shit.”

“Cool,” says Drista. “Maybe it’s haunted. Maybe there are *ghosts*, Clay.”

“She’s just winding you up, now,” says Nick. Drista scowls at him. “C’mon. We won’t ride the Tower of Terror, will we, Drista?”

The two of them titter, exchange unsubtle glances. Dream is hardly mollified.

“Come on,” says George, prodding him. “Vamos, idiot.”

“Fine,” says Dream, throwing his hands up, “fine.” He slings one arm around George and walks with him to the car. To his sister, he says: “Have fun falling down an elevator shaft and going splat like an egg.”

“Thanks,” she says. “I will.”

They follow Nick’s car until he takes the exit to Hollywood Studios, and then they’re on their own. George spends the trip slathering sunscreen down his own arms and legs and humming along to the radio. Dream smiles serenely, glancing over at him every so often.

*"Show me, show me, show me how you do that trick*

*The one that makes me scream," she said*

*"The one that makes me laugh," she said*

*And threw her arms around my neck*

George digs his clout goggles out of the backpack and balances them on his head. The point of his widow’s peak is endlessly endearing.

“Make sure to get the back of your neck,” Dream reminds him.

“Oh,” says George. He complies. “Are you gonna put yours on when we get there?”

“Yeah,” says Dream. “It’s gonna be really hot all day I think.”

“Huh.” George snicks the cap shut and drops the tube in the backpack. “Am I gonna be too recognizable in this shirt, d’you think?”

“Uh.” Dream glances at him. “Maybe. Honestly, I think the goggles are more on-brand, or whatever. Do you — I mean, do you wanna avoid that kinda thing?”

“I guess,” says George. He’s frowning. “It’s fine if you want to meet fans, though. I just think — if there’s a lot of them — it could get annoying. Or something.”

“It could be a lot,” Dream agrees.

“Yeah,” says George, sounding relieved. “It’s not like we’re only going to meet fans, right? We can meet them other places. Events, you know.”

“True,” says Dream. “Yeah. And like, we’re still technically on break.”

“True,” says George. They smile at each other.

“Until tomorrow,” Dream murmurs, turning his eyes back to the road. He makes a silly sound to lessen the blow. “Twenty-four hours. Or something like that.”

“Mm,” says George. He makes the same sound as Dream, only better. “Like that movie.”

“There’s a movie?”

“I think so.”

They buy sunglasses and t-shirts at a gift shop outside the park just in case — Mike and Sully, green and blue. They change in a bathroom stall, giggling.

“Stand on the toilet,” Dream hisses, “so it doesn’t look like we’re getting it on.”

“What?” George hisses back. “How would it look like that? Oh.”

“Two pairs of feet,” Dream supplies anyway.

George’s sneakers squeak on the porcelain. “They’ll see my head over the stall door,” he says, crouching slightly.

Dream giggles wildly. “It’s like we’re just one really tall dude.”

George slips and nearly falls; Dream catches him by the waist.

“Careful,” he says, kissing him on the clothed stomach.

George grins down at him and strips off his t-shirt, one hand braced on Dream’s shoulder. Dream tweaks his nipple.

“Stop that,” George scolds him, but he’s smiling so wide.

They change quickly; George puts on his wrap-around sunglasses.

“They’re supposed to be futuristic,” he says.

“You look like Guy Fieri,” Dream informs him.

“Oh well,” says George, hopping down from the toilet seat. “Welcome to Flavortown.”

Dream wants to hold his hand. It’s ninety degrees out, and there are more strangers around them than ants in a colony, and Dream wants to hold George’s hand. His palm itches.

“When’s our first reservation thingie?” asks George.

“Soon,” says Dream. “Twenty minutes or so.”

“Let’s go on that one,” says George, gesturing at Living with the Land. “The line’s really short. Does that mean it’s no fun?”

“No,” says Dream, frowning. “It just means — I don’t know. I like that one. It’s relaxing.”

“So it’s boring,” says George, nudging him.

Dream scoffs.

They make their way through the long, empty queue, ducking under chains until they reach the end of the serpentine path. There’s a small number of people gathered at the front: parents with babies, older adults, and a few young kids who seem to watch them with interest.

“I saw a video about the queuing system here,” says George. He pushes his sunglasses up off his face once they’re indoors, dark eyes bare again.

“Oh yeah,” says Dream, “I watched that, too. I think we’ve talked about this.”

“Yeah, probably,” says George. “The new system is so weird. It’s like a restaurant reservation.”

“It’s a mix,” says Dream. “Did you read — Apparently people line up differently across the world. Like, people in France are really impatient, or something, and they’re always cutting in line.”

“And they’re all orderly in Japan,” says George. “Yeah, I saw that. What about you Americans?”

“You’re an American,” Dream points out.

“True,” says George, grinning suddenly.

There’s something about the lines of his smile. Dream reaches out and thumbs at his crow’s feet.

“Sorry,” he says, still touching him. “I like these.”

George smiles harder, laughs. He puts his hand up to Dream’s wrist and holds him there gently.

“You’re dumb,” he says. “And cheesy.”

Dream scoffs. “You don’t seem to mind.”

George scrunches his nose. “Hm,” he says.

“You love it,” Dream insists, goading him. “You think I’m cute.”

“I didn’t say that,” says George. “I said you’re cheesy.”

“That’s pretty close,” says Dream.

The line moves up, and suddenly it’s their turn to ride. They’re seated next to a middle-aged couple — Midwestern whites in Minion t-shirts.

“Disney adults,” George whispers in Dream’s ear, sounding awed.

“Hi there,” says the woman, smiling brightly at Dream.

He gives her a little wave. “Hi,” he says. “Cool shirts.”

“We were just gonna say —” she enthuses — “we love yours!”

“Mike and Sully,” says the husband, brow low, nodding at them with intensity. “Very cool.”

“Are you guys best friends?” asks the wife.

Dream feels George’s eyes on him. The little boat they’re on begins a slow trawl down the watery path. There’s a white dome at the end of the tunnel and an abundance of flourishing plants.

“Or is it a couples’ thing?” she goes on. “Either way — love it. Very cute.”

“We’re gay,” Dream blurts quietly. “I mean —” he glances back at George’s shocked face — “*I’m* gay. Well — I’m not *gay*. I mean, I like *guys*, but not *just* guys —”

“Oh my god,” says George.

“It’s okay!” the woman laughs. “It’s okay! Can I —?”

Dream nods frantically, and she puts her big bejeweled hand very delicately on his shoulder.

“I didn’t want to assume anything,” she says, “but you two have a real special way about you, the way you are with each other, so I just wanted to let you know that. That’s all!”

She lifts her hand and beams at them both. Dream feels George touch his knee.

“Thanks,” George says carefully. He’s smiling, cheeks very pink. He meets Dream’s eyes only briefly, his expression giddy and shy and maybe a little amused. “How long have you guys —?”

“Been married?” She laughs. “Twenty-five years!”

“To the day, just about!” adds her husband. “It was yesterday, technically.”

“Oh.” Dream clears his throat. “Wow. Um — so — you guys are here on your anniversary?”

“Mhm,” says the woman. “We come here every year. It’s where we got married.”

“At Epcot?” asks George, and Dream can tell he isn’t serious.

“No,” she says, eyes wide and solemn, “in Magic Kingdom, actually.”

“That’s where we went yesterday,” says the husband. “Got married at Cinderella’s castle in ’97. Right out front.”

“My mom paid for it,” she says in a conspiring tone, almost giggling. “It was so awesome. Oh, look at my ring!”

She thrusts out her left hand, fanning her long manicured fingers.

“Nice,” says George, nodding gamely. “It’s beautiful.”

“Wait,” says Dream, “that’s funny — it kinda looks like little Mickey Mouses on the sides.”

“Yep!” she confirms, grinning at them both.

“Bought it the same day I proposed,” says the husband.

“Where’d you propose?” asks George, frowning earnestly.

“Tell them,” the woman urges her husband. “It’s such a good story.”

“So I don’t know how well y’all know Disney,” says the husband, settling back in his seat, “but

there's this teacup ride in Magic Kingdom. Heard of it?"

"Sure, yeah," says Dream. "George, I've told you about it, right?"

"Yeah, I remember," says George, flashing him a warm, secret smile before returning his attention to the other couple. His hand finds Dream's on the seat between them. "So you proposed there?"

"Not quite," says the husband, laughing. "It was right after."

"He was so nervous," the wife giggles, "that — that — he had this terrible look on his face, like he was in pain or something, once we got on that ride. And then afterward, we're stumbling off, and —"

"I barfed all over the place!" he finishes. "On her shoes, my shirt, everything. All over this big stuffed Pluto — I bought her a new one later — Anyway —" he waves his hands around as though to dispel this distraction — "we found a family bathroom and cleaned up and everything —"

"He got down on one knee to clean my shoes," the woman laughs.

"That's right," says the husband. "And so —"

"Anyway —"

Somebody shushes them loudly from several seats ahead. The woman grimaces apologetically.

"Sorry!" she hisses. "Whisper, whisper," she tells her husband.

"Anyway," he whispers, "we wound up at Cosmic Ray and got a couple of sodas. And she was being so nice, asking how my stomach was and all that, and like — I'm telling you — something just came over me."

His wife clicks her tongue, sighs happily, watching him.

"So I just did it. I followed my instinct, and I got down on one knee and proposed. And the rest is history."

"Wow," says George, and he sounds sincere.

"Wow," Dream echoes him. He taps George's hand with his thumb. "That's amazing. Congratulations."

"And how long have you two been together?" asks the husband.

The folks two seats back shush him loudly.

"Sorry!" he hisses.

"You're not going to propose to me, are you?"

Dream looks at him and laughs. They're sitting on a bench, passing their water bottle back and forth. George is wearing his Guy Fieri sunglasses, and he's grinning, and his underarms soak circles through his t-shirt. Dream dips his fingers underneath the hem and slips over the bumps of his sweaty spine. It's fine: they're in a secluded area.

“Damn,” says Dream. “You got me.”

“Idiot,” says George. Then: “They were cute.”

“Yeah.” Dream smiles, surprised. “Yeah, no, I liked them.”

“The reason I asked,” George says eventually, “is ‘cause — Well, I started thinking, like, what if I just popped in and bought you a Mickey Mouse ring? It just sounded kind of epic. But then I remembered that I don’t want to get married, probably. I mean —“

Dream wheezes. “You’re so —“

“Maybe one day!” George continues, grinning at his reaction. “Maybe. I dunno. I don’t feel grown-up like that. I think I’d feel, like, stupid standing at the altar like I’m some kind of — I don’t know.”

“No, I get it,” says Dream. “We’re young.”

“Yeah,” George sighs. He knocks his foot against Dream’s. “Still, though. If you asked, I wouldn’t say ‘no.’ I’d say ‘not yet.’”

“Oh,” says Dream.

“Yeah,” says George. He takes another swig of water, wipes his mouth dry.

“Even if the ring was Mickey Mouse-shaped?”

George spit-takes. “Oh my god,” he cackles. “It was *so* ugly. Is that horrible to say?”

“They can’t hear us,” Dream whispers, giggling madly. “Dude, it was like —“

“*Dude*,” George mocks him.

“Fine, *babe*,” says Dream. “Sweetie pie. Honeybunch. Cookie snookums.”

“Blah, blah, blah,” George says in his whiny voice. Then, very stern: “Shut up.”

“Mm, no.”

They ride Spaceship Earth, and George makes a crack that they should’ve included Twitch streaming in their timeline of advances in human communication.

“Honestly,” says Dream, “they should.”

George is inspecting a packet of astronaut ice cream at the gift shop. He laughs like he wasn’t expecting Dream to agree.

“What,” he says. “You’re an idiot.”

“No, seriously,” says Dream. “With the live chat and everything, like — You know what I mean. They should include video games, too. People meet each other — they talk to each other across thousands of miles. It’s insane.”

“It is,” George agrees. Then: “I want this.”

“Okay,” Dream says easily, “I’ll buy it for you.”

George puts two of them in Dream’s hand. “One for me, one for your sister.”

Dream laughs. “Why? Does she like this stuff?”

“I think she will,” says George. “I need her to like me better than Sapnap.”

Dream hums, smiling. “Good luck with that. You’re stealing her favorite brother away from her for the day.”

“Shut up,” says George. “You don’t even like Hollywood Studios.”

“I didn’t say I minded,” Dream says very gently. He takes George’s soft hand and squeezes it. “I’m having fun.”

“Mm,” says George. He’s pink, looking anywhere but Dream’s eyes. “Good.”

“Good.”

“Idiot.”

Dream feels a little wobbly after Soaring Around the World, so he and George sit down in the open dining area next door. There’s a pack of younger kids who keep staring at them, so Dream eventually starts staring back, which makes them all blush and titter. George makes silly faces at them; Dream does the same until he catches their mother’s eye. Then, a little embarrassed, he waves.

“Oh, god,” George laughs, also waving. “How old do you think they are?”

“Maybe eight or something?” says Dream.

George sighs and turns his attention to their backpack lying open on the table between them. He digs around for a protein bar and rips into it, gnashing hungrily and mopping the sweat from his brow.

“It’s like the devil’s hairy hole out there,” he grumbles, and Dream loses it.

“What the fuck?” he wheezes, too quiet for their neighbors to hear.

George grins, looking pleased with himself. “Idiot.”

“Drink some water,” Dream giggles, and George complies. “Do you need more sunscreen? Do you feel yourself burning?”

“I don’t think so,” says George. “What’s our next reservation or whatever?”

“The Nemo one,” says Dream. “Are you excited to meet your sexy doppelgänger?”

George snorts.

“We’ll take a picture of you in front of him,” says Dream. “Side-by-side comparison.”

“Are you going to post it on Twitter?”

“Maybe.”

George hums. “How long do we have?”

“Bout an hour,” says Dream.

“I want to ride Test Track.”

Dream makes his eyes wide. “*You* can ride Test Track.”

“With you,” says George.

“Not with me,” says Dream. “By yourself.”

“No,” says George. “You’re coming with me.”

“No, I’m not,” says Dream.

“You are,” George insists. “You are, you are, you are. You’re going to ride Test Track with me because it’s cool and you love me.”

“You’re going to go by yourself,” says Dream, “because *you* love *me*.”

“Not *that* much,” George scoffs. “Idiot.”

Dream rides Test Track.

“Dream,” says George, and he is beginning to look a bit guilty, “it’s literally just a racing track sort of thing. It isn’t going to do any loops.”

Dream’s eyes are closed. He’s gripping the metal bar so hard that it hurts, and the ride hasn’t started yet. His palms are slippery with sweat.

“Fuck,” he breathes. “What the fuck. I’m a fucking simp. I hate myself.”

“Dream,” George laughs, “chill out. It’s a ride! It’s supposed to be fun!”

“It’s never fucking fun,” Dream moans. “Holy shit. What if I just — Oh, *fuck*, oh, it’s starting —“

“It’s gonna be fun as hell,” says George. He puts his narrow hand over Dream’s on the metal bar.

“Okay, just — close your eyes, if that helps.”

“I *am*! Oh, fuck me, why are we going up?”

“I don’t know, it’s probably —“

“It keeps *going*!”

“Dream,” says George. “Look at me.”

Dream looks at him. Gulps. He can feel his heart hammering in his throat, feels more viscerally panicked than he has in a long time.

“It’s safe,” says George. “You’re safe. We’re together.”



“Oh my god,” says Dream, as they’re nearly pitched over a ledge. “Oh my —“

“Look, it’s still going slow,” says George. “Look at all the street signs.”

It helps. Dream counts the colors, names the signs in his head. His breath shudders out of him. “Okay, it’s like — it’s like a highway,” he says aloud.

“Yeah,” says George, “it’s just like we’re racecar drivers, or something.”

That makes Dream laugh.

“Shut up,” says George, but he sounds hugely relieved.

It’s mostly educational. Whenever Dream dares to open his eyes, he sees flashing lights and smoke and George’s hand on his own, rubbing back and forth, soothing him. George keeps up a steady stream of banter even as Dream does little more than gasp and shake.

“Look, Dream,” says George, “heatwaves!”

“What,” says Dream. *Heat Chamber*, reads the big scary sign. “The hell.”

“Now cold,” George narrates. “Wow, those icicles are almost as big as your —“

“Why the hell are we speeding up?” Dream gasps, teeth gritted, prying his fingers off the bar to squeeze George’s hand in a death grip. George squeezes back. “Holy shit. Holy shit.”

“It’s just like driving,” says George. “Like, if I were behind the wheel.”

Dream scoffs, but it makes him smile. “Yeah. Great.”

The jerkier it gets, the harder Dream squeezes George’s hand, and George just whoops and cheers the way dog owners are supposed to do when a puppy gets scared.

“Oh my god,” he tells Dream, “this is epic!”

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck,” says Dream. “Holy shit. Holy fucking shit.”

Vaguely, he registers his picture being taken, and George laughing loudly, and the shouts of other passengers; but his focus is on the warmth of the body beside him, the warmth of George — the smell of his t-shirt, the texture, how his small hand feels safe and dear in his own.

“Look, Dream, we’re outside!”

Dream opens his eyes, and it’s like stepping out of a movie theater.

“Woah,” he breathes.

The sky is darker than it was when they got in line, sun shrouded by fat purple clouds. When their car speeds up, George laughs happily and whoops long and loud, his expression beautiful and close. Dream curls into him and imagines they’re flying.

“I should’ve checked the forecast,” says Dream. They’re hanging out in the gift shop while Dream catches his breath; George has not stopped stroking his back in the last ten minutes. “Shit. I didn’t bring an umbrella.”

“We can get rain ponchos,” says George.

The rain ponchos, as it turns out, are fifteen bucks a pop.

“No fucking way,” says George. “That’s ridiculous.”

“That’s Disney,” Dream sighs. He grabs two of them. “You want anything else?”

“They’re literally plastic bags,” George continues. “We should just hang out inside somewhere until the storm passes.”

“Okay,” says Dream. He still gets the ponchos, just in case. “Where ‘we heading off to, buckaroo?”

“Don’t we have that Nemo ride next?”

“It’s pretty short,” says Dream. “There’s an aquarium next door, though.”

"Perfect." George smiles. “Maybe you can meet Gil.”

## Chapter End Notes

part 2 coming soon :O

# Caustic

## Chapter Notes

things are going better right now... kinda

you guys make me so happy :( <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

By the time they exit the Nemo ride, there are sheets of water dripping from the outdoor awning, and the rain is falling warm and thick and shimmery all around. Dream takes George's hand and sprints with him to the aquarium next door.

It's a little spooky inside — blue-hued and subterranean, not quite of their world.

"This is epic," says George, and he drags a hand through his wet hair, and he's so hot.

"Yeah," says Dream, laying a greedy hand on the small of his back. "Hey, look at these."

It's a school of clownfish. George laughs with joy.

"Oh my god, it's Nemo," he says.

"And all his brothers and sisters," adds Dream.

"I thought he didn't have any. Isn't that the point?"

"Oh," says Dream. "Maybe they're, like, his kids or something."

George touches the glass, and one of them skitters away. "Oh," he says, startled, jerking back. In a soft voice: "Sorry."

"What the hell, George," Dream ribs him.

"Do you think they like living in there?" asks George. "Where everyone can see them?"

"It's probably all they know," says Dream.

"Well," says George, "maybe some of them were born in the ocean."

"Like Nemo."

George snorts, catches his hand. "Idiot."

They're both quiet for a moment; and then George squeezes his hand, sort of turns to him, and says solemnly: "I love you."

"Aw," says Dream, giddy with surprise, turning to look at him. "I love you, too."

George's eyes are a bit wide, glassy in the blue light. He looks young and guileless. He looks small.

“Really,” he says. “I don’t know if you realize.”

“I do,” Dream assures him. He squeezes, looks at their hands together: blue-green. “I know you love me, George.”

“It’s like — more than that,” says George, sounding a bit hopeless or strung-out or something. “Dream.”

“I know,” says Dream, and he laughs as the soul of him tickles on the way up.

George laughs, too. “I wish you knew what it feels like. It’s so —“ He shakes his head, sort of dopey. “How does it feel for you?”

Dream tries to locate the feeling. “My chest,” he begins. He brings a hand up, rubbing there like it’s heartburn. “And, like —“ He brushes low over his stomach, fast and vague enough that nobody else should see. Then he touches his own throat. “Here, too. My pulse.”

“I feel it in my nose,” says George, eyeing him. “And my knees.”

“Especially in those places?”

“No,” scoffs George. “I’m just saying.”

They move on to another tank and watch a manatee float slow as sap across the irradiated enclosure. It’s shaped like a slick-skinned sock-puppet, stuffed unevenly and dangling with strange felted appendages.

“Look at him,” says George. “Look at that guy.”

“He’s some guy,” Dream agrees.

“What if that was me?” says George.

“What do you mean, *what if that was you*?”

“Would you visit me?” George persists.

“No,” Dream scoffs. “I’d build you a tank in our backyard.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah,” says Dream.

“Would you swim with me?”

“Of course.”

They migrate to the upstairs aquarium, passing families in ponchos and their wailing little ones in the caustic, aquamarine light of the corridors. There’s a young teenager who stares at them, frowning, as they walk past.

“Our demographic,” Dream whispers when they’re out of sight.

“Blue hair and pronouns,” George agrees.

“True,” says Dream. “Although I think that was their dad with them.”

“Not a Dream stan, then.”

They find an unimpeded view of the enclosure and station themselves there, noses close and fogging up the glass. There’s a diver swimming near a tower of reef, bubbles billowing up from the mouthpiece and their long, black flippers slowly beating the water like a pair of wings.

“Holy cow,” says Dream. “That’s — Can you imagine doing that?”

“That’s what you’d have to wear all the time if I was a manatee,” says George.

“We should go on more trips,” says Dream, awed. “We should rent a cabin and go, like, kayaking and stuff.”

“A cabin?” George waggles his eyebrows at him. “Just you and me?”

Dream grins. “Just you and me.”

“Hm,” says George, and he looks so happy. “Just you and me. Out in the woods. Out in a *cabin*.”

“A nice one,” says Dream. “With — with a hot tub.”

“But not *too* nice,” says George.

“No,” Dream agrees, and he knows that they’re both thinking of the internet.

George is silent for a moment, looking out at the glittering shoals. Then: “What if the glass breaks?”

“We die,” says Dream.

“Hm.”

Dream’s phone buzzes in his pocket.

“Is that Sapnap?”

“Yeah.” Dream taps out a response. “They’re heading home, I guess, cause of the rain. He’s checking in about dinner.”

“What about dinner?”

“He wants to know if we’re still down for Rainforest Cafe tonight.”

“Oh,” says George. “You should take a picture of the shark.”

“Do it yourself,” says Dream.

“No.”

Dream takes a picture of the shark.

“Send it to him,” says George. “And say — say that we *are* dinner tonight.”

*holy shit cool shark*, texts Nick. *answer my question*

“There’s a really good Japanese place here,” says Dream. “Have I told you that already? It’s won, like, awards and stuff. We could go there once the rain calms down.”

“Can I see the menu?”

They look at it together, shoulders chafing damply through their t-shirts. Dream lays a hand on his lower back, feeling touchy and open, like he wants to get them alone. He can’t remember what’s appropriate in public — can he squeeze that fleshy bit of George’s hip? Is that allowed?

“This looks good,” George says eventually. “Are these the prices?”

“Yeah. My treat.”

“It’d better be,” George laughs. “Forty dollars for the salmon... Look, Dream, this steak is over a hundred. And they’ve got a tasting menu!”

“Mm,” says Dream, leaning against him, sleepy with contentment. “Does it look good to you?”

George snorts. “You’re an idiot. What if I got the hundred-dollar steak and this hundred-dollar wine and ordered extra to pack up and keep in the fridge at home? That’s, like — that’s an insane amount of money to spend on food.”

“I know,” says Dream. “But it’s a special occasion.”

“What,” George laughs. “How?”

“Well,” says Dream. He shrugs, sighs. George leans against him, too, and they hold each other up like the walls of a tent. “I’m gonna marry you. I’ve already decided.”

“You —” George stumbles a bit; Dream steadies him. “What — like, tonight?”

“No,” Dream hums. “Not *tonight*. But eventually.”

“Eventually,” George repeats. “Okay. And you’re — But you want to celebrate this tonight?”

“Well, yeah,” says Dream.

“Okay,” says George.

“Is it —” Dream clears his throat, suddenly shy. “Do you not like the place or something? Because we could go somewhere else. There’s a really good French restaurant. I haven’t been there, but —”

“I want to go to the Rainforest Cafe,” says George. He turns to Dream, eyes all big and bottomless. “You promised you’d take me.”

“Did I promise that?” Dream wonders.

“Yeah,” says George. “You said you’d take me on a date there.”

“What?” Dream frowns, racking his brain for the memory. “When did I say that?”

“At my *Love or Host*,” says George. He scoffs. “Do you not remember? Dream.”

“I said — Hold on. I said I would take you there *if* you picked me. If — Like, as a date idea. I did not *promise* —”

“You said —” George pokes him in the chest — “that *if* I picked you, you would take me there. And I *have* picked you. You’re *mine*.” He blushes, drops his hand. “Or whatever.”

“What?” Dream laughs, pleased. “You’re such an idiot.”

“You’re the idiot,” George grouses. “*You* couldn’t remember a simple promise you made.”

“Aw, Georgie.” Dream rubs his arm, loving him. “You really wanna go to the Rainforest Cafe, huh?”

George huffs, curling closer. “You promised.”

“Alright,” Dream placates him, “I’ll take you there, silly.”

Dream finally caves to the storm and buys himself and George an umbrella.

“Water everywhere,” George remarks quietly before they leave the shelter of a storefront awning.

Dream is drinking from their Nalgene bottle, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand as he peers out at the silver fog. George giggles.

“It’s everywhere, Dream.”

“Not on our heads,” he answers.

As they step out into the rain, George takes his hand.

“It’s still so warm outside,” he says, swishing his soaked shoe through a puddle. “The water’s warm.”

“George, what are you doing?” Dream laughs, tugging him along. “That’s nasty.”

“It feels nice,” says George.

“Aren’t you sick of rain? Don’t you get enough of it in the U.K.?”

“It’s different here,” says George. “It’s all warm, like piss or something.”

Dream wheezes. “Like *piss*?” he cries.

“Or like a shower, I don’t know!”

“We’re gonna need a shower when we get home,” says Dream.

“Together?”

“Probably not,” Dream admits. “With my sister around and all.”

“Right,” says George. “Makes sense.”

“Mm.”

“We could —” George begins. “Nevermind.”

“No, what?” Dream prods him, eager. “Say it.”

“No, just —” George frowns thoughtfully. “What time are they meeting us for dinner?”

“Six,” says Dream.

“And what time is it right now?”

He checks his phone. “Uh, four thirty-ish.”

“Okay,” says George, squeezing his hand. “So... let’s go early.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah, we can secure a table. Something next to the gorillas, or whatever — best seat in the house.”

“Okay,” says Dream. He swallows. “And — so — what are we gonna do for the hour until they get there?”

“Well,” says George, at great length. “There’s a bathroom, surely?”

They slide their wallets into their back pockets and leave everything else in the backpack lying limp on the table between their water glasses and rolled cutlery.

“Not that we’re likely to get our shit stolen at the Rainforest Café,” Dream remarks.

“Mm,” says George, and he’s leading Dream to the back of the empty restaurant, through the men’s room door with its tropical illustrations. “It’s weird that we haven’t run into a fan yet.”

“Maybe it’s the rain,” says Dream. “Also, like — Epcot isn’t, like, *the* most popular park, or whatever.”

George snickers. He’s looking at them in the mirror, black eyes darting between their heads, their height difference, their damp shirts.

“We look like a couple,” he says, like he’s surprised.

Dream snorts, pleased. “Yeah,” he says. “We do.”

There are monkeys painted all over the bathroom walls. Their beady little eyes seem to gawk at them.

“This place is epic,” says George. He tugs Dream into the handicap stall at the end of the vacant room. “It’s like *The Lion King*. All the animals in our kingdom are gonna watch us get in on.”

“That’s —“ Dream laughs. Gets on his knees. “You’re an idiot.”

George gets this surprised little smile and puts his hands on either side of Dream’s face, petting him. “You wanna do it like this, huh?”

The tile is wet under his bare knees. Repulsive. The bathroom smells like urinal cakes and bleach.

“Use me,” says Dream.

He takes George by the hips and nudges him closer, oh-so-meekly, gifting him the illusion of power. When Dream looks up, he can see the painted apes on the wall staring at him, sneering; so he lets his eyes fall shut and succumbs to his other senses.

The feel of George. The smell.



George scratches his scalp, massages him. When Dream noses up against the crotch of his cotton shorts, George cants his hips forward and tugs on Dream's hair. The sting of it loosens a knot somewhere in the fist of his heart.

"You want me to use you," says George. Like it's a question.

Dream kisses him open-mouthed through his shorts. "Yeah."

George just holds him silently as he kisses up his t-shirt, the warm skin underneath. Dream noses at the wiry trail of hair, flattens his tongue against it.

"Desperate," George accuses in a murmur. His grip is tight in Dream's hair.

Dream spits in his belly button.

"That's disgusting," says George, tugging him into it, smothering him.

Dream lays a wet kiss on his tummy. "We'll shower later," he says.

George sighs at the reminder.

"I know," says Dream.

He pulls George's shorts and underwear down together, slowly, mouthing at the wreath of his pubic hair.

"Gotta give you something to think about," he murmurs between kisses.

George hums, pulls at him, so Dream tugs his shorts down farther. George makes tiny little sounds as his thighs get leached and eaten like a piece of fruit.

Dream sucks one of his hairy balls into his mouth, and then the other. Moans around them, loving the smell.

"Christ," George gasps.

He widens his stance: shoulders pushing into the wall, head bent, hips thrust lewdly forward. His sopping-wet sneakers squelch and drool. His dick is getting wet at the tip.

Dream releases his balls with a little *pop* and laps at them, moaning long and low and quiet. George rubs his ear with affection.

"Good," he tries, and Dream can hear the caution in his voice.

So he puts a hand on himself. Palms his dick through his rain-damp khaki shorts.

"Dream," George huffs out, panting a bit, eyeing the way Dream bucks into his own hand. He pulls on his hair, chastening. "Stop doing that, idiot."

Dream doesn't put up a fight: he wants to be praised again.

"I'm hard," he says instead, sweet and soft, and he puts both his hands on the outsides of George's bare, hairy thighs and strokes him there.

"You are, are you?" George murmurs.

He pets the hair at Dream's nape, and Dream nuzzles into the balmy, curling hair beneath his belly button. He smells like sweat and rain. He smells warm and dirty and dear.

"Answer me, Dream."

Dream pulls back and nods. Makes his eyes all big and dumb.

"Use your words."

"I am," says Dream, and he lets his voice go high and desperate. "I'm so hard, George."

George's cock twitches. "Yeah?"

Dream kisses the base of his cock where the skin stretches, sensitive. "Wanna get off," he whines.

His own dick feels heavy and sensitive in his shorts. He sits back and rubs himself with his thighs, eyes closed and heart throbbing hot in his belly.

"But I don't want that, Dream," says George, his tone uncompromising. "So you're not going to."

Dream stills.

"Good," says George, more confidently. He clears his throat. "Good boy."

Something swells up inside Dream. He feels proud.

"Thank you," he whispers, rasping his cheek against George's hairy thigh. It feels heavenly.

"Thank you, George."

Dream feels how his grip tightens in his hair. It makes him roll his neck back, yielding, and George lays his other hand on his throat.

"You like this," George observes.

Dream hums, eyes closed, soaking in bliss. There's a faint ringing in his ears.

"Look at you kneeling for me." George gives him a sharp little tug. "Like a dog."

Dream's jaw falls open on its hinge. George squeezes his throat, gentle, and then draws his hand up to push a thumb into Dream's lax mouth.

He tastes like sweat. Like grit. Dream rolls his tongue around the intrusion and sucks the flavor out of it — from the thumbnail, the salty whorl. George presses down on the muscle of Dream's tongue. His nail chafes against the roof of his mouth.

"Good," George is saying, his voice quiet and awed. "Such a pretty mouth."

Dream whines: He doesn't want to be pretty. He wants to be a good boy for George.

He can hear the smirk in George's voice when he goes on: "Yeah, you're very pretty, aren't you? Are you a pretty boy?"

Dream shakes his head and looks up at him. Pouts so immaturely that he should feel embarrassed.

"No?" George copies his pout. "Are you not a pretty boy?"

He shakes his head again. "Mm-mm," he says around the thumb in his mouth.

George clicks his tongue. “Oh,” he says, carding a hand through Dream’s hair, “but you’re *so* pretty.”

Dream closes his eyes and moans.

“Yeah, you like when I call you that, don’t you?” George pulls his thumb out with a slick sound.

Dream’s cock aches and leaks like a wound. It’s dirty. It’s embarrassing. He should feel embarrassed.

“Answer me, Dream. Do you like it?”

*No*, he wants to say, but that would be lying.

George pulls his hair. “Answer me, or I’ll get off without you.”

“I like it,” he admits, gasping, wishing George would plug him up again. His mouth feels hollow. “I do.”

“Good, Dream,” George praises him, smiling as his cock jumps in Dream’s face. The crown is swollen, shiny red, pushing out past his foreskin. “Good boy.”

Dream groans, and George silences him with his thumb.

“Suck it,” he says.

So that’s what Dream does. The sensation in his body is spreading — he imagines it as a bright light burning in his belly, glowing gold, climbing up through his chest and his throat, sinking into his tailbone and the soles of his feet. It’s like he was made to do this.

“Good,” George murmurs, watching him.

He looks a little menacing from this angle, with his dark eyes and his strong jutting chin. His uncut dick and all the hair on his lithe little body, the sweet-smelling mass of it between his thighs.

*He’s such a man.*

“What do you want, baby?” asks George. “You wanna keep sucking my thumb?”

Dream hums, happy.

“Or do you want my dick?”

*Oh*. He nods, eager, feeling his hair flop on his forehead. His cock is bleeding a wet spot through the crotch of his shorts.

“Yeah?” George sounds pleased. He pulls his thumb out and smears it wetly over Dream’s lips.

“You wanna suck me off? Right here in a bathroom stall?” He yanks at Dream’s lower lip, rubs it like a worry stone. “Like some kind of slut?”

“Yeah,” Dream gasps, though it comes out a little garbled. “Please. I’m a slut.”

“Yeah, you’re a slut,” says George. He releases him. “Sit on your hands.”

Dream shuffles, gets them wedged good and tight under his thighs. He loves this side of George. Adores it.

“Good boy,” George praises him. “Keep them there, yeah?”

He’s got both his hands in Dream’s hair, petting him. It’s a moment before he withdraws to roll back his foreskin, squeezing at the swollen length of his cock. Dream squirms at the sight.

“You wanna taste it?” asks George. He’s smirking. “Wanna lick me clean?”

“Yeah,” says Dream.

George hums, guides his wet cockhead to brush over Dream’s lips. Dream tries to open his mouth around it, but George just yanks him back by the hair.

“Desperate,” he accuses, and he looks so smug.

“Please,” says Dream, licking the cum off his lips. “Want it.”

“What do you want?” says George.

“Wanna suck you,” says Dream.

“Suck what?” George smiles. “My thumb? My elbow?”

“Your dick,” Dream whimpers. “Wanna suck your dick.”

“Hm,” says George. “Say please.”

“*Please*,” says Dream. “Please, George, wanna suck your dick.”

George strokes himself lazily. “Again.”

“Please.” He aches. “Please, George. Please. Please. I’ll do anything.”

“Anything?” George grins. “Careful, Dream.”

“I mean it,” he dry-sobs, “George, I’ll do *anything*.”

George hums, caressing his jaw with a gentle hand. “So pretty.”

He opens Dream’s mouth easily with his pointer finger and begins feeding his cock down his slick throat.

Dream moans, open-mouthed and shameless, letting himself be filled. He’s so glad. He’s so glad.

“Good boy,” George is panting out. “Take it.”

Dream seals his mouth around him and sucks out all the pockets of air. His lips feel wide, stretched, sated. When George drags himself halfway out and fucks in again, Dream can feel the drool seeping, filthy, down his chin.

Dream doesn’t even move: he stays very still and blinks up at George and moans when he takes initiative.

“God.” George fucks his mouth. “You love this. You love being good.”

Dream whines and whines, bounces a little on his hands. It doesn’t do anything for his hard-on, but it relieves some of the restless energy itching at the base of his spine. He wants to put his dick in something. He wants to touch.

He can hear himself choke when George fists his hair and fucks in all the way, balls slapping up against Dream's chin, rubbing his nose in his pubic hair.

"Fuck," George groans, and he does it again — drags out through the suction and ruts balls-deep back into him. The slide of his foreskin is heavenly on Dream's tongue. "I wanna fill you up."

Dream moans roughly. He wants that.

"Yeah?" George pants, mopping the sweat from his brow. "You want me to cum in your mouth?"

Dream tries to nod. His jaw aches terribly.

"You gonna swallow for me?"

He nods again, eyes watering.

"Gonna get all nice and full of my cum? Is that what you want, Dream?"

George strokes his face as he fucks him, his expression almost nurturing. If Dream ignores the eyes of jungle fauna on the walls of this dank facility, he can look up and see George's huge dark eyes and his rosy mouth and the shock of his gleaming hair.

When George starts cumming, Dream shoves his mouth up against him and swallows. Forces himself. Chokes on it. His nose chafes against his thick hair, and his skin is so warm and sweat-slick, and George's cum tastes bitter going down.

He doesn't pull off until George goes soft in his mouth. He laps up the cum that spilled from his lips. It tastes like victory.

"Dream," George is murmuring, again and again, no less or more than an invocation. His voice is weak; his hands are playing with Dream's hair. "Dream."

"Mm," says Dream, as he kisses George on his flaccid dick, where the spit is cooling already. "That was awesome," he rasps.

"Yeah," says George. He smiles all lazy and lush. "Come on, then. Whip it out."

They're washing their mouths out in the sink when another patron walks in. He's a trans guy, early twenties, with a hi-top fade and a Hawaiian shirt. He spots George immediately.

"Wait," he says, freezing at the row of sinks. "Are you —?"

"Hm?" says George. Dream wishes they hadn't bothered to change back into their dry t-shirts — any fan would recognize the smiling globe and basketball. "Have we met?"

"No, I mean —" The guy smiles like he isn't sure. "You're GeorgeNotFound, right? The YouTuber?"

George laughs. "That's funny. I get that *all* the time."

Dream stares at him, shocked.

"Come on, dude," says the guy, laughing a bit. "Don't, like, mess with me right now. You look *exactly* like him." He turns to Dream. "And aren't you Dream?"

“Uh,” says Dream.

“Listen,” the guy says, backing off a bit, “I’m not gonna bother you guys. So, like... whoever you are...” He scratches his neck. “Uh, I’ll just say, like — I’m a big fan. Of those YouTubers. And, like — hypothetically, if you were Dream and George, I would wanna thank you guys for getting me through some hard stuff.” He nods like he’s satisfied. “Okay, that’s all. I’m gonna go piss now.”

And he disappears into a stall.

“*OUT*,” George mouths at Dream, jerking his thumb at the bathroom door. “*Come on.*”

On the outside, Dream turns to him.

“What the hell was that?” He laughs in shock. “You totally gaslit that poor guy!”

George scoffs, though he looks a bit guilty. “No, I didn’t! Technically — Okay, technically —“

“You sound like me,” Dream laughs.

“Whatever,” says George, smiling. “I just didn’t want to get a picture in the bathroom with like — I don’t know, what if there was some cum on your chin, or something?”

“Is there cum on my chin?”

“Well —“ George inspects him. “No.”

“Okay, so —“ Dream draws a big breath. “Okay, so I’ll just take a picture with him when he comes out.”

“What — you’re just gonna jump him?”

“I *guess*,” says Dream. “What do you usually do?”

“What do *I* usually do?” George makes a face at him. “Usually I don’t get my cock sucked in the bathroom of a Rainforest Cafe.”

“You liked it!” Dream hisses, trying to keep his voice down.

“Obviously!” George hisses back. “Did I not cum down your throat?”

“Okay —“

The bathroom door opens, and the guy walks out. He startles a little when he sees Dream and George.

“Oh,” he says. “Hi.”

“Oh.” Dream clears his throat. “Hey, would you wanna — Do you want a picture, or something, man?”

The guy squints at him. “Are you sure?”

“Yeah,” says Dream. He smiles. “Hey, you can be my first fan selfie.”

The guy shrugs. “Alright, cool.”

“Just don’t post that until tomorrow, yeah?” says George.

Dinner is a noisy affair. Between the screeching animatronic apes, the simulated thunderstorms, and the three adult men vying to make Drista laugh the hardest, Dream wonders if this is what it’s like to be his mother.

“What are we doing tonight?” Drista demands around a mouthful of ‘Iggy’s Piggy Sandwich.’

“What do you mean?” asks Dream. He puts his fork down in his ‘Rasta Pasta.’ “This is what we’re doing tonight. Are the gorillas not doing it for you?”

“I meant after this,” says Drista. “Are we gonna watch a movie? We should celebrate, since George is here. Also, you just went outside and did stuff, Clay.”

“Are you coming back with us, Punz?” asks Nick.

“Sure,” says Punz. “I’ve got nothing better to do.”

“We should build a fort,” Drista says suddenly.

“Ooh,” says George, “wait, yes, that would be epic. Dream, let’s do that.”

Dream pretends to think about it.

“Come *on*,” says George. He tugs his arm, then seems to realize how he must look, and releases him. “I don’t even know why I’m asking you,” he huffs. “You’re not the boss.”

“Oh yes I am the boss,” says Dream. “*And* —” he interrupts the others’ groans of protest — “as the boss, I’ve made the executive decision that we should build a fort tonight.”

“Let’s go!” says George, and he high-fives Drista, and then Nick, then Punz. “Fort night! Oh wait.”

## Chapter End Notes

in researching for this chapter i watched this eddy burback video and it was so good  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vA-bjpKvIw8&t=1s>

# Castrametation

## Chapter Notes

wow! sorry for insanely long break between updates once again! this time i wasn't in the hospital i was just playing sooo much minecraft

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The fort is a success. Even Patches, who has been alone much of the day, deigns to curl up under the blanket roof with the others. She swishes her tail across their faces, meowing at intervals as though to say hello.

“She does well on her own,” Punz observes. “She doesn’t seem keyed up or anything.”

Dream scratches her behind the ears, warming at her eager little head-butts, her smiling eyes. She’s purring like a motorboat. She seems happy.

“I think she likes having people over,” says Nick.

Dream hums his agreement. George is tucked up under his left arm; his sister is leaning against the other, stroking Patches with divided attention. They’ve queued up the old One Direction documentary on the flatscreen, and it’s hard to say who’s enjoying it the most.

“George,” Drista pipes up at one point, “it’s too bad you didn’t meet my brother when he had his boybander hair.”

“Why is that too bad?” George laughs. Dream rubs his side.

“‘Cause he looked better like that,” says Drista. “It’s too short, now.”

“Hm,” says George. Dream stays silent as George plays with the lock of hair curling over his ear. It tickles. “It’s sort of long, now.”

“I need a haircut,” Dream agrees in an undertone.

“Don’t cut it,” Drista whines. “Clay. Come on. Grow it out again, it looked so much better like that. Then George can braid your hair!”

They all laugh.

“Why are you so obsessed with him growing out his hair?” asks Nick. “Just grow out your own hair.”

“She thinks everyone should look more like Harry Styles,” Dream explains.

“But his hair’s pretty short, isn’t it?” says Punz.

Drista sighs at this. “It didn’t use to be.”

Later, she asks: “George, which of the One Direction guys do you like best?”



“Uhh,” says George. Dream stifles a laugh. “I guess Harry Styles.”

“But you’re just saying that because he’s Clay’s favorite,” says Drista.

“And yours!” Dream reminds her, indignant.

“Whatever,” she dismisses this. “So, George, who’s *your* favorite?”

“I dunno,” George laughs, “I don’t know them very well, I guess.”

“Well,” says Dream, because he lives to tease him, “we’re watching their documentary. I’d say you know them pretty well by now.”

George huffs like Dream’s betrayed him. “Not really.”

“Come on, George,” Nick ribs him, grinning. “Who’s your favorite guy?”

“What,” George scoffs, “my favorite guy, like, of all time? That’s easy.”

“No, dude, who’s your favorite One Direction guy?”

“His favorite guy of all time is Clay,” Drista puts in, giggling.

Nick guffaws. Dream and George blush hotly.

For a moment, Dream is sure he’s going to deny this. ‘*Myself*,’ he’ll say instead. ‘*I’m the best*.’ Or maybe he’ll say ‘*Jimmy McGill*.’

But George doesn’t say either of those things.

“Wow,” he drawls, “you’re a literal genius. Who would’ve guessed that I love my boyfriend?”

There’s a beat of silence. Dream squeezes George’s side so hard that it must hurt a little.

“Okay,” says Punz, “on looks alone. Who’s the cutest guy?”

“Still Dream,” says George, deadpan.

“No, dude,” Punz laughs, “in One Direction.”

“Oh my god,” George groans, “why are you all obsessed?”

“George,” says Drista, “don’t you think Clay would look better if he grew out his hair like that?”

“Can you stop?” Dream huffs.

“I’m just asking a *question*,” she says. “Are you afraid he’s gonna say ‘yes’?”

“No,” Dream lies. “But you’re being annoying.”

“Drista,” George cuts in, snuggling in closer to Dream, “stop using me to manipulate your brother. He can’t help being a simp.”

“Yeah, Drista,” says Dream, laying a kiss of gratitude on George’s head. “I can’t help it.”

Dream's back is starting to hurt, leaning back on the rug like this, though his sister doesn't seem to face the same discomfort if her yawns and heavy blinks are anything to go by. The movie is almost over when Dream catches her snoozing on his shoulder.

"Drista," he hisses, jostling her a bit.

"What, what," she croaks, blinking awake. "Oh, shoot, I fell asleep."

"You need to brush your teeth," Dream reminds her.

"Her bag is in the kitchen," Nick pipes up. "Want me to run get it?"

"Yes, please," Drista says immediately. "Can you bring me a cup of water, too?"

"You're not gonna brush your teeth in here, are you?" says George. He shuffles warmly against Dream's side, yawning. "That's gross."

"It's not gross," Drista scoffs. "It's the opposite of gross. I'm literally cleaning my teeth, so there. Plus it's efficient."

"Hm," says George.

"You probably aren't gonna brush your teeth at all," says Drista.

"That's different," says George. "I'm an adult. Adults can make their own decisions about these sorts of things."

"What, so I can't make my own decisions?"

"It's different," George insists.

"What about my rights? My human rights?"

Dream wheezes. "Oh, God."

"Okay, okay," says Nick, "relax. I'm getting your stuff. Hold on."

"I should head out," says Punz, rising with a groan from the floor.

"Stay, dude," Nick calls from the hallway. "You can sleep in a guest room."

"Are you and Drista sleeping out here?" George asks Dream.

"I don't know if my back can take it."

Drista snorts. "Okay, grandpa."

George wiggles a hand back to rub Dream's spine. "We could make a new fort in your room."

"Our room," Dream corrects him. "Sure. Drista, what do you think? George and I can sleep on the bed, and you'll have your own little area on the floor."

"Like a dog?" She huffs. "Fine."

"Or you can have a guest room to yourself," Dream offers, knowing full well she'll decline.

Sure enough: "No, that's weird. I'll be lonely."

George clears his throat. “Dream,” he begins, solemn, “should we ask your mum first if she minds me sleeping in the same room?”

“That’s dumb,” says Drista. “Why would she mind?”

“Because I’m a strange man that your brother met on the internet,” says George.

Dream snorts. “We can ask,” he allows, “but I already know she won’t care. She knows you, George.”

“I don’t know,” says George. “If it were my kid, I wouldn’t let some twenty-five-year-old Minecraft Youtuber sleep in the same room as them. Even if he was their brother’s friend.”

“You’re not his *friend*,” Drista scoffs. “You’re his *boyfriend*. There’s a *difference*.”

Dream and George laugh.

“Still,” says George.

Dream’s mom is predictably endeared by George’s concern, but she sounds confused by the question.

“Can’t she just sleep in your room?” she asks Dream.

And Dream realizes just what he’s done.

“Oh.” He swallows. Weakly, he manages: “Drista didn’t tell you?”

“Tell me what?”

Dream is sitting on the bed with George; Drista is changing in the bathroom. George’s expression is unreadable, though Dream knows he can hear every word of the conversation.

“Me and George are sharing a room now,” says Dream. He can hear the drum of his own pulse. “We’re, like — in a relationship, actually.”

“Oh!” Then: “Is this for a video?”

“No, Mom, what?” George snorts beside him. “Obviously it’s not for a video. That would be such a stupid video. What, we’re just — sharing a bed for the meme? Come on. Be serious.”

“I’m being serious!” she protests. She doesn’t sound as shocked and elated as Dream feels she ought to. She sounds amused, if anything. “You remember how that all started — when George texted me about coming over for dinner and whatnot. It was sweet. I knew he was kidding about the boyfriend part, though.”

“It’s not a joke this time,” says Dream, embarrassed. In a low, urgent voice: “Why are you —? You *know* how I feel about him, Mom.”

“I know, honey,” she soothes, “but you’ve felt that way for a while, and I haven’t heard a peep from you on that front since he came to Orlando.” There’s a pause as Dream takes this in. “That’s wonderful news, though! I’m happy for you!”

“Yeah, yeah,” says Dream. George takes his hand on the bed. It’s small and warm and his greatest

comfort. “Yeah, it’s —“ He trails off.

“Is he there now?” she asks gently.

George squeezes his hand. “Yeah,” says Dream.

“Can you tell him not to worry about your sister?” Dream glances at George, finds him smiling at his lap. His eyelashes are so dark and soft. “She can decide for herself what she feels comfortable with. Maybe she doesn’t want to share a room with a couple, hm? Too many cooties floating around in there.”

“Mom,” Dream laughs.

“I’m just saying! Or maybe she doesn’t care — who knows?”

“I don’t think she cares,” says Dream, thoughtful. Then, at length: “We’re gonna build her a fort.”

“Well, then it sounds like you’ve got it all figured out. Don’t worry your little head too much, okay?”

Drista emerges from the bathroom in a t-shirt from summer camp and flannel pajama bottoms. “Is that Mom on the phone?”

“Yeah,” says Dream, “you wanna say hi?”

Drista takes the phone from him and makes a horrible face. “Hello mother,” she intones.

Then: “I’m terrible. Everything is terrible. Clay is bullying me.”

Then: “I’m serious! Mom. He said he’s gonna make me sleep in the bathtub. No, I’m kidding. Mom, I’m kidding. Yes, oh my god —“ she hisses — “I brought, like, a million. At least. Yes, they have a trash can, obviously. Oh my god.”

The blanket fort stretches from the end of the bed to the dresser on the opposite wall, and George takes it upon himself to assemble a mattress of borrowed couch cushions under the little tented structure.

“I’m honored, George,” says Drista, as she observes this. “I know you wouldn’t do this for just anyone. Definitely not Nick.”

George snorts. Dream is petting Patches on the bed.

“Definitely not,” George agrees.

“Didn’t you kick him out of your apartment?” asks Drista. “Kick him to the curb?”

“Maybe,” says George. “Where are you getting this information?”

“Your streams,” says Drista.

“Well —“ George huffs, crawling out of the fort. “Whatever. Yes, I kicked him out.”

“Nice,” says Drista. “Hey, that looks comfy.”

“Oh, good,” says George.

Dream’s chest feels wiggly. Patches purrs and butts his hand.

“You need more pillows,” George decides, and he starts to pull one from behind Dream’s head.

“Hey!” says Dream. He gasps, batting George’s thief hand away. “Take your own! This one’s mine, George!”

George struggles, giggles, snatches Dream’s pillow with a shout of victory. “Yes!”

“George,” Dream whines.

“Nope,” says George, “this one’s for Drista.”

“You’re kinda crazy,” Drista observes.

“Shush, you,” says George, and he deposits Dream’s feather pillow on the makeshift bed. “That is not how we speak to our pillow dealer.”

“*Dealer?!?*” Drista squawks.

“Relax,” Dream laughs. “Can we go to bed now? I’m pooped.”

“Fine,” says Drista, “turn off the light.”

George crawls onto the bed and switches off the bedside lamp. “You’re *pooped*, are you?” he whispers.

Dream tugs the other pillow under his own head and wraps George up in his arms. George lies on his chest without complaint.

“I’m *pooped*,” Dream repeats in a whisper.

They all fall silent. Drista shuffles quietly on her cot. Nick and Punz are tucked away somewhere down the hall. Patches is snoozing on the end of the bed. George is somehow exactly the right shape and size to fit against Dream’s body, and his breaths are whistling a little, and his hair is soft and ticklish. Dream’s heart is fit to burst.

In a slow, hushed voice, he begins: “Poopy-di scoop. Scoop-diddy whoop. Whoop-di-scoop-di-poop.”

George shakes with laughter.

“Poop-di-scoopy. Scoopy-whoop. Whoopity-scoop, whoop-poop.”

“Shut up, Clay,” sighs Drista. “I need my beauty sleep.”

George flattens a hand over Dream’s mouth. In his ear, he whispers: “I love you.”

It’s Monday.

Punz takes off early. Dream’s mom stops by and sticks around to cook them all French toast before she leaves with Drista. And then they’re alone.

“We still need to shower,” George says as he and Dream rinse syrup-sticky dishes in the kitchen sink. “We forgot to last night.”

A glum, exhausted fog settles over them as they strip down in the bedroom. Dream slaps George’s bare ass as he passes him, and George only snorts in response. The shape of his body is unreal. Dream stares at him, feeling the loss already.

“We could stream together,” George suggests as he washes Dream’s back with his small, careful hands.

“With facecam?”

“I guess,” says George. “Or we could do audio-only.”

Dream considers this. George’s hands make him shiver.

“I should call my manager,” says Dream. “Send some emails.”

George hums.

“You could — stick around for that,” says Dream.

“Okay,” says George. He leans up and kisses Dream’s shoulder. “Can I sit in your lap?”

“If you don’t give me a boner, sure.”

George scoffs, though he sounds more pleased than anything. “Right, because it’s *my* fault that your dick is obsessed with me.”

“It *is* your fault,” Dream murmurs, inane. “You’re too... You’re so...”

George puts his hands on Dream’s tummy. “I’m what?”

“It’s easy,” says Dream, “to be obsessed with you.”

He turns around in George’s arms and looks at the water dripping from him.

“One time I dreamed that I found you on the beach,” says Dream. “You just crawled out of the sea foam, fully formed.”

“Was I naked?”

Dream smiles. “Yeah.”

But that doesn’t begin to describe it: the way his skin shone in the sun like an oil slick, how he sauntered up to Dream and made him kiss the soles of his bare feet.

“Was I hot?”

“Very.”

“Did you wake up hard?”

“It was a wet dream.”

George kisses him. Their chests and bellies and thighs press together, but their mouths separate so they can hold each other, heads on shoulders, embracing. Water sprays their backs, their sides, and

sluices between them in a gentler pattern, pooling where their bodies meet. Between them is a lush cave: hair hanging wet like vines, long soft grass down their arms and legs, chins like jutting overhangs and shoulders like soft bluffs.

Afterward, they towel dry and change into soft cotton shirts. George wears sweatpants; Dream wears drawstring shorts. They arrange themselves in Dream's office chair so that George is tucked in the cradle of his body, cross-legged and sagging his head back to doze against Dream's shoulder. While Dream calls his manager, George messes around on his phone.

At some point, he taps Dream's knee. "*Dream*," he whispers, too quietly for the mic to pick up.

Dream hums at something his manager has to say about merch. George is holding out his phone to show him the screen. It's a shipping notification: the collar is slated to arrive some time tomorrow.

Dream traces George's arm. "Sounds good," he says to his manager. "I'm looking forward to it."

George lays his head back on Dream's shoulder, noses at the curve of his neck. Dream can hear him breathing there, warm and close and ticklish. When George starts shuffling, wiggling in his lap, Dream grabs him hard enough to send a message.

"Not right now," he breathes into the side of his neck.

George squirms, shoulder cringing up to his ear. His little socked feet fidget where they're folded between Dream's thighs. Absently, Dream drags his hands over George's legs, the smooth cotton of his sweatpants. He's so small. When Dream cuffs his hands around George's ankles, his thumb and first finger overlap.

He hears his own voice drop into a lower register, hears George's breathing pick up and deepen, loud and damp in his ear. Panting. Dream keeps feeling up his shins, his thighs, his little toes. Fidgeting with him. Slips a hand up the cuff of his sweatpants to feel his hairy calves. George's ass is warm and fat and the crack of it fits right there up against Dream's cock and balls. The dry rub of fabric when George arches in his lap is enough to make him hard.

"Hey, hold on a sec," Dream interrupts his manager, "I think my cat wants to come in."

Once he's muted, Dream sighs. "This isn't working."

"What?" George asks in a faint, heedless voice. "What's wrong?"

Dream kisses his neck. "You're distracting me, that's what."

"You're the one 's been feelin' me up," says George.

"You're too wiggly," Dream maintains. "You need to sit somewhere else."

George groans.

"George," says Dream.

"Don't feel like moving," says George.

"Well, tough fruitloops," says Dream, "because you're gonna."

"No, 'm not," says George. He nestles back into Dream's hips, snuggly and soft and delicious. "You're comfy."

Dream scoots forward on his chair.

“Hey,” says George.

“Get off, George.”

“Trying to,” George scoffs.

Dream picks him up, thrashing, and deposits him on the couch.

“Dream!” George complains. “What the hell? Why’d you do that, idiot?”

“I told you, I need to focus!”

“So focus, dummy. You don’t have to banish me from your lap.”

Dream combs his hair back with a sigh, some (large) part of him crumbling in the face of those big brown eyes.

“If you stay here,” he promises, “and you don’t make a sound, then maybe I’ll reward you when I’m done with these meetings.”

George scoffs. “*Maybe* you’ll reward me? How long will these meetings take, anyway?”

“You’re lucky I’m not making you edit right now,” says Dream.

“You’re not *making* me do anything.”

Dream cocks an eyebrow. “You’re right. It’s your choice, George. Either you behave yourself now and get rewarded later, or you make a scene and get kicked out of my office. Which — believe me — is the last thing I want to happen.”

George stares at him. “You wouldn’t.”

He wouldn’t. “Wouldn’t I?”

He must put on a convincing act, because George just gulps and lies back like all the fight’s drained out of him. Dream smiles, amazed, and kisses him chastely on the mouth.

“I love you!” he chirps.

“Yeah, yeah,” says George, but he’s blushing.

It’s while Dream’s talking to the people at YouTube that George starts testing the limits of what Dream will allow. At first, he’s just watching TikToks at a low volume on his phone, and one of his hands creeps — absentmindedly, it would seem — down to play with the string of his sweatpants. And then the hand starts scratching at the strip of exposed skin below the hem of his t-shirt. And then higher. And higher.

When George’s belly button is visible above that sultry line of hair, Dream turns fully around in his desk chair and gives him a look. It’s a look that says: *I know that you know what you’re doing and Fuck you and I want to fuck you.*

George just smirks at him. His face is very pink.



Dream shakes his head. George huffs like he's much inconvenienced and tugs his shirt back down.

The next time Dream looks at him, George is back to watching TikToks. His free hand is lax on his thigh. It's perilously close to where Dream knows his dick is, but he isn't doing anything about it.

But then, a few minutes later, George isn't on his phone anymore: he's got his head tipped back on the arm of the sofa, neck bared and Adam's apple ripe in his throat. His eyes and mouth are closed, pink-skinned and serene. His hair flops back from his forehead, dark and wavy and overlong.

He's cupping himself.

Dream clears his throat. George does nothing. Dream clears his throat again. George's hand contracts, squeezing himself. He's visibly hard.

Dream realizes that he's just missed a question asked of him. "Sorry, could you repeat that?"

By the time Dream gets off the phone with the YouTube rep, George is rubbing himself openly, mouth lax and a thin layer of sweat sparkling down his pale neck, dipping into his shirt. His hips twitch up every so often to meet his hand, muscles tensing in his belly and ass and thighs. His t-shirt is rucked up again.

For a moment, Dream just watches him.

"George," he says finally.

George's only reaction is to knit his eyebrows together, almost pouting as he thumbs over his cockhead. His breath keeps catching, no rhythm to it at all — just desperate, uneven gasps, like he has to remind himself to breathe.

"George, look at me."

George whines softly. It isn't until he's lifted both hands off himself to rest, trapped, behind his head that George deigns to look at Dream at all. When he does, he turns his whole body to face him. Starry-eyed and flush-faced and flashing his sweaty armpits. His lips are a lewd, ruddy shade of pink.

Dream spreads his thighs where he sits facing him. George looks down.

"I should kick you out," says Dream.

George scoffs, stubborn. "I was quiet," he points out. "Like you asked."

"You were distracting," says Dream.

"Not my problem."

"Well," says Dream, "it *is* your problem, actually, because I'm gonna make it your problem."

George glares at him for a moment. Reaches a hand down to palm himself.

"Stop it," Dream snaps. "Get up."

George groans. "*Dream*." He moves sluggishly, pouting and coy. "I didn't even break your stupid rule. Why are you doing this?"

"Get up, George."

George stands from the couch, swaying on his feet. He twists his hands together loosely. There's a dark shock of hair falling in his eyes, and he's tilting his head to one side, neck bared. Biting his lip, feet fidgeting. He's acting like he wants to get fucked.

"Good," says Dream, gentler. "I need you to do something for me, okay?"

"What," George says flatly, still pouting.

Dream gives him a stern look. "Listen to me, alright? You're gonna like this. I need you to go to our room —"

"*Dream*," George whines.

"Listen, George — I need you to get a towel and lube, and you can — like, use the bathroom if you need to, okay?"

"Wait, actually?"

"Yeah." Dream eyes him, his flushed face. "Think you can do that for me?"

When George returns, he lays the towel out on the couch and starts stripping off his clothes.

"Aren't you coming?" he asks, t-shirt catching on his nose.

Dream sits back in his chair. Drums his fingers, antsy. "Not yet," he says at length. "Need to call that merch artist really quick. Can you get yourself ready for me?"

George stares at him. "What — while you're on the phone?"

Dream shrugs. "It won't take long. Five minutes tops."

"A lot can happen in five minutes."

"What?" Dream scoffs. "Look, just don't — don't *touch* yourself, alright? You can finger yourself, obviously, but don't start jacking off without me."

"What if you take too long?"

"I won't."

George glares at him for a long moment, stubborn, before he finally yields with a huff.

"Whatever," he says, flinging himself down on the sofa. "Your loss."

"*Not* my loss," says Dream, "because I'm still gonna put my dick in your ass."

George sighs. He uncaps the lube and squirts some out on his hand, unceremonious. His dick rests hard and flushed on his belly, leaking where it pushes past the foreskin. Dream allows himself only the briefest of glances at his adorably pink, round balls, at the curling dark hair between his thighs. That sweet dusky part where his hand creeps, dripping wet.

"You *might* put your dick in my ass," George corrects him, a smirk in his voice. Dream stares blankly at his monitor to avoid the sight. "Depends on how long you take."

“Five minutes,” Dream grits out. He picks up his phone.

Every so often, he looks over at George. Big mistake.

George has one foot on the floor, the other propped on the couch with his knees bent open. Dream can see everything. At some point, George pulls his thigh back for a better angle.

One finger. Two. Three, and Dream was already packing a half-chub when George came back with the lube.

He keeps having to ask the woman on the phone to repeat herself. It’s probably annoying. Definitely unprofessional. After four minutes of this, Dream all but hustles her off the phone.

“Fuck!” he blurts after hanging up.

George laughs quietly, breathlessly from the sofa. “How was your very — your very-important phone call?”

Dream braces himself. Swivels round to look at him.

George is obscene. Pornographic. The towel makes it all worse, somehow — it’s merch, the Dream Life beach towel in fluorescent pink. There’s probably sweat and lube all over it now. George looks so pink, so wet. Soiled. He’s gonna have little pink marks on his ass from the terrycloth.

Dream suddenly can’t stand it. “C’mere, George.”

George makes a sweet little sound. “No. Come here and fuck me.”

“I wanna fuck you over here, though.”

George pauses. His mouth parts on a breath. “Over there?” he echoes. “On your —“

“Yeah, I want you to sit in my lap.”

George swallows visibly. “Oh,” he croaks. “Okay.”

He moves slowly, pulling three fingers from his ass and wiping them lazily on the towel.

“Are you gonna take your clothes off?” George asks as he rises from the couch.

“Nah,” says Dream. “Don’t wanna get my chair all sweaty.”

“Oh, right,” says George.

He’s suddenly meek, standing before Dream fully nude with his asshole stretched and blinking wide-eyed like a demure little lamb.

“C’mon, George,” Dream prods him gently, patting his own thighs, leaning back to give him room.

George grasps the back of the chair, and Dream takes his waist in his hands to help him lift up onto his lap.

They sit facing each other, staring, not even kissing. Dream pulls the tie on his cotton shorts and pulls his cock out, heavy and blood-warm. Wordlessly, George walks forward on his knees and

helps Dream fit the head of his cock to George's asshole.

"Oh," says George, as it breaches him.

He keeps his hands on his own ass, spreading himself, while Dream holds him tight around the waist. He helps George ease into it, holding him up, wanting to ease the strain on his thighs.

"I've got you," he whispers, or maybe it's more of a grunt.

There's already sweat beading on his forehead with the sheer effort of going slow. There's something devastatingly hot about having George naked like this while he, Dream, is fully clothed. Something hot about doing it in his office. In his chair.

George drops his forehead to Dream's, panting. They're both sweating, sharing breath.

"More," he keeps saying, his voice tiny, and then Dream will let him slide down another inch. "More."

When he's fully seated, they both gasp out like they were holding their breaths. Something compels Dream to wrap his arms around him fully, around his shoulders, his ribs, hand sliding up the wet nape of his neck into his damp hair. George hugs him back.

"This is nice," he whispers.

Dream hums his assent. Then, stricken: "Let's stay like this."

"Hm?"

George shifts his weight, and they both groan.

"Like —" Dream swallows. "You know, like, cockwarming?"

"Uh," says George, breathless. "Well, yeah."

"Would you wanna do — like — something like that?"

"Something *like* that?" George kisses his nose, eyes closed. "Would it not be the same?"

"Well, no," Dream muses, "it would be."

George hums. "Alright."

"Alright?"

"Yeah, let's do it."

"Nice," says Dream, wondering idly if he should start thanking God for this kind of thing, and how he might go about doing that. "Okay. Well, maybe I'll answer some emails."

George sighs happily and lays his head down to rest on Dream's shoulder. Dream can feel his heartbeat in at least four different places.

"Sounds good," says George. He sounds a little spacey already.

sorry for ending in the middle of a sexy scene but that's just how i rock n roll <3 xoxo

# Orogenous Zone

## Chapter Notes

at the time i am writing this (9/21/22 at 12:49 AM EST) we now know what the top of dream's head looks like and it is glorious

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George clings to him like a limpet and breathes open-mouthed into his neck, leaving him so damp there that every inhale is cold, gives him goosebumps. He's sweating through his t-shirt. Dream tries to engage George in conversation, for both their sakes, but all he gets — increasingly — is a lot of hums and sighs.

“Are you chilly?” Dream asks him once. He's in the middle of typing out a message to the DSMP Discord.

George sinks teeth and nails into Dream's trapezii, which could mean anything. Dream lays his palm between George's shoulder blades, and George shudders so violently that Dream feels it in his cock, feels his shoulders flexing like a pair of wings.

“Shh,” Dream soothes him, stroking down the nodes of his spine like a xylophone.

George gurgles a bit. It's pathetic. Dream wants to feel him drool.

He puts his other hand low on George's naked hip, where belly and thigh converge. Pinches the fat there.

“Tell me if you get cold, George,” he says, and he rubs all over the smooth skin of his back with his big warm hands. “Or if you need to stop.”

George nuzzles him, sighs. There are tiny, dry bumps on the skin of his shoulder blades. Downy hair like cattail fluff. Dream scratches him peaceably.

“Feels good,” says George, his voice all slurred and susurrant, and maybe a little bit giddy.

“I'll take care of you,” says Dream, meaning it.

“Was hurting before,” sighs George, “but now 's good.” He giggles, nips at Dream's neck, kittenish. “Really really good, Dream.”

They're both breathing hard, loud in each other's ears, running hands down one another's backs. George's movements are lazy, lotus-eating. Dream feels like he's sparkling under the skin.

George lifts up an inch by his knees — makes a long, sweet, lazy sound — and drops himself back onto Dream's cock.

“George!” Dream barks, grabbing him by the waist, his vision seeming to cloud with pleasure.

And George just wiggles in his lap, squirming his hips around, moaning. His eyes are only half-open, heavy and unblinking. He's so flushed he looks feverish.

Dream wrenches him still by the hips. “Stop it,” he snaps.

George just slumps forward and kisses sloppily up his jaw. “Mm,” he says. “Fuck me.”

“Not yet.”

“C’mon.” George is speaking in his softest voice, the one nobody else gets to hear, the one he only ever uses in private. When he speaks this way, it’s special because no proof of it will ever exist outside the encounter. He will vehemently deny it if Dream brings it up to other people. It is for Dream alone. If a tree falls in a forest and no one is around to hear it, it purrs. “Please, Dream. You know you wanna.”

“Not yet,” Dream repeats, clinging by a thread to his resolve. “Not now.”

“Dream.” George is breathy, sweet. He bows his head to suck a bruise into the skin over Dream’s carotid artery. He could sink his teeth right through it if he wanted to, let him bleed out in his soundproofed office with his dick still snug inside him. “Use me,” George whispers, like he’s being playful.

Dream feels George squeeze around him.

“I am,” says Dream. Puts a hand in his hair and pulls: “Stop doing that.”

George gasps, whines, lets his jaw fall slack.

“Yeah, I know,” Dream mutters, eyeing him. He lets his arousal sharpen into something dogged and starved. “You need to learn to behave better, hm? Your job is to keep my cock warm while I send out these emails. This isn’t playtime, George. It isn’t about you.”

Except that it is: of course it is. It’s always about George. Everything is about George.

Including this. Especially this.

“But I need to cum,” George whines. There’s a mad thrill in his eyes like he can’t believe his luck.

“Yeah?” Dream pinches his love-handles. “And what does that have to do with me?”

“Make me cum,” says George. “I want to cum, Dream.”

Dream shrugs. “Not my problem. You can climb off my dick anytime you want, George. You can get back on the couch and fuck yourself, for all I care. Or —” He slides his hands down to palm at his ass, rolling the fat around, spreading him — “you can stay right here in my lap like a good boy.”

George rests his head on Dream’s shoulder, panting out and straining his hips back. Dream holds him still.

“And maybe,” Dream goes on, “if you’re *really* good, George, I’ll fuck you right here in my office.” He smiles, encouraging. “You can be my reward for getting some work done.”

George digs his nails into Dream’s biceps. “Dream,” he says faintly.

Dream hums, appreciative, and runs his hands up and down his bare back, into his thick silky hair. In a soft, earnest voice, he says: “You okay?”

George nods against him, humming.

“Yeah?” Dream kisses the side of his head. “This isn’t too much?”

“I want it,” says George, like the words are slow to come to him.

Dream kisses him again, gathering his sweet small body close like a precious bundle. “You know I love you, right?”

George makes a quiet sound. Then: “You’re silly.”

Dream swallows. “I want to do terrible things to you,” he admits. “Terrible things.”

“Like what?” asks George, sounding interested.

“Like... God.” Dream stares at his abandoned monitor, unseeing. “I wanna edge you. Drive you to the brink. Could tie you up, maybe, and play with your dick until you’re close to cumming, over and over and over until it tortures you. Until you’re crying. Wanna make you feel so good that you’re all, like, addled from it.”

“Addled?”

“Yeah, like... You know what I mean?”

George nods weakly. His ass flexes around Dream. “Sorry,” he says immediately, voice thick with pleasure. “What else?”

Dream cups and squeezes him lazily. If he thinks too long about what they’re doing, his arousal becomes almost painful. George is so malleable like this, so sweet.

“I wanna fuck you,” says Dream. “Raw. And when we’re both finished, I wanna stay inside you until we can both get it up again. And do that over and over until I’m all out of cum or you can’t fit anymore of it. And then I’m gonna use my hand and fuck it back inside of you.”

George throbs, whimpers.

“See how much of my hand I could fit inside, get you all nice and stretched and used. I could, like, rub on your prostate, you know, play with it, make you feel good. I wanna do things to you that change the way you look at me. Like, I want you to associate me with that feeling. Because that’s how you make me feel, you know? Your body reminds me of sex.”

George rubs his foot up and down Dream’s thigh, stimming. He’s shivering, twitching, making quiet little sounds.

“I wanna slap your ass around, right now,” Dream admits.

George makes a choked sound and arches in his lap. Dream grabs at the meat of him and spanks his sweet pale ass.

“Uh,” George moans, jolting.

“Yeah?” Dream soothes the flush he left.

George hums and nods and arches for him, so Dream spanks him again and again. The sharp, cracking sound of it makes them both moan appreciatively. George starts rocking gently on his cock, tiny twitching movements that don’t seem fully conscious. His dick is wet at the tip where it’s trapped between their bodies.

“George,” Dream warns him.



“Wha—? Sorry,” George slurs.

“That’s okay, honey.” Dream kisses his shoulder chastely. “I know it’s hard.”

“Really hard,” George mumbles.

Dream snorts. “You doing okay?”

“Yes.” George sighs, open-mouthed and soft. “Stop asking.”

Dream clicks his tongue. “You’re getting kinda spacey.”

“Not really,” says George. “Want to, though.”

“Yeah?”

George nods. “It’s okay if I cry or something, ‘kay? Feels nice.”

“Okay.” Dream holds him tight. Deep in his belly, he glows. “God, you are so fucking hot.”

George hums, drags his stubbled cheek over Dream’s shoulder. Dream fists a hand in his fluffy hair.

“I’m gonna get back to work,” he rasps sweetly right up against his ear. “And you’re gonna sit still and behave yourself like a good boy. Because you wanna be good for me, don’t you, George?”

George makes a pathetic sound, like he’s on the brink of tears. He sounds harassed, unhappy, but his cock is bubbling precum.

“I asked you a question,” Dream says quietly.

He pulls George back by the hair to get a good look at his face. He’s glowing with warmth; his eyes are wet. His tousled hair makes him look like a scruffy little cat.

“Leave me alone,” George complains.

Dream thumbs at the soft bud of his nipple, pinches it. George’s face screws up as he mewls, feet fidgeting.

“Answer me, George.”

“Yes,” George grits out, as Dream twists his nipple. “Dream, I do. I do.”

Dream hums, pleased, and kisses him. Into his open mouth, he says: “Then do as you’re told.”

George’s self-possession deteriorates in stages. It becomes first apparent that he’s losing his mind when his hands start clawing weakly at Dream’s back. When Dream takes his hands in his, chastising, and moves them to fit under his thighs, George remains utterly silent. His eyes close, mouth agape as he pants, fitting his forehead to the curve of Dream’s neck.

Dream is catching up on Twitter when he hears George sniffle. He thinks little of it, but then it happens again.

“George?” Dream prods him gently, curling a hand around his nape. He becomes suddenly aware

of the cool air hitting his own neck, sharp like it's wet. "Are you crying?"

When he leans back to look at him, George is a mess. His eyelashes are clumped together, cheeks shining wet, and his lips are puffy red like he's been chewing on them.

"Oh, honey," Dream coos, thumbing away his tears.

George stares at him, heavy-lidded and sniffing, though his eyes close briefly as Dream combs a hand through his hair. He's so warm, almost burningly so, like heat shimmers should be rising from the highway of his back. His cock is still drooling between them, small and taut and inflamed: there's a wet patch growing on Dream's t-shirt.

Dream lays a kiss on his smooth hot cheek, then the other one. "Doing so well," he praises, rubbing their noses together. "Such a good boy for me."

George's expression contracts, ass twitching, as he huffs out a hot breath.

"So sweet," Dream purrs.

He drags a hand down to palm at his ass, feels the cooling sweat there, the downy layer of hair. George's mouth falls open and doesn't shut for a long time; Dream keeps touching him, hands roaming up and down and all over his back, marvelling at the ease of reaching every part of him, at how soft and compact he feels under Dream's big hands. Occasionally, George's spine arches under him, cat-cow motions that follow the path of Dream's tender exploration. Even this seems unconscious, like his body is independently hardwired to seek touch. To seek Dream's touch. Like his muscles, his fascia shift in tidal waves. Like Dream is guiding him, pulling him, playing him like a harp.

It's a power trip. It's humbling.

"You're incredible," Dream whispers to his cheekbone. "Like, this perfect creature."

George gives a happy little sigh. Dream strokes him.

"I love being inside you," he says, and it feels almost corny, but George doesn't seem to mind.

"Me too," he manages. "Having you... Here."

"Yeah?" Dream kisses his temple. "Feels good?"

"Full," George sighs; and then, a moment later, he seizes up on a sob. "I'm full."

Dream rubs his back and murmurs in his ear. His perfect little ear. "I know, honey. I know. It's so much."

"So much," George echoes him, tearful.

For a long moment, Dream is gripped by the urge to say *I love you*. But what he really means is: *My soul belongs to you*. And: *I want to live my life in service to your body*.

"You're so warm," is what leaves his mouth. His own eyes sting painfully. "I feel, like, swaddled. Or something."

George kisses his neck. And again. "Dream," he breathes.

Dream punches at the power button of his PC with his socked toe. The monitor goes dark. He

brings his hands down to squeeze George's thighs, back around to his ass, kneading him. George snuffles, drools.

"I'm gonna fuck you, George," Dream whispers.

George spasms on his cock, says nothing. Dream reaches for the crack of his ass, that tender red line where he cleaves open, warm and damp like breath. Feels where he's slick, stretched, where his body becomes Dream's. They are practically the same living thing.

"Been so good for me," says Dream, and with one hand, he grabs a handful of George's ass and spanks him. George sobs out. "So well-behaved, doing everything you're told."

George is shaking, grasping at his shirt. Dream rolls the chair over to the sofa and, grunting quietly at a twinge in his back, lays George out on the towel with Dream still inside him.

George giggles and clings. He's gorgeous like this, dark hair seeming to fan and oscillate like seagrass around his flushed, dewy face. His eyes are so familiar, so known, that to watch each other like this feels at times like looking in a mirror.

Dream kisses him. His hands find George's ripe, hairy thighs and push them up, apart. Dream braces his own knee on the floor and starts dragging his cock out of George. Slowly, so slowly. George is gasping, sharp little inhales again and again, eyes squeezed shut as tears leak into his ears. When Dream halts with a few inches still inside and begins his aching return, George tilts his head back as far as it will go and *keens*.

"Good boy," Dream pants. "Let me hear you."

George's little waist and tummy are all creased, curled in on himself so his ass fits to the cradle of Dream's hips. His cock drools into his belly button. Dream takes it in his hand and just holds it for a moment, enjoying the heat, the moisture, the pulse of it living in his hand. Leisurely, he fucks in and out of his hole, watching the muscle cling, watching it swallow him. George weeps persistently.

The sight of him is so viscerally affecting that Dream forces himself to go slow, savor it. He can't bare to let it end just yet — and he needs George to cum first.

"You're so fucking perfect," Dream grits out, but it embarrasses him to know how insufficient this is, how he will never have the words for how George makes him feel. He starts squeezing George's cock, slicking it down in its own precum. Rolling in and out of him, worshipful. "You're too pretty. I wanna fuck you up, George."

George's expression is wrecked, wet and swollen, feet curled where they sway in the air and his hands limp on Dream's neck. Dream bends and sucks, tender, on his nipple. The silky little bud puffs up in his mouth, and Dream grazes it gently between his teeth. Still fucking him.

George shudders under him, moaning loudly. His cock jerks in Dream's hand, where he's been working up to a fast, firm stroke. Dream grinds into his prostate, brutal and tireless, and George flutters around him like he's losing it. His cheeks are completely red, glowing. Dream leans up to watch him, gets a hand on his jaw: as George's head jolts against the sofa, hair bouncing at the force of Dream's thrusts, he turns to take Dream's thumb into his mouth.

"Holy shit," Dream gasps, nearly cumming on the spot.

He feels the sweet, slick suction of George's cheeks, of his tongue. The texture of his teeth. When George opens his eyes, he looks possessed.

“Good, George,” says Dream, rapt. He pulls his thumb out — George whines — and replaces it with his first two fingers. “There you go, honey.” George moans desperately around him. “There you go, come on. You like being full?” He slides another finger in.

George’s mouth is stretched, drooling. He tries to nod his head.

“Yeah?” Dream slides his pinky in, panting. The feeling is heavenly. Warm all over. “Look at you, taking me so well.” He ruts into him deep, fast, rolling his thumb over George’s cockhead, playing with him. “Such a good boy for me, George.”

George lathers his fingers in hot spit and sucks them down as far as they’ll go. Dream curses, fucks him harder, and George just moans and moans. There are tears still rolling down his cheeks, sparkling in his eyes. He brings a hand down, weak, to urge Dream’s hand deeper in his mouth, pushing at his thumb until it fits inside with the other fingers.

“Oh my god,” says Dream. George’s mouth is stretched absurdly. He’s making horrible sounds, gurgling and choking and moaning like a whore. “Oh my god, George.”

When George cums, he freezes. His eyes stare up at Dream like shining obols, some invisible thought passing through him as his cock spits semen up his chest. Dream fucks him deep through the seizing of his body; drills into his sweet spot, milking him. The friction is incredible. George’s eyes flutter, and it’s like his soul leaves his body for a moment. When he returns, he wilts into the sofa, shivering, and Dream slows his rutting to a stop.

He prises his hand gently from George’s stretched, swollen lips. Spit strings between them like spider silk, drips from Dream’s fingertips. His other hand is filthy with cum. After tasting from each, he wipes the mess on the towel and turns his attention to George.

“Hey,” he says softly, touching his flushed cheek. George is still staring at him, rarely blinking. “I’m gonna pull out now, okay?”

George frowns. He puts his hands on Dream’s shoulders.

“What?” Dream kisses between his eyebrows. “Are you okay? You want me to stay inside a little longer, until you feel alright?”

George just keeps looking at him. He’s shaking.

Dream combs a hand through his hair, and George’s eyes close briefly in bliss.

“What is it? You want me to cum in you?”

George leans up and kisses him.

Dream pants, squeezing wherever he can reach. “Not too sore?” He inches out of him, gritting his teeth at the friction. “How’s that?”

George kisses his chin, his jaw, his cheek. Dream shudders and pushes into him.

“Dream,” he sighs, almost too quietly to be heard.

Dream moans, kisses his neck. “God,” he says, trying to be gentle, “I love you so much, George.”

George clenches around him, whining sluggishly. White heat burns through Dream’s legs, his thighs, the floor of his spine. Rather than feeling like a punch to the stomach, it washes through

him like hot sand, and while his balls draw tight and empty themselves inside of him, Dream registers that his vision is fuzzy around the edges, white like snow or sand or television static, and that George's eyes burn at the end of the tunnel like an exit, like freedom.

They lie there for a long time, warming each other. Dream covers George with his body and whispers sweet things in his ear until George is humming in response, then giggling sweetly, then finally commenting, croaky and soft: "You're dumb."

"I always felt lucky to be where I am, you know?" Dream is rambling. George has finally allowed him to slip his cock out, but has insisted that Dream get naked with him. Their hands roam over each other, lazy and pleased. "With YouTube, and the fans, and everything. And I am — I'm incredibly lucky. I'm — Like, I know there's skill and dedication involved, but I'm also just incredibly lucky."

"Almost *too* lucky," says George.

Dream snorts. "Oh, ha-ha."

George giggles madly.

"You're such an idiot." Dream pinches his cheek, fond. "Anyway — I actually think — Like, when you think about it, it's crazy how we met. That we lived at the same time, and that we were both born at all, and that we met through a Minecraft server, thousands of miles away from each other. And that — and that we hit it off. We became *besties*. And then we *both* made it big, *together*. And after years of knowing each other, you moved across the ocean to live with me. You left your family, your friends."

"You and Sapnap are my friends," says George, matter-of-fact. "And my family."

Dream touches his cheek. "We're lucky," he concludes. "And I think that, like, our careers brought us together. Rather than the other way around."

"So you're saying, like —" George frowns at him a bit, still a little dazed — "what, so *we* didn't bring our careers together? We didn't —"

"I'm saying that I owe Notch and Jeb my life," says Dream. "I know Notch is piece of shit, but whatever. That's not —" He shakes his head. "I'm just glad that I met you." He brushes a lock of hair away from George's eye. "I'm lucky."

George hums. "The chance of us meeting must be, like —"

Dream groans.

"— one in seven point five trillion, or something." More giggling. "What do you think about that, Dream? How's that for luck?"

"Okay, that's — Okay, you're literally leaking my cum out of your ass right now."

"*What?*" George shouts with laughter. "Dream, what the hell? What is your point?"

Dream scoffs, grinning. "I'm just saying, like, you're in no place to joke about my cheating scandal. That cheater just came inside you."

“Ew,” says George, scrunching his nose. “I’m full of cheater sperm.”

“They’re —“ Dream is shrill with laughter — “they’re, like, speedrunning to impregnate you.”

“That’s disgusting, Dream,” says George, and he covers his face, but he’s smiling. “You disgust me.”

“Do you think they’re all cheating?” Dream laughs. “Or is it just one of them? One in —“

“Seven point five trillion, yeah, I get it.” George rolls his eyes. “Idiot.”

Dream and George clean off best they can with a clean corner of the towel, and then they tiptoe down the hallway fully nude to take a bath in Dream’s en-suite. Dream checks his phone while the water’s rising.

“What time ’s it,” George yawns, swishing epsom salts around with his feet.

“Five-thirty,” says Dream, also yawning. He sets his phone down on the sink. “Almost time for dinner.”

“Mm,” says George, rubbing his wet tummy, “I’m starving.”

“I bet you are,” says Dream. He steps in after George and sits opposite him, legs bent up together in the middle like a mountain range. George is beautiful. “You were so hard at work today, weren’t you, honey?”

George splashes him. “Ungrateful. I kept your dick warm for *hours*.”

“Okay, true, but — Okay, it was, like, forty-five minutes. To be fair.”

“It was way longer than that!”

Dream laughs. “How long did it feel to you?”

“Dunno.” George tilts his head, thoughtful. “Maybe, like... a couple of hours, or something. But also like ten minutes.”

“Really?” Dream pokes his hip with his big toe. “What did it feel like? In your head, I mean.”

“Kinda floaty,” George says at length. “Like I was flying.”

They smile at each other.

“Yeah?” Dream takes George’s foot in his hands and starts massaging it. “Like with an Elytra?”

“Exactly.”

“Mm.” Dream rolls his thumbs over George’s heel. “I need to get back on Minecraft. I’m probably so rusty by now.”

“Me, too,” George sighs. “That feels so good, Dream.”

Dream smiles, pleased, and kisses his sole. “I love your little feet.”

George blushes like a fool. “I know you do.”

They're quiet for a moment.

"I don't wanna do more work tomorrow," Dream says eventually. "I know that's — ungrateful of me, or whatever. But I feel like the only reason I got anything done today is because you were there with me. Like, what am I gonna do when we have to stream from separate rooms? It's gonna *suck*."

George's expression is solemn. "Let's try it tomorrow," he says. "You'll have your collar, and I can — I'll figure something out. We'll work at it until something clicks."

"Yeah, alright," Dream sighs. "Worst comes to worst, we just take Patches and run, you know? Live off-the-grid. We could take those utensil sets I bought."

"And the chopsticks," adds George. "Can't forget the chopsticks."

## Chapter End Notes

just wanted to say rq it continues to baffle me that you guys read this shit and like it i am pulling it out of my ass unbeta'ed.

hope u are not too sick of my silly chapter titles (they r my favorite part)

## End Notes

i'm on twitter at @ovanilinavo

drop a comment if u wanna make me reallllly happy :o)

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